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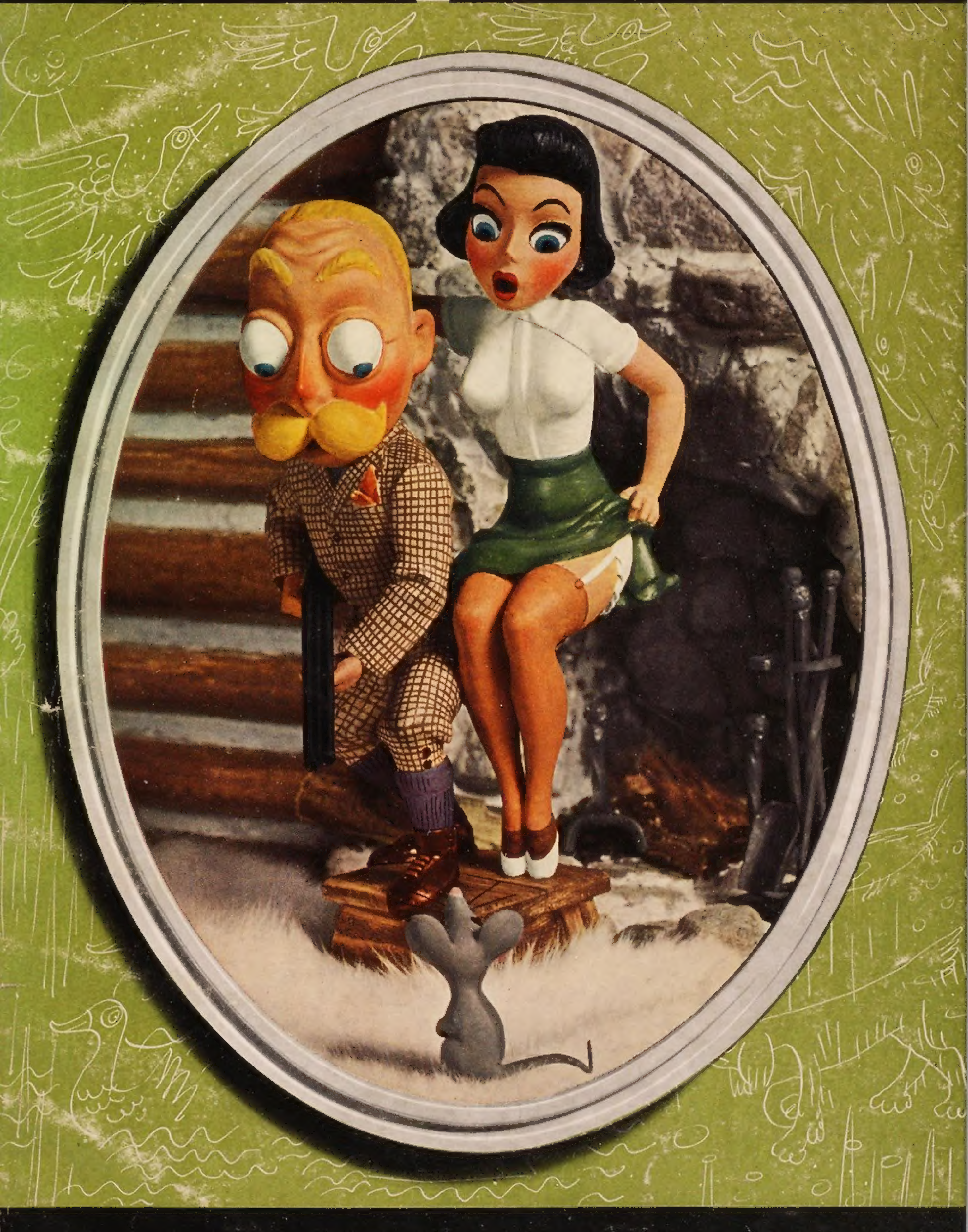
Esquire

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN



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PRICE FIFTY CENTS
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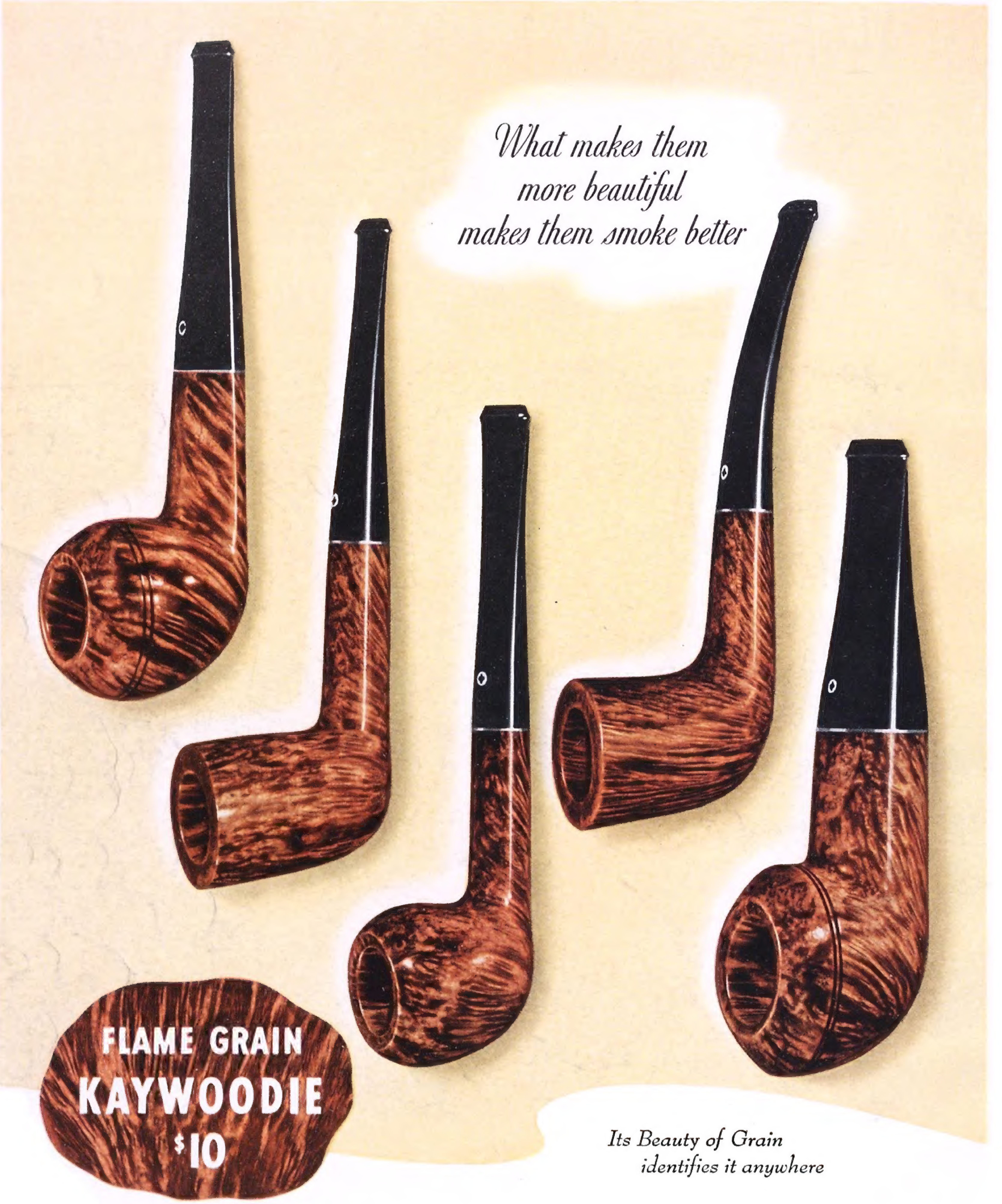

What makes them more beautiful makes them smoke better

FLAME GRAIN KAYWOODIE $10

Its Beauty of Grain identifies it anywhere

KAYWOODIE COMPANY
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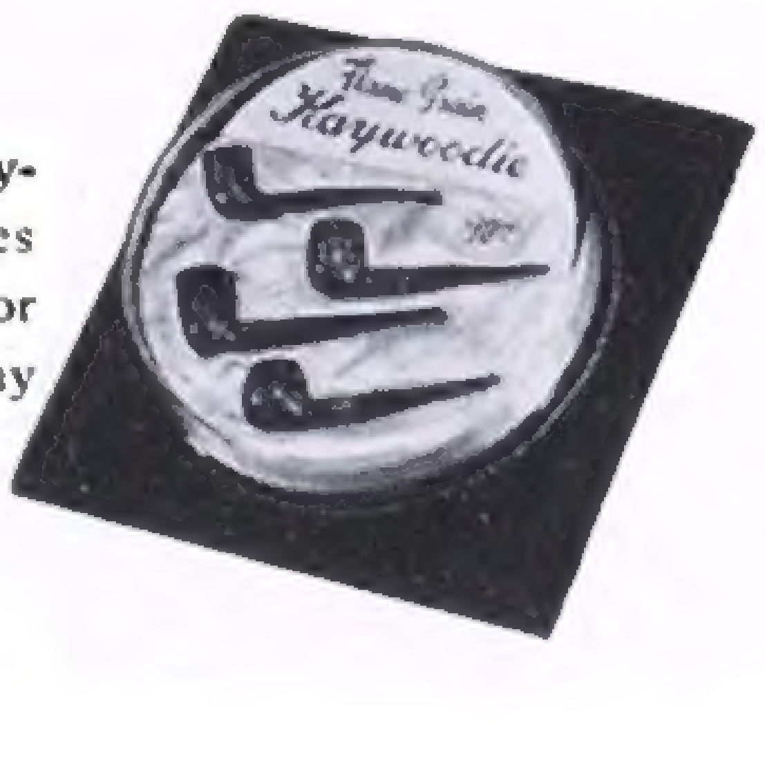

Smoking the finest briar pipe that it is possible to possess is a deeply personal, continuously refreshing experience. The Flame Grain Kaywoodie, made from the rarest 200-to-400 year old briar, is such a pipe. Incredibly light in weight, Flame Grain Kaywoodie is—by virtue of the unique briar it is made of—a sweeter smoking pipe than any that are made from less perfect types of wood. This is the oldest briar on earth, and the finest ever used in a pipe. When you look at them at your dealer's, remember that what makes them more beautiful makes them smoke better. Ten dollars. *Pipes illustrated, left to right,* 82, 08, 09B, 01, 88B.

Yours for the asking: Pipe-smoker's Almanac . . . 21 interesting facts about pipes.

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What else *could* they be but New Gruens?

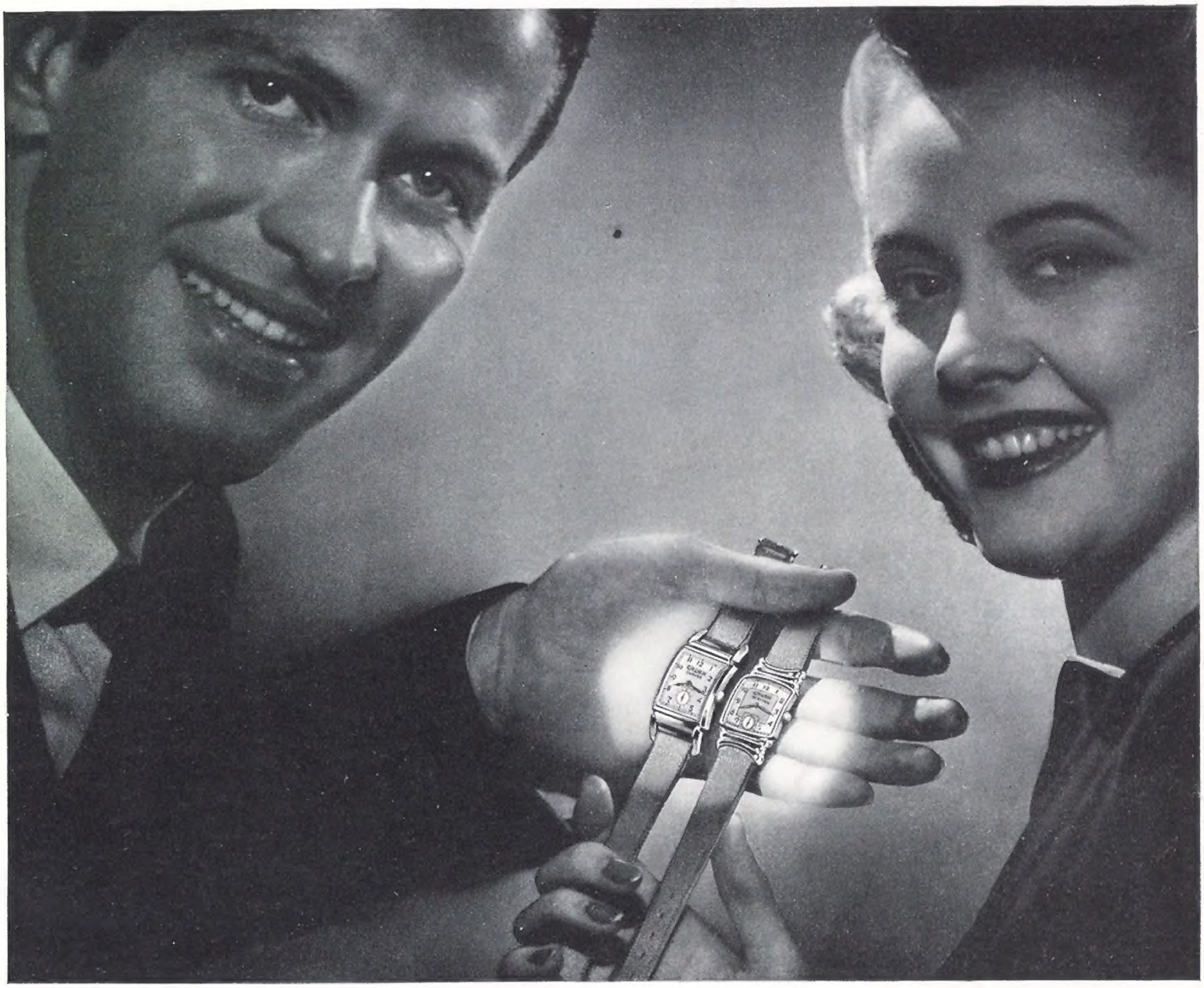
Gruen Curvex A full one-third thinner than ever before, the *new* Gruen Curvex is the thinnest curved wristwatch ever made! Its unique, patented Gruen Curvex movement is one of Gruen's two recent "miracles" in fine watch construction. Curved to fully utilize the smart curved case—the Curvex movement permits thinness without loss of size or ruggedness in working parts. Result: Pocket watch accuracy and sturdiness. See the new Curvex models—in inspired new designs—at your Gruen jeweler's.

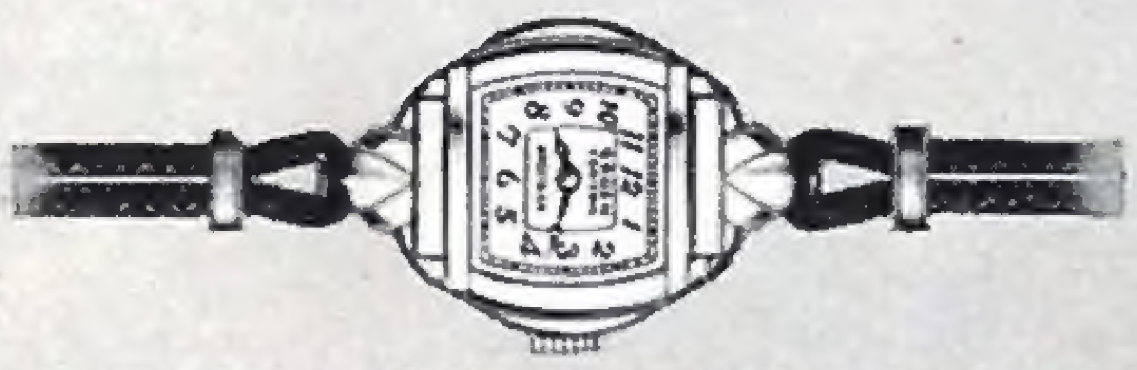
☆ Model illustrated at Left—CURVEX CHEVRON, 17 jewel Precision movement, pink or yellow gold-filled case. $47.50

Gruen Veri-Thin Slenderized almost to strap width . . . with exclusive new modern case and dial designs . . . the new Veri-Thin sets a brand-new style trend in a watch already the thinnest ever sold at popular prices. Admittedly the greatest watchmaking advance of all time, the patented Gruen Veri-Thin movement provides large, sturdy, precision parts re-arranged so the watch can be made almost 50% thinner at sides and ends. See the new Gruen Veri-Thin models today.

☆ Model illustrated at Right—VERI-THIN BANNER, 15 jewel movement, pink or yellow gold-filled case, Guildite back. $29.75

Other Gruen models from $24.75 to $250; with precious stones, up to $2500. Write for folder. The Gruen Watch Company, Time Hill, Cincinnati, O., U.S.A. In Canada, Toronto, Ont.



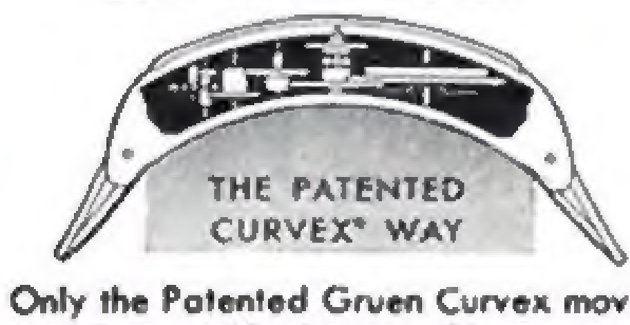


VERI-THIN DAINTY—17 jewel Precision movement, pink, white or yellow gold-filled case. .$33.75

CURVEX CLARION
17 jewel Precision movement, pink or yellow gold-filled case. .$42.50

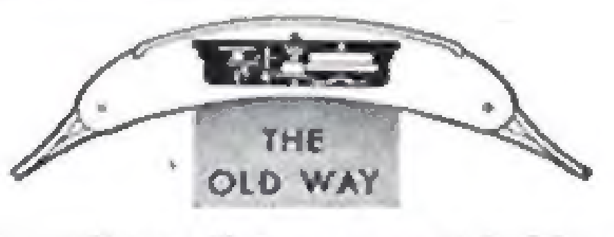
Watch illustrated on wrist—VERI-THIN TWINKLE, 15 jewel movement, pink, white or yellow gold-filled case. . . .$29.75

GRUEN CURVEX*



THE PATENTED CURVEX* WAY

Only the Patented Gruen Curvex movement is curved both top and bottom to fit the wrist form case. The Curvex construction assures pocket watch accuracy, ruggedness and long life.

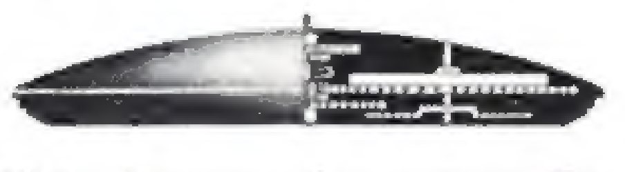


THE OLD WAY

An ordinary flat movement inside a curved case.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Office. Patented U. S. Patent Nos. 1835952, Re. 20480. Canadian Patent No. 370997. Copyright 1940 by The Gruen Watch Company.

GRUEN VERI-THIN*



This diagram shows how the full-size, rugged working parts of the Veri-Thin* movements are brilliantly arranged to fit completely within the thin, curved case without sacrificing accuracy or dependability. By this ingenious arrangement of the wheel-train, it is possible to slope the case downward on both ends and sides for extreme thinness and streamlined styling.

* REG. U. S. PATENT OFFICE
PATENTS PENDING

GRUEN

The Precision Watch

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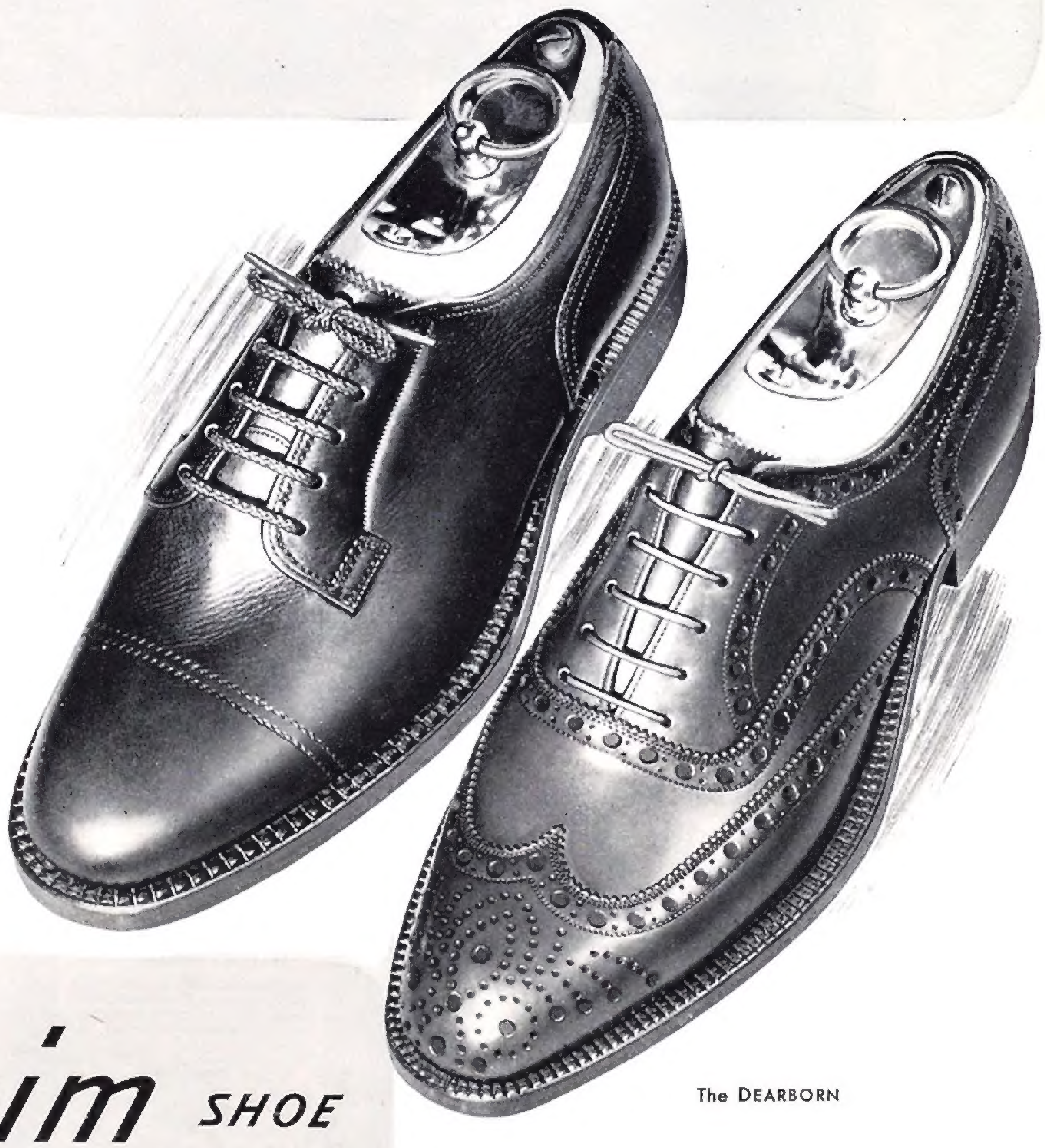

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THE Florsheim SHOE

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ARNOLD GINGRICH

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TRENDS IN DRESS

Picturing the New Clothes and Accessories in Sketches..........
.....*by* Fellows, Goodman, Pachner and Hughes beginning on page 99

Use of any person's name in fiction, semi-fictional articles or humorous features is to be regarded as a coincidence and not as the responsibility of *Esquire*. It is never done knowingly.

Backstage with a can of beer We would like to take time out today for a bit of back-tracking. Come with us, please, back to the back pages of a back issue, page 108 of our August issue to be precise. There we would like to have you read, or reread as the case may be, just one sentence. Read it while we weep: "If you're thirsty for statistics, the United Brewers Industrial Foundation, fact-and-figure clearing house of the foam world, will tell you that eighteen to twenty million cans a year (of beer) are filled and emptied . . ." That's enough. At that point any sane adult should be able to give a categorical answer to the question, "Is anything wrong with that sentence?"

We should have been able to figure it out ourselves, without recourse to pencil and paper. At our house, for instance, we probably empty well over a thousand cans of beer annually, and we like to think that our house is a pretty average place in this nation that houses a hundred thirty million souls. And since we're both average readers of Esquire, the chances are that you empty about that many at your house. So, between us, we probably should have been able to figure out, if anybody had stopped us in the middle of it, just how monumentally wrong that sentence was. Common sense would have told us that, unless we were getting a lot more than our share, a mere eighteen to twenty million cans of beer a year would have left the rest of the public thirsty for something foamier than statistics.

But the chief characteristic of statistics, as someone has undoubtedly remarked long since, is that they consist almost entirely of "things we never thought of at the time." This includes vital statistics. As Housman rhymed the thought so well: "The night my father got me, "His mind was not on me . . ." But we digress. Back to our beer cans.

We suspect, by now, that there was something wrong with our sentence about the annual consumption of beer in cans, don't we? But how wrong was it? Perhaps we could give you a better clue by asking, How wrong could a sentence be? Well, that's about it. Our sentence, as it turns out, was a neat 98% wrong. In other words, it was 2% right.

If you were *really* thirsty for statistics, you could have dug out the government figures on the annual consumption of beer in cans. (This is not to suggest that we couldn't have dug them out for you.) There you would have found that in 1936 there were 500 million cans used; in 1937, 631 million; in 1938, 643 million; in 1939, 755 million; and that the estimated total for 1940 will exceed 800 million.

Now maybe you're ready to forget the whole thing at this point. After all, pleasant a subject as millions of cans of beer may be for sweet silent thought, you empty them only one at a time anyway so perhaps this doesn't concern you deeply.

Well, we'd be ready to drop the thing right here, too, after a brief begging of your pardon for getting it wrong, if we hadn't realized the error before it was printed, and if we hadn't tried to correct it then as well as now. But as it is, we can't forget it. It haunts us. Come backstage for a minute more, and get a whiff of the tragi-comedy of errors that was played behind that one little sentence in the back pages of that one article in our August issue.

You see, as far back as May 9th we knew that there was something rotten in that sentence about the eighteen to twenty million cans of beer. For on that date we had a letter from a brewer to whom we had sent proofs of the article in question, seeking criticism of "any possible errors of fact" and he had called our attention to that sentence about the number of cans of beer filled and emptied yearly, saying "I don't know how many more cans a year are filled, but we fill several times this number ourselves. Possibly your author received the figure 180 to 200 million cans a year, but even this quantity is probably well under the actual figure."

"Our author," Lawton Mackall, who writes on this subject of potables regularly in our columns, happened at the moment to be out practicing in person what he preaches in print.

He was busy, it seems, doing individual research on the subject of beer, at the then-just-opening Swedish Pavilion at the World's Fair. So he couldn't be reached, not to say bothered, to correct his slight error of some seven hundred-odd millions of cans in his estimate of the annual consumption. (If we had reached him, we had intended to ask him if the 18 to 20 million cans a year was his *personal* estimate, *i.e.*, of the number he himself fills and empties annually, he being, as it were, so full of his favorite subject.) But one of his willing slaves in our New York office volunteered, in his absence, to track down the correct figures.

Thereupon, in submitting the manuscript to several other sources of professional criticism in the industry, to catch "any other possible errors in fact" in the numerous technical statements that the article contained, we appended a note saying that "one brewer called our attention to the fact that our statement regarding the consumption of beer in cans is considerably under his own production, quite aside from that of other national brewers. We are, therefore, going to revise that statement."

And we were, too, just as soon as we got the corrected figures back from our New York office. Meanwhile, one of the industry's insiders whose criticisms we had sought wrote us giving the article a technical okay "with the one substantial mistake which your letter shows you recognize. I am sure, however, that you want to be advised as to just how big the mistake actually is. Instead of eighteen to twenty million cans a year, the figure is *more than thirty-five times that large.*"

Thus time went on and correspondence concerning this one little sentence grew to a sizable stack. Corrected figures, several sets in fact, came through in due course, and our files bulge with acknowledgments of corrections replacing previous corrections, notations concerning when and by whom the successive sets of corrections had been made, letters written back and forth in a dozen directions, all about this one little sentence. Written, it seems, to everybody but the printer. He alone, it would now appear, was left in blissful ignorance of the barrages of thousands of words that flew back and forth and round and about that one sentence, from May 9th to June 24th, when our August issue went to press. Holland and Belgium fell, and Luxembourg, and even France, throughout that time. But not that one pesky little sentence. That stood. Because a "final" correction, that would cancel out all the tentative and temporary corrections made in the original figures, never came in. So the original figures, in all their pristine inadequacy, achieved the ultimate finality of print.

The record of error in this affair was not 100%. No, just about 98%. For there was a correction made, during the course of this six weeks' effort to correct those figures. Yes, one correction was made. Somebody, sometime, during the time that this article was in production, seems to have thought that the word "generally," used in a sentence which appeared in the third column of page 85 of our August issue (the page on which this particular article began) ought to be changed to read "sometimes." Now *that* correction was made. That large decision, to change that one word, was final. Probably because it wouldn't have mattered much anyway.

The amateur standing of Esq's editorial and production staffs, after seven years, would appear still to be above suspicion.

ESQUIRE
October, 1940
T. M.
Reg.

ESQUIRE is published monthly by Esquire, Inc. David A. Smart, President; Arnold Gingrich, Vice-President; Alfred Smart, Secretary and Treasurer. Editorial, Circulation, Business and Production Depts., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Chicago, Ill., Dec. 15th, 1933, under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by postage or by provision for payment of carrying charges if their return is desired in the event of non-purchase, but no responsibility will be assumed for loss or damage to unsolicited materials. Advertising offices, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y. C. Subscriptions for one year payable in advance, in the United States and possessions, Cuba, Mexico, Central America (except British Honduras) and South America (except the Guianas), $5.00; in Canada, $5.50; elsewhere, $7.50. Notices of changes of address must be received one month before they are to take effect. Both old and new addresses should be given.

Vol. XIV, No. 4
Whole No. 83
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Reg.

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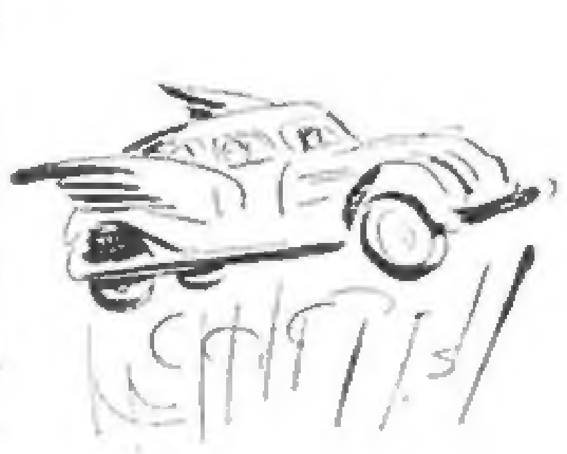

HOW HIGH IS UP? Many a man who likes automobile accessories has, in the past, forlornly eyed automobile altimeters as too expensive gadgets to be included in the dashboard line-up. Such, no longer, be the case. A new one has an amenable price tagged to it, records up to 10,000 feet and is more easily attached than former types. It screws into the vertical windshield bar, doing away with the usually complicated dashboard installation. Small enough to cause no obstruction to vision, it has a chromium case, easily adjustable setter.

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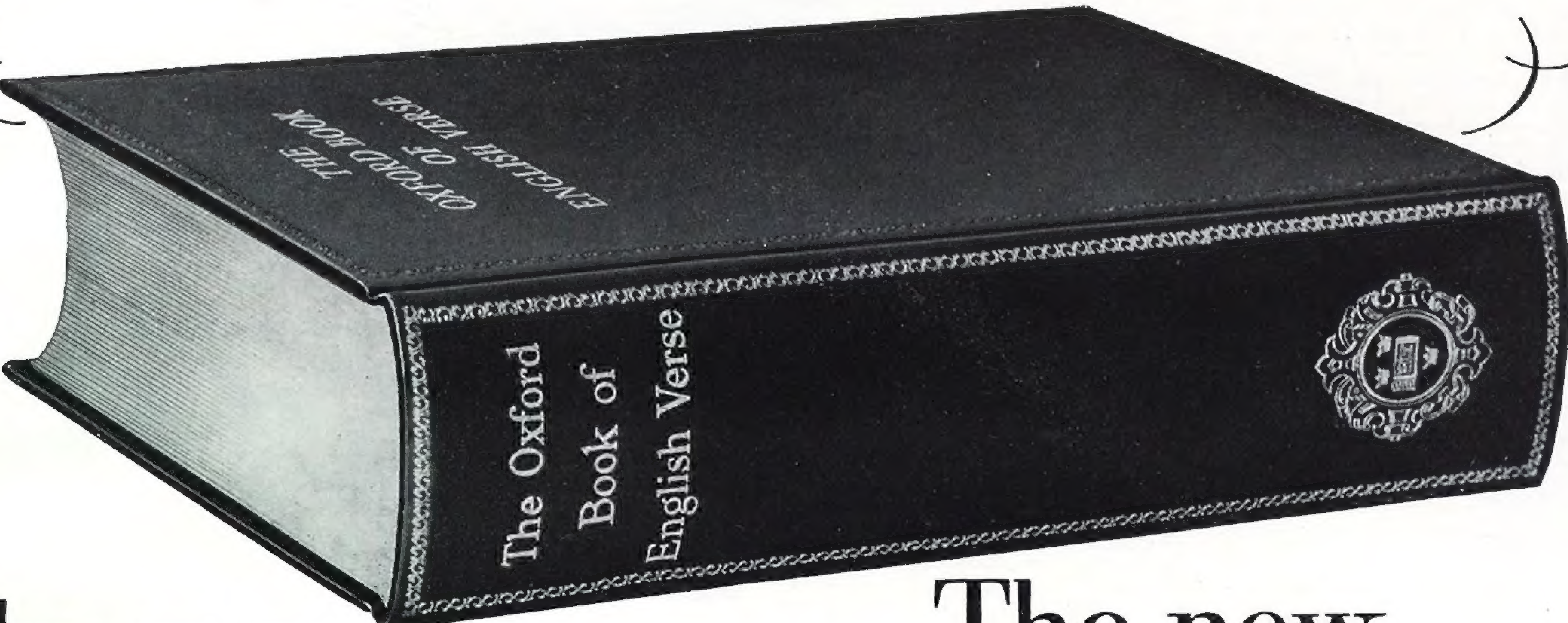
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The Oxford Book of English Verse

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THE SOUND AND THE FURY

SALVAGED FROM AN OTHERWISE TOTAL LOSS

Although I consider Esquire an indecent and superfluous magazine and, therefore, never read it, my husband does subscribe to it, and he has been away for several months. Since it is an expensive magazine and, I thought, should not be entirely wasted, I have been glancing through it.

I have been constantly struck by an error in P. Webb's drawings. I have lived among the mountain people whom I believe you are endeavoring to depict in your drawings. I know, positively, they have no such buildings as the one you are constantly inferring Grandpaw is occupying. I can't think you thoroughly understand your subject when you draw them. I know this because the doctor once called on some of them in reference to possible pollution of the water supply. They had heard of no such edifice and explained they went "over the mountain."

I hope you will not mind this correction.

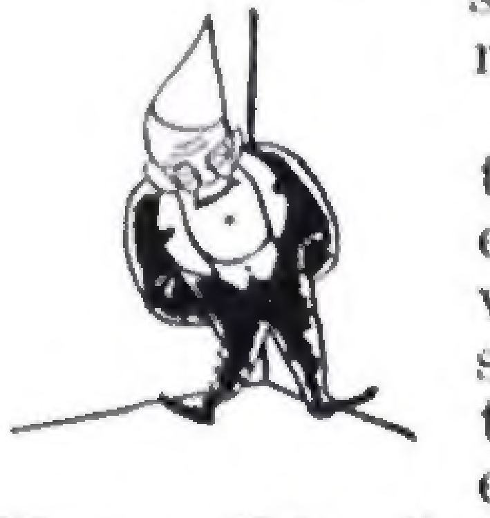
Yours truly,

Baltimore, Md. R. S. S.

Editor's Note: *Shown this letter challenging the verisimilitude of his cartoons Paul Webb could only respond (rather obliquely, we thought) that he draws only the better class of hillbillies—the cafe society, as it were, of the mountains—hence such luxurious non-essentials as the building in question.*

MEASURING DUNCE CAPS AND CORNERS

God knows that those gentlemen, paid by various newspapers, magazines and other publications, to act in the capacities of public guides to good and bad literature, plays, music, motion pictures, etc., and designated "critics," have much to put up with from their sometimes rebellious readers.



Someone, among those readers, is forever popping up with the incredible statement that a certain critic "likes everything," or "likes nothing." Aside from the fact that it is obviously impossible for anyone to like everything or nothing, these accusations become increasingly unintelligent and tiresome. Therefore, a critic can scarcely be blamed for occasionally wishing to throw off restraint and denounce these hecklers for the asses they are.

But, (and here's my own little gripe), the critics, themselves, seldom display any more cleverness or originality in their retaliations, than their tormentors' gibes showed.

Take the cases of those widely separated, but equally eminent, gentlemen, Prof. William Lyon Phelps and Mr. George Jean Nathan, your two brilliant commentators on literature and the theater, respectively. Though, of course, I have not always agreed with their opinions, I have never failed to admire the many-faceted literacy of their fine minds.

Why, then, do these two great men of letters become as tongue-tied children, accused unjustly by an irrational adult, when confronted with the defense of their own most cherished concepts?

Having read their replies, (so pitifully inadequate and almost devoid of logic), to the moronic insistence that Prof. Phelps "likes everything," and Mr. Nathan "likes nothing," I have become convinced that they would, both, come off second-best in a verbal bout with the star of the debating team of the Glen Corners Junior High.

To the childish complaint that he likes everything, Prof. Phelps replies by proudly pointing to a stupid, little list of some twenty-odd specific things, which he dislikes. What a magnificent rebuke!

And Mr. Nathan, sulkily answering his idiotic cavilers, pursues an even more objectionable course. Being told that he likes nothing, this man, whose sardonic brilliance has, at some time or another, overawed most of us, assumes an attitude of arrogant superiority, which he obviously does not feel, and extravagantly claims that his finer knowledge of all things theatrical, and much loftier standards of criticism do not permit him the slip-shod tolerance of the other professional critics; that, unlike these others, he cannot compromise his ideals by endorsing a production, which is merely entertaining, and, which does not have that perfection of construction that merits a good word or two from the great man. After making this haughty, and somewhat obscure statement, Mr. Nathan promptly lays aside this unbecoming mask of the incorruptible servant of the theater-going masses, and, winking vulgarly, declares that were it not for this wholesale dislike, he would not be the much-discussed, (and highly-paid), critic that he is. This latter, being at least truthful, is more to our liking, but it cannot fail to make Mr. Nathan look rather absurd after first reading his high-flown nonsense anent his critical integrity.

Another unworthy little trick of Mr. Nathan's is attempting to confound, (and further throw off the scent of his argumentative shortcomings), his own critics, by making use of his admittedly superior vocabulary. But after each astounding, albeit completely irrelevant, display of preciosity, the "Nathan-Likes-Nothing" faction comes back stronger than ever, by asking, appropriately enough, "What was he trying to prove?"

Therefore, would it not be better if Prof. Phelps and Mr. Nathan maintained a discreet and comparatively eloquent silence on these lamentable subjects? They can certainly afford to ignore the inane comments of this minority of their readers.

But it is, by no means, so certain that they can afford to make themselves ridiculous in the eyes of the majority, by offering weak and pointless defenses of opinions, which, in actuality, need no defense. Should they continue to do so, they might discover that foolishly catering to the demands of their wounded vanity can prove inordinately expensive.

Miami, Fla. Joan Parks

PAID, WELL PAID AND NOW REPAID

I can take most anything! But one paid (I reckon you paid him—if so it's too much!) author (with apologies to *authors*) signing himself Stilwell over an ℞ in the August issue just naturally ruined my dinner!

Him and his "calls" and what the coyotes think of them! Oh! Kay! I can take that! But when he allows that Hawks are afraid of guns—Oh! Boy! Do you really have any readers who like that sort of tripe?

They tell me that there's no limit to what some folks will do for money. But surely Stilwell is getting damn close, isn't he?

Yours,

Chattanooga, Tenn. Bill Turner

(I'm sliding down the fur side of the hill. I swore I'd never be one of those so and sos who wrote to the papers. Now look what you've done!)

CHARACTER WITNESS

Years ago, when you were struggling to keep alive, I went on record complimenting your editorial content for character and literary quality of a high order. Since then the thing about Esquire that pleases me is that your editors have continued to understand that the people who buy your magazine regularly do so to read it and furthermore they wouldn't pay 50 cents for it just for the pictures. Each month there is some real literature. But I didn't write this to elaborate on your production as a whole. Rather to say just a word or two of enthusiasm about the announcement about William Lyon Phelps, which I read with great joy. Surely you are to be complimented on securing such a worthwhile addition to the staff. I await your September number with the assurance that it will contain an added pleasure. Continued success to you.

Cordially,

Eagle Harbor, Mich. Homer Guck

FOR THE GAYETY OF BACKSTAGE

I'll omit the usual boring preliminaries which must needs be complimentary.

There are two suggestions which I should like to make:

A). Your "Backstage" needs a quick transfusion to forestall imminent anemia. Instead of the small (2¾x2) pictures, blow some of the better ones to two or three columns; Stanley Logan, guised as the colonel of *My Son, My Son* would have been such. Then extend the department to two pages. Make the pictures less puritanic—wrap Dr. Smith around a trombone for a picture, and have Nathan pose in swimming trunks. Have the cartoonists do caricatures of themselves.

B). For a movie department, use the idea exploited by the late *Stage:* a fan, sleeping, nodding, clapping, or tearing the seats out to indicate his lack of enthusiasm or his genuine pleasure. Murder the three-for-a-penny flickers, just as Nathan slays the cheap plays.

Congratulations for "corraling" famed bookman "Billy" Phelps.

La Crosse, Wis. Lambert Mader

TRIBUTE TO A LITTLE MASTERPIECE

This is insignificant in comparison with most of the pungent letters you receive but since I am neither the least intelligent nor the least discriminating of your readers I wish to compliment you on Peterson's story, *The Parmachene Belle* in the August issue. It'll be a damned hot day when you come across any writing as good and beautiful as Peterson's (and then it will probably be Peterson's). Or do I sound belligerent.

The story is as lovely and yet as masculine as anything I have ever read in your magazine. I should really address this letter to Peterson but I think it's equally important to stand on my tip-toes and pat Esquire for its excellent taste. I hope you'll give me the chance to read some more of Peterson's stories. Now I gotta study the cartoons some more. Thanks again for a swell story.

Sincerely,

Irwin, Pa. Martin A. Cohen

FORGOTTEN SISTER TO THE SOUTH

I protest! Carleton Smith seems to have a strange idea that "South America" is a synonym for "Latin America," and does not include Mexico and Central America in his programme for the conquest, musically, of that civilization which lies directionally to the south of us.

He overlooks the fact that Mexico City supports an excellent orchestra under famed Carlos Chávez; that Mexican audiences have applauded—and jeered at—Hindemith and Copland; that they have heard men like Monteux and Iturbi, and that they would like nothing more than to hear Stokowski. Mexico, perhaps because she is nearer us, is better prepared to receive musical modernists than any other Latin-American nation, for she has already done so in other fields of art and culture.

Sincerely,

Berkeley, Cal. Daniel N. Arzac, Jr.

WE DIDN'T KNOW THE PAGE WAS LOADED

Enjoy your magazine very much. It helps put a little more kick in life. Regarding picture on page 98 of August issue—my gosh, don't you know that one can't carry a gun all out in the open—and that it must be in case? This even applies to hunters who travel by car. Oh humm!

Enjoyed article on Mississippi river and Lake St. Croix fishing. I live within 11 miles of the former and 17 miles of the latter and there is no better fishing for walleyes and smallmouth bass anywhere. I am not agreeing with the writer's comment that the fishing will not be as good in five years. A million walleyes were planted in the lake this spring. Last Friday afternoon I caught the limit of pike at Prescott, Wis., at the mouth of Lake St. Croix. That's eight, and enough for any man.

Best wishes from an Esquire fan,

Harold F. Doolittle

Ellsworth, Wis.

MESS CALL FROM THE NORTHWEST

I have read with considerable interest the article *Eating 'Round the Map* by Ted Shane as published in your July, 1940 issue and I have particularly noted his remarks therein relative to food in the Pacific Northwest.

I have eaten in what I believe to be the best spots over the entire country and in some foreign parts, and while it may be there is better food to be found than that served in the Pacific Northwest, I take very violent exception to the statement that we feed on "a steady diet of salmon, apples and roses . . ." Apples are produced in a very small portion of our Pacific Northwest and I have never heard or known of apples being cooked in wine in this part of the world. We appreciate our apples and we appreciate our wine, but we would not spoil either by cooking them together.

As to salmon, it is true much salmon is produced here and sold but very little is eaten. We can the salmon but we send it elsewhere for consumption.

As to the roses, there can be no doubt but that we produce the most magnificent and glorious roses in the entire world, but we do not eat them.

I think Mr. Shane either did not visit our great Northwest or, if he did, he was on a liquid diet during his trip.

I note that Mr. Shane refers to soft shelled crabs as a delicacy. I wonder if he tried our oysters, Dungeness crabs, crawfish, shrimp, scallops or—what's the use—the man was never here.

Yours respectfully,

Aberdeen, Wash. L. B. Donley

Continued on page 10

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Your Advantage

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THE SOUND AND THE FURY

PLEA FOR VIBRANT LADIES ALL UNREAD

I heartily agree with your correspondent who asks for Nagy minus the Nostradamus dressing.

I have heard equally sound (and certainly more entertaining!) "readings" given in the local studios, where The Types of American Beauty are being closely followed.

Why not let Mr. Nagy's vibrant ladies speak for themselves, as they can most eloquently? That is, unless the sculptor himself would give us the real low-down. How about it, Mr. Nagy?

More power to Mr. Nagy and his beautiful sculpture—minus dressing!

Sincerely yours,
S. N. Newcombe
Whitestone, L. I.

SOUNDS LIKE A GOOD FIFTY CENTS WORTH

Having read many issues of the famous magazine I feel entitled to make a debut in your *S. & F.* column.

Of course I have a beef—consisting of the entire August issue. As a cover-to-cover type of reader I really suffered this time. I learned all about camping in the great outdoors; riding horses, fishing, hunting, long range horseback riding, eating outdoors, flying, and many other educational but tiresome articles.

Fiction was at a premium and Komroff was at his usual best. The article on beer was interesting. The pictures (God bless 'em) left nothing to be desired, but those damned articles! How about more good fiction and less education for October? It's too late for me to have any effect on September's issue.

One break August Esky did give me. I was sitting on the beach minding my own business and a lovely, sitting nearby, asked me if she could look through Esky. I let her have the old guy and everything is looking up now! So thanks for everything and so long. May September bring an improvement which is unexpected.

Sincerely,
Philadelphia, Pa. A. B. Feldman

LOOK WHAT HART STILWELL CALLED IN

The wild ones come in! Of all the junk I ever read, or seen printed for civilized man to believe, the payoff is *Calling The Wild*, by Hart Stilwell! Printed in the August issue. Hart must have called his coyotes on upper Broadway, or the New York Zoo! They certainly are a different breed of cattle than the coyotes of my experience!

He knocked over hawks, in between coyotes, all on the same call!

What an absurdity! "You can shoot just once and there will be no coyotes in that vicinity for hours"!

I have trapped coyotes for seventeen years in Montana, Wyoming, and Utah, and the closest I have ever been able to call a coyote is about one half mile—too damn far to pop him over with a .22 rifle, and furthermore, there wasn't any hawks showed either!

I have trapped, poisoned, stalked (without success) hunted, snared, called and coaxed coyotes for a living, and I have never been able to sound like a rabbit or any other meal, for a coyote and make it work! Maybe Hart Stilwell could, but old-time coyote trappers and others who have lived among coyotes all their life certainly can't do that!

The one and only reason there are coyotes in every state in the United States, and they are on the increase, too, is their cunning! If coyotes could be called to their death so simple and so easy, why do some of the Western states hire coyote exterminators, men who have spent years in the open in coyote territory?

Those state trappers have to be good and know their coyote lore, to land a job. I know. I was one of them, and I did not carry a coyote whistle or a rabbit squealer!

You can make a blind set for a coyote, a set so cleverly made and concealed, no human eye can detect it when being shown exactly where the set is! No dog on earth can smell after 72 hours and it will set till the end of time and never catch a coyote, where the coyotes run every night. The secret lies in the fact that Mr. Coyote can still detect human presence there, and immediately associates that with danger and vacates the vicinity, never to return any closer to it than 50 feet again!

There is a secret way of obliterating all manner of human presence in connection with fooling (and I mean literally fooling) a coyote. And Mr. Stilwell doesn't know that secret! No man on earth can call coyotes up with a rabbit squealer or any other form of noise maker, practically pat them on the head, tweak their ears and calmly and deliberately shoot them with a .22 rifle or an 8 gauge shot gun loaded with buckshot or what have you?

My Gawd! That was wrote for *Esquire the Magazine for Men!* I wonder! Did the editor pay him for that? I hope he pays me for mine! If he don't I am going to dare him to print it anyway! I want the public to know what bunco some people write who don't know the least thing about what they are writing about. I want the readers of Esquire and the editor and everyone concerned to realize that the advancement of civilization would have exterminated Mr. Coyote long ago if it wasn't for his cunning, *not his stupidity!* And if Esquire or Stilwell wants any more information on coyotes, I'll gladly remit!

Daring you to print this in the next issue of Esquire, The Magazine for Men—

I Remain,
R. N. Howard
Ensenada, Mexico, B.C.

P.S. I don't mean to berate or abuse Mr. Stilwell, or his intelligence! I am simply stating the truth, from my own experience, as I've found it.

FRESH AIRING ILES BRODY

I am mad and hot and tired *and* hungry! Just what did this Iles Brody do on those picnics he describes so vividly in his last article? It's certain he never gave any of his time to the cooking. His minute directions for roasting chicken on a spit out-of-doors certainly made this a fowl Sunday afternoon. With Esquire in hand and Brody as our standby we ventured into the woods and followed directions implicitly—sweating over a hot bed of coals all day only to be nauseated by a pathetic chicken—half charred and half raw.

And this wasn't our only fiasco—no indeed. But this guy Brody describes his exotic concoctions with insidiousness that we think each time he may be on the level for a change—but no! He must have learned his culinary art at the Colony Restaurant and we don't mean in the kitchen—if he has handled a skillet then it was a solid gold one. He may be a humorist (I'll grant him that) but he certainly is no cook. Every article is a bellyful of laughs—and a bellyful of gastronomic atrocities. We're off to the drug store and to pot with Brody and his chicken.

Too sincerely,
Louisville, Ky. Carroll English

FOR PUZZLENUTS ONLY ALL OTHERS STOP HERE

Editor's Note: *From this point on, the Sound and the Fury is devoted to the presentation of new problems and "brain-busters," and correspondence concerning old ones.*

HOFFMAN'S PAIR

It seems the contributions of problems to the *Sound & Fury* has fallen below the usual number during the last month or two. Consequently, I would like to submit a couple of problems for the readers.

The solutions of most of the problems in Esquire depend principally upon the application of algebra. Of course, nearly all problems require the use of some algebra to solve them. But I should like to see more problems in which the mathematical principles illustrated are something other than just algebraic. For instance:

1. A bullet is shot upwards with an initial velocity of 2,200 ft./sec. It is retarded by the force of gravity until it stops, and is then accelerated to earth by the force of gravity. Acceleration of gravity is 32 ft./sec./sec. Find the length of time the bullet spends above 10,000 ft.

2. In a tank are 100 gallons of brine containing 75 lbs. of salt. Water runs in at rate of 3 gallon/min. Mixture runs out at rate of 2 gallon/min. How much salt in the tank after 90 minutes?

Leland, Idaho Dwight Hoffman

DUCK DUNKED

Using Analytical Geometry and plenty of "muscular mathematics" I found that 20.1 was the original depth of water into which Miss Scott's Dunking Duck in the June issue deposited her elliptical egg.

Albany, N. Y. David K. Serby

SUMMARIZING THE CASE AGAINST ESTANOZY

I have never before considered it worth a three cent postage stamp to write to a magazine editor, but Mr. Estanozy's letter in the August issue of Esquire has planted the seed of avarice in my mind.

Heretofore, I have always been satisfied with a "sure thing" investment that would return at least 10% interest. However, the time has come when I feel that I should seek out a greater income that my future wife and kids will not have to live on their social security income, alone.

If Mr. Estanozy be willing, I would like to deposit with him one cent on the first day of the year, 2 cents on the second, 3 cents on the third, etc., until on the last day of the year I shall have deposited $3.65, providing he legally promises to pay me $1156.32.

However, since I have never had an opportunity like this presented to me before, and the fact that I have always been a God fearing man, and recalling the presence of a slightly used conscience somewhere about my person in the dim past, I would like to advise Mr. Estanozy to have his adding machine checked before entering into this agreement. This is the way I see his little problem. If I deposit 1 cent on January 1, and add 1 cent each day to the amount I deposit I shall, after 365 days, have deposited $667.95. To prove this, add the 1 cent deposited on the first day and the $3.65 deposited on the last day and you have a total of $3.66. The second deposit of 2 cents, plus the second last day's deposit of $3.64 would also total $3.66. Following this procedure throughout the balance of the year would produce one half of 365 or 182½ times each two day deposit of $3.66, giving a total of $667.95.

In order that the entire liability for this piece of sharp business will not rest entirely on my soul I shall require Mr. Estanozy to return only $1000.00 to me and you may keep the balance of $156.32 or split it with Mr. Estanozy. Or better still, in order to save my erstwhile banker a lot of bookkeeping, and me the trouble of depositing, have him remit to me $332.05 each year and to you whatever your cut may be.

However, if my proposition is accepted, and I pass this good thing along to my friends, I shall expect the entire difference of $156.32 returned to me for my trouble.

Cincinnati, Ohio Dilly McRegan

HART'S VACUUM

I would like to ask if any of *Sound & Fury's* readers can prove mathematically, that one is equal to nothing?

Indianapolis, Ind. C. B. Hart

TWO DOWN AND ONE TO DO

While waiting in the office of a client I picked up your good magazine and came across some mathematical problems in the August issue. Here are the solutions to two problems:

1. Estanozy's Pennies:

The sum accumulated in the course of a year is $667.95. Evidently Mr. Estanozy could not make good use of his adding machine. Here is a formula that takes care of all arithmetic progressions: $\frac{(A+L)}{2}\text{X N}$

"A" stands for the first number, "L" for the last and "N" for the number of days, namely 365. Whenever a chain of numbers is formed by means of an arithmetic progression this formula always expresses the sum of all numbers involved.

2. Comb's Cattle:

The answer is 5 cows, 1 pig, 97 sheep. The solution is accomplished by means of two linear equations with three unknown factors. Under ordinary conditions a solution of such two equations is out of the question, but in this case the problem can be solved, because the unknown factors are not fractional numbers. We, therefore, find it possible to use the so-called method of substitution.

Here is an "innocent" problem that will be a stumbling block to thousands upon thousands of your readers. I suggest that you print it in a prominent place, because it will be the sensation of the year, if not in the history of your magazine. Here is the problem: Arrange 20 coins in a row. Use dimes and pennies only. Form as many rows as possible. No two rows to be alike. Let me give the formation of a few rows. 1. 20 dimes . . . 2. 20 pennies . . . 3. one dime and 19 pennies (counting from left to right), 4. 19 pennies and one dime (counting from left to right), and so on. Two answers are requested: a—give the number of different rows, b—give the total amount of money involved in all the rows.

David A. Lunden-Moore
New York, N. Y.

TOBIAS' LETTERS

Rothermel's wire SEND+MORE=MONEY in *S. & F.* July issue is part of an interesting series of "letter mathematics."

Let him try this LETTER DIVISION (it will take him more than 5 minutes) and he will find it more absorbing.

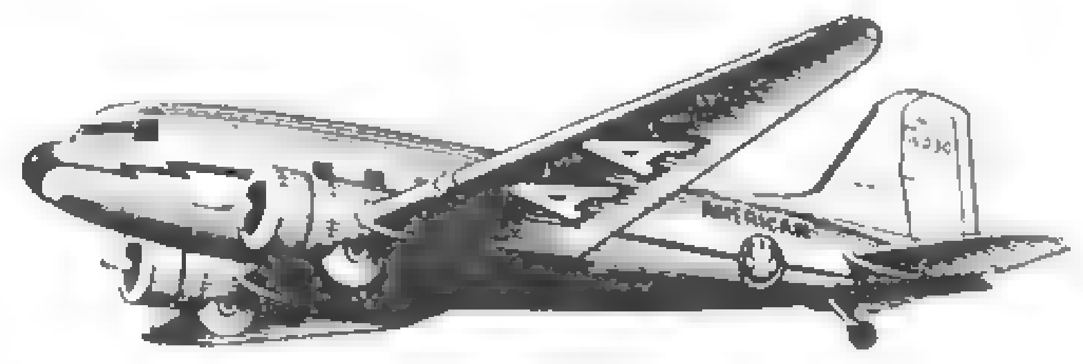
```
LETTER ) DIVISION ( SIR
         LETTER
         -------
         ERRVOLO
         EENTLTN
         -------
          SDRDISN
          SLVTROT
          -------
           ELOEEE
```

Substitute numbers for letters, using the same numbers for the same letters throughout, and you have a perfect example in long division.

There are plenty of clues. The letter s is obviously No. 1 for the subtrahend is the same as the divisor.

Yonkers, N. Y. Paul Jay Tobias

Alligator Waterproof Raincoats Now On Every Flagship!



American Airlines Selects Alligator for . . . .

Utmost Protection!
Light Weight!
Smart Style!

Every piece of equipment that goes into an American Airlines Flagship must be *proved best* by competitive test! So when it came to smartly styled raincoats for Captains and First Officers, Alligator naturally was chosen over all others! It was *proved* that Alligator's exclusive, scientific process makes the fabric *absolutely waterproof, windproof and dust-proof!* It was *proved* that this fabric does not absorb water, thus remaining light in weight! It was *proved* that it stays soft and pliant—does not crack or deteriorate . . . keeps you absolutely dry *always! It was proved that Alligator is the best!*

Take a Tip from Those Who Know . . . Get a Genuine WATERPROOF by Alligator!

You don't need to be a Flagship Captain or First Officer to wear this smart Alligator waterproof raincoat. Your nearby Alligator dealer has it for *you* in your exact size and in a choice of colors—Deep Sea, Navy Blue, Brown, Grey, Dark Green or Black. And the price is so modest that there's no excuse for compromising on a coat of lesser quality. Take a tip from those who know—get a genuine Alligator! **$7.50**

Alligator offers a complete line of superbly styled water*proof* and water *repellent* rainwear for every need and preference.
$5.75 to $26.50 *At Better Dealers Everywhere*
THE ALLIGATOR COMPANY • St. Louis • New York • Los Angeles

ALLIGATOR
Raincoats and Galecoats
because . . . IT'S SURE TO RAIN!

Water repellent Alligator coats for women, $10.50 up.

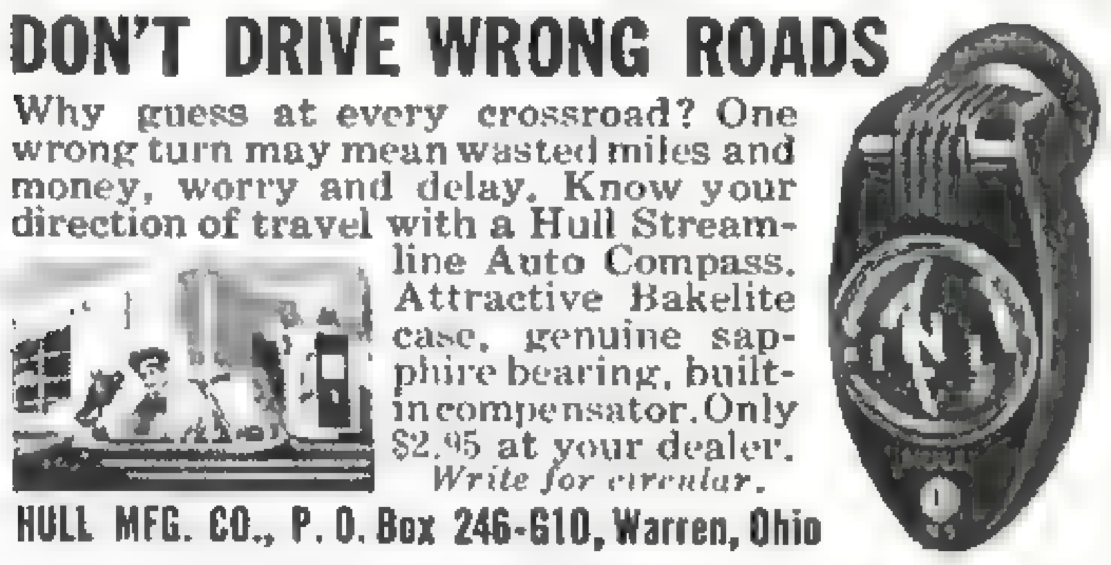
TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE

YOU'RE RIGHT
On top of the play
WITH THESE New SPORT GLASSES
BY Airguide

Compact, smart in design, light weight (only 3½ ounces) with wide field of vision and achromatic lenses these 2½ power SPORTS-THEATRE glasses are tops . . . complete with leather case. $14

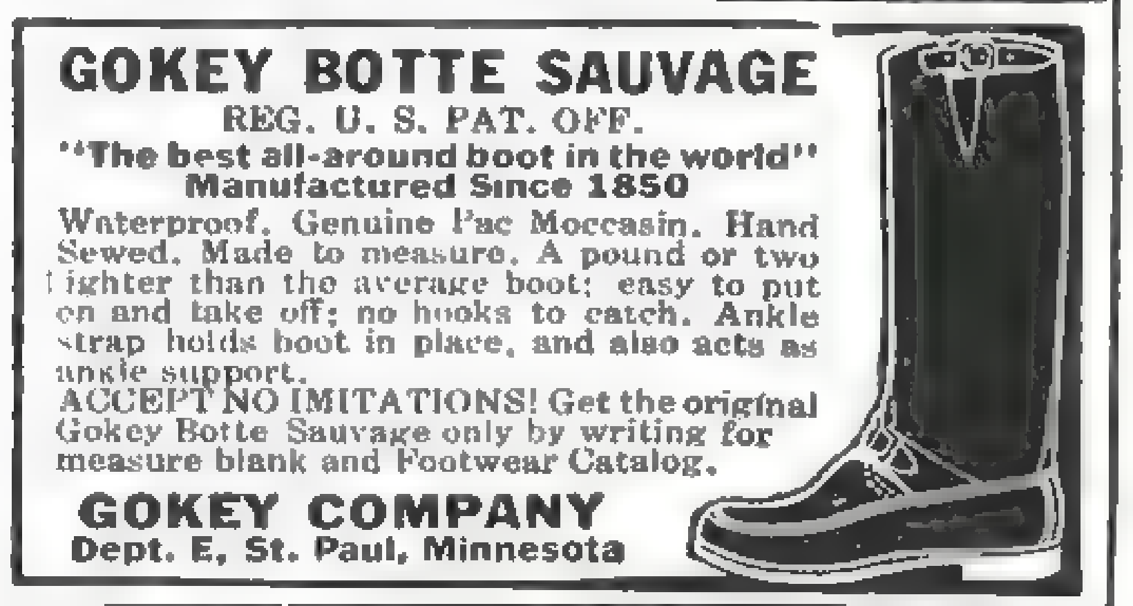
Other quality sport and field glasses by Airguide from $12 to $14.50. Sold by better dealers everywhere. Write for descriptive folder and name of your nearest dealer.

FEE AND STEMWEDEL, INC.
4949 NORTH PULASKI ROAD CHICAGO, ILLINOIS


DON'T DRIVE WRONG ROADS

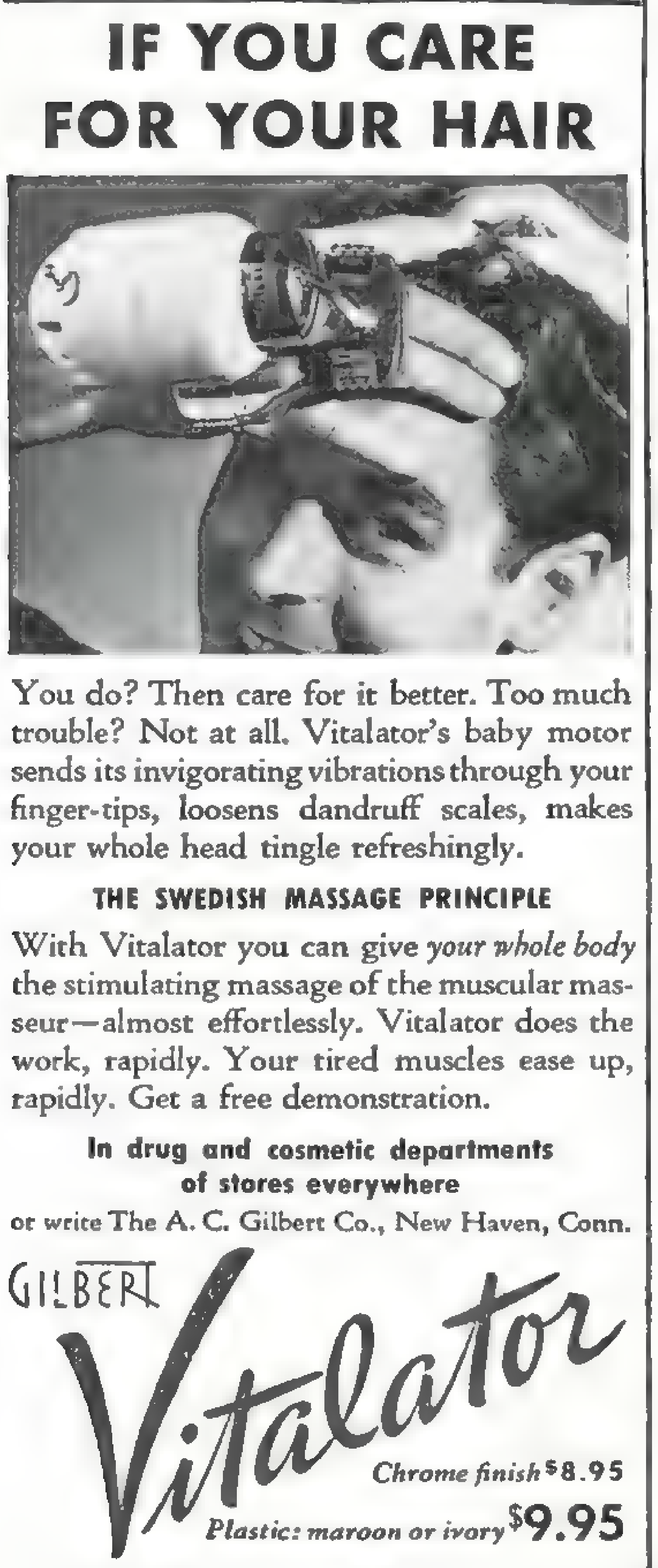
Why guess at every crossroad? One wrong turn may mean wasted miles and money, worry and delay. Know your direction of travel with a Hull Streamline Auto Compass. Attractive Bakelite case, genuine sapphire bearing, built-in compensator. Only $2.95 at your dealer. *Write for circular.*

HULL MFG. CO., P. O. Box 246-G10, Warren, Ohio


GOKEY BOTTE SAUVAGE
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
"The best all-around boot in the world"
Manufactured Since 1850

Waterproof. Genuine Pac Moccasin. Hand Sewed. Made to measure. A pound or two lighter than the average boot; easy to put on and take off; no hooks to catch. Ankle strap holds boot in place, and also acts as ankle support.
ACCEPT NO IMITATIONS! Get the original Gokey Botte Sauvage only by writing for measure blank and Footwear Catalog.

GOKEY COMPANY
Dept. E, St. Paul, Minnesota


IF YOU CARE FOR YOUR HAIR

You do? Then care for it better. Too much trouble? Not at all. Vitalator's baby motor sends its invigorating vibrations through your finger-tips, loosens dandruff scales, makes your whole head tingle refreshingly.

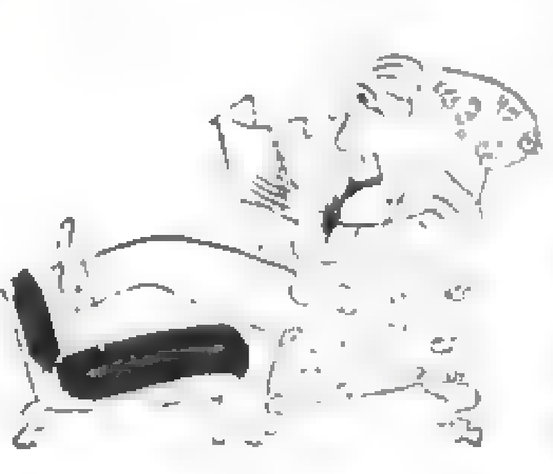
THE SWEDISH MASSAGE PRINCIPLE

With Vitalator you can give *your whole body* the stimulating massage of the muscular masseur—almost effortlessly. Vitalator does the work, rapidly. Your tired muscles ease up, rapidly. Get a free demonstration.

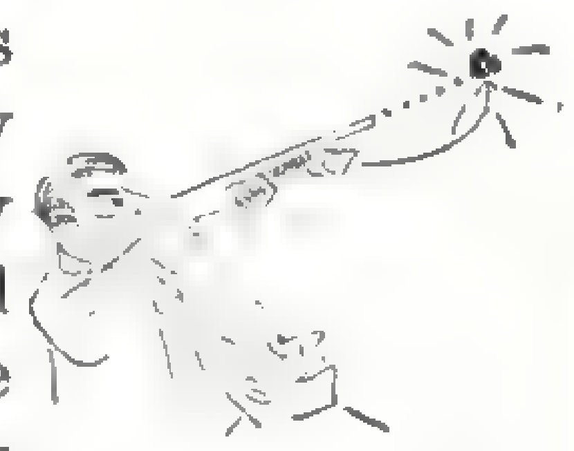
In drug and cosmetic departments of stores everywhere
or write The A. C. Gilbert Co., New Haven, Conn.

GILBERT Vitalator
Chrome finish $8.95
Plastic: maroon or ivory $9.95

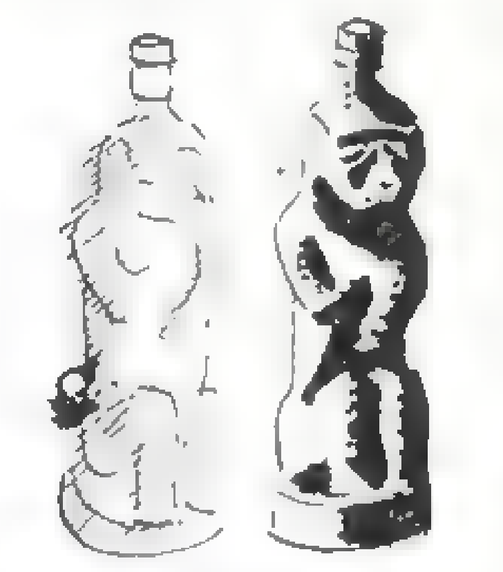
XVIII CENTURY COMFORT. The only way to be more comfortable than sitting down is lying down. But this, you found some time ago, is not socially acceptable posture for the living room, especially when your wife's friends drop in to collect the local gossip. Now, however, comfort and Emily Post can be nicely merged by means of the recently resurrected Gloucester Leg Stool, a fine, old American custom. An elongated, self-adjusting leg rest, it lets you stretch out your legs to full length while reclining contently in an ordinary chair. The angles of the stool are so pitched that the body is completely relaxed. All the stools, dubbed Gout Stools in the Eighteenth Century, are handmade of Honduras mahogany in the shop of the Virginian who rediscovered them, and are fine, attractive pieces of furniture. The choice of upholstery fabrics is up to you, but you get the comfort, specified or not.



PULL! Problem one for trap shooters—expense. Problem two—space. Both, we're glad to report, solved by a new combination rifle and trap. The trap is attached to the barrel of the gun, throws the targets in any direction your fancy dictates, the unit being small, light early transported. The trap is spring balanced to prevent whip, and when sprung, the arm comes to rest without vibration under the barrel. The outfit can be used in practically any small open field or over water. It's a fine eye-sharpening exercise for experts, as well as a sound introduction to trap and skeet for the beginner.



THE DOUBLE STANDARD. Packaging is admittedly an art these days. You buy cheese and have a highball glass for future reference. But some ninety years ago, a Russian firm had the ABC's of the art well under control. Their product was kümmel, the long popular cordial, their package was a bottle in the shape of a bear. You've seen these bottles, black or white, in many a home. For filled with sand, for just short of a century, they've been used as lamp vases, doorstops, bookends, mantel decoration. Except for an increase in bottle size, the kümmel and the bottle are the same today. If there's a gift-giving occasion on your near-future calendar, this should be an easy way to put in on the double-purpose standard.



SAVE THAT BRUSH. A new, especially designed shaving brush holder is going to make your whiskerial routine a much more pleasant thing to contemplate. Of solid cast brass, chrome plated, this holder drains the brush perfectly, keeps it sweet and clean. And practically doubles its life. Stands in the bathroom cabinet or on the shelf, is compact, and meticulously designed. An estimated 24 million men use the lather-and-brush procedure of shaving. Maybe it might make good gift for one of 24 you happen to know.

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.

Ranger

WORLD'S ONLY BELT WITH DOUBLE-COMFORT FEATURE

30 DAYS TRIAL
Wear it 30 Days. If not more than pleased, get your money back.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

*BRAXTON BELTS

For all-year 'round enjoyment. Patented inner-lining feature prevents slipping . . . absolutely! Snug to hips . . . always comfy.

Top grain cowhide-black or brown. 1⅜" wide, $3.00
Natural Pigskin . . . 4.00
Sterling Buckle with Monogram 2.50
Sterling Tongue Buckle, Mono. 5.00
At your dealer or sent post-paid.

BRAXTON DIVISION
QUEEN CITY BUCKLE MFG. CO.
CINCINNATI, OHIO

CASA LOMA Colorful GLOVES for MEN

$2.95

SMART MEN ARE WEARING THE CASA LOMA

10 ATTRACTIVE SHADES
- Eggshell
- Bark Brown
- Creme
- Maroon
- Black
- Cork Tan
- Dark Green
- London Tan
- Grey
- Navy Blue

Made of Genuine Deerskin with contrasting corded stitching, for durable wear.

On sale at leading Men's Shops and Department Stores.

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Safety in every step!
BILTRITE WILL NOT SLIP
HEELS and Cord-on-End SOLES
for MEN, WOMEN, CHILDREN
Longer Wear More Economical
America's super-value rubber heel
Get the BEST - insist on BILTRITE

Enjoy Swift Train Travel In Comfort... Take-
MOTHERSILL'S SEASICK REMEDY

Dear Jim:

All of a sudden I'm a social lion. I caught K. B., the mining magnate, eyeing me in the paddock today. "Your hat," he explains, "it's the gnat's eyebrows."

"In more ways than one," I replied. "It's a Mallory hat — so it feels as weightless as a gnat's eyebrow, too."

"Ah," says he, "show me where I can get a Mallory, and dinner's on me."

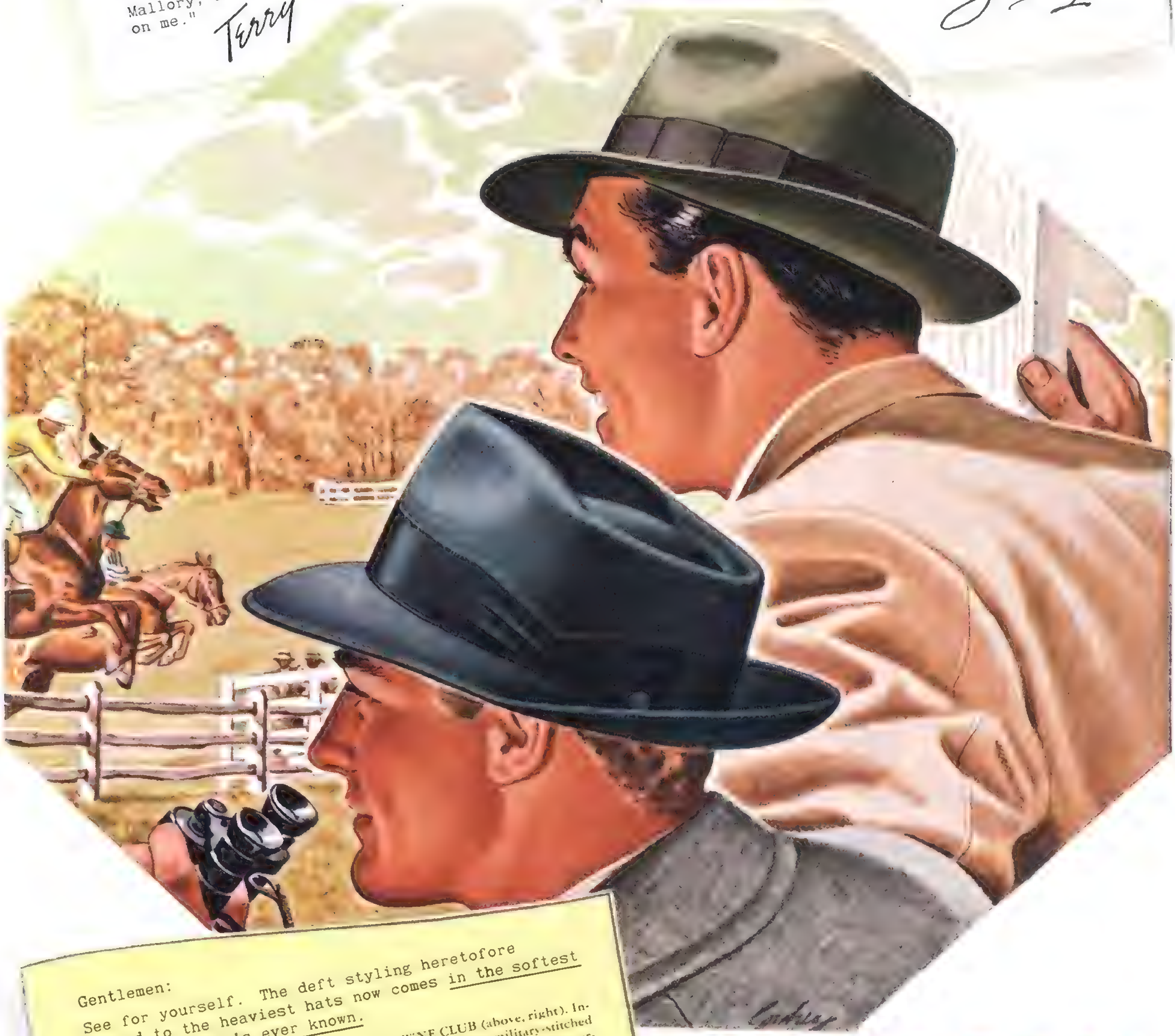
Terry

Dear Terry:

Took your tip. Bought a Mallory hat and now Beautiful Women vie for my company.

Assume you've had better weather than ours. Otherwise you'd have mentioned the swell way 'Cravenette' processing keeps these light-fitting Mallory hats lastingly good-looking. Expect me for Saturday's meet.

Jim



Gentlemen:

See for yourself. The deft styling heretofore sacred to the heaviest hats now comes in the softest felts your brow's ever known.

THE SPORTSMAN (above, left). A zephyr-weight in Mallory's great flannel-textured *Velshire* finish. Hazy Autumn hues. Note smart sports-stitched welt edge and semi-scarf band. $5

THE TOWNE CLUB (above, right). Introduces the dash of a military-stitched natural edge in a clubman's hat of generous proportions. Special-weight for Fall comfort . . . in favored Fall colors. $5

Most Mallory styles $5. The Sportabout $4. Others $6, $7.50, $10. At your Mallory Dealer's

MALLORY

EXCLUSIVELY *"Cravenette"* PROCESSED

They'll take a ducking

WORLD'S PROFESSIONAL
1940
BASEBALL CHAMPIONS
2 1
SPIKES

First Prize
in any company—

The World Series Flag. Soon millions of baseball fans will be acclaiming its proud possessor for 1940. But the men of America know now, and every season of every year, the style and value champions among men's shoes. Jarman rates first prize in any company.

$5.00 to $6.85 MOST STYLES

Jarman
SHOES FOR MEN

1 BURLEY BROWN . . . A new Jarman with the punch of a clean-up home run. This smart, straight tip quarter-brogue is Cedar-Cured for suppleness, weather resistance, long wear. No. 4159, Talisman last.

2 BELMONT BROWN . . . A brogue every man needs to go with his autumn tweeds. It has a rakish wing tip, and a warm brown tone that fits almost any suiting combination. No. 5705, Madison last.

3 CORTEZ BROWN . . . "That shoe's a honey!" You'll hear that down at the office when you sport this Jarman straight tip. It's full brogue in still another new Fall brown. Be sure to see it! No. 1183, Piccadilly last.

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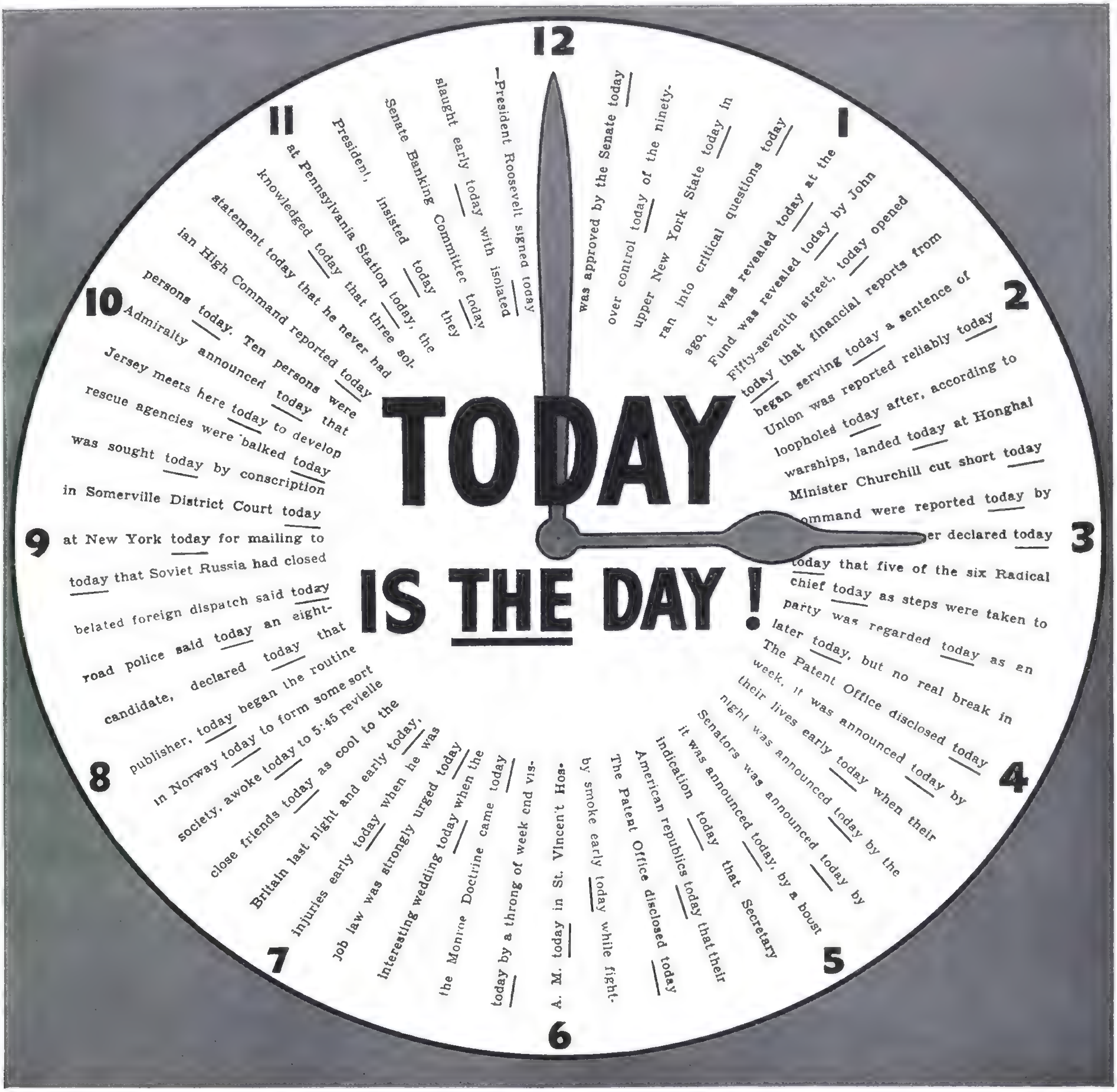
12
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TODAY
IS THE DAY !
—President Roosevelt signed today
was approved by the Senate today
over control today of the ninety-
upper New York State today in
ran into critical questions today
ago, it was revealed today at the
Fund was revealed today by John
Fifty-seventh street, today opened
today that financial reports from
began serving today a sentence of
Union was reported reliably today
loopholes today after, according to
warships, landed today at Honghai
Minister Churchill cut short today
ommand were reported today by
er declared today
today that five of the six Radical
chief today as steps were taken to
party was regarded today as en
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A. M. today in St. Vincent's Hos-
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the Monroe Doctrine came today
Interesting wedding today when the
Job law was strongly urged today
injuries early today when he was
Britain last night and early today,
close friends today as cool to the
society, awoke today to 5:45 reveille
in Norway today to form some sort
publisher, today began the routine
candidate, declared today that
road police said today an eight-
belated foreign dispatch said today
today that Soviet Russia had closed
at New York today for mailing to
in Somerville District Court today
was sought today by conscription
rescue agencies were balked today
Jersey meets here today to develop
Admiralty announced today that
persons today. Ten persons were
ian High Command reported today
statement today that he never had
knowledged today that three sol-
at Pennsylvania Station today, the
President, insisted today they
Senate Banking Committee today
slaught early today with isolated

News in The New York Sun is timed for telling. Advertising in The New York Sun is timed for selling.

With great events happening faster than ever before, The New York Sun keeps pace with today's important news almost as it occurs! The Sun can do this because it's published during the active hours—timed to provide complete, impartial, reports on happenings at home and abroad throughout each critical day.

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The Sun
NEW YORK

TIMED FOR TELLING....AND FOR SELLING!

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The key ring that's yours and yours alone!

Forstner KEY TAG with 3-INITIAL MONOGRAM

$1.50

The 3-initial monogram makes it as personal as your birth certificate! Rhodium finished. Sold by leading jewelers and department stores—or write to

FORSTNER CHAIN CORPORATION
Dept. T, Irvington, New Jersey

Enclosed is . . . . . . for . . . . initial key tags
Initials . . . .
Name____________________
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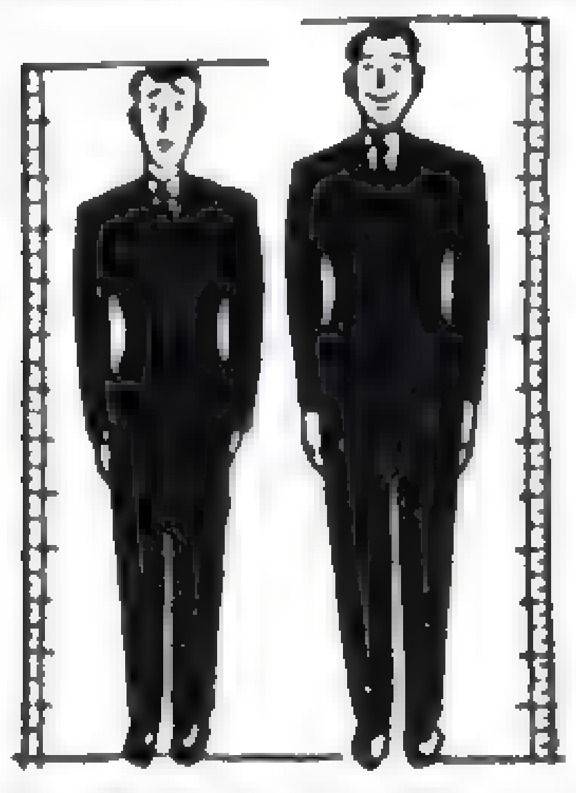
BE TALLER UP TO 2¼" More Than in Ordinary Shoes

STATURAID SHOES

The only shoes on the market with Build-ups to 2¼ inches

Build-up feature is cleverly concealed from outside view, makes you taller by 1, 1¼, 1½, 1¾, 2 or 2¼ inches, as you specify. Improves posture. 50 smart styles for sport, town, country and university wear. *Staturaids are custom-made, by hand.* One week delivery. Send today for **free illustrated catalog,** sent sealed. Write Dept. 32.

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8 FILMS DEVELOPED AND ENLARGED ON REAL POST CARDS 25¢ COIN
ANY FILM UP TO AND INCLUDING SIZE 116
12 Exposures . 40c 16 Exposures . 50c
QUALITY POSTAL CARD PHOTOS
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World's 7 Finest tobaccos blended in WALNUT

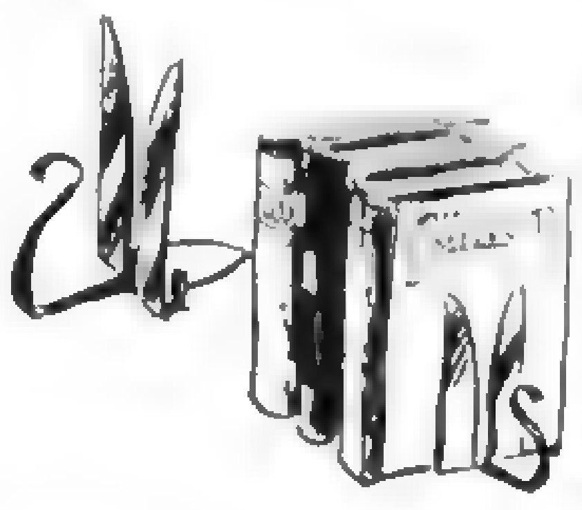
30¢ *and worth the difference*

Sold by your dealer. If not, write direct to John Middleton, (generous sample, FREE) 1211 Walnut St., Phila., Pa., blenders since 1856. Dept. E-10.

HEALTH INSURANCE. An occasional—daily, if possible—toning up of your much abused frame is, of course, a fine thing. And not as difficult to arrange as your indolence might conceive. A spinal manipulator, just introduced by a one-time physical trainer, gives you a good stiff work out at home in a very few minutes. Easy to operate, compact, inexpensive—it's designed to improve and normalize congested spinal areas. Thus, it increases circulation, abets good posture and helps correct round shoulders. No contraption for softies, the rugged massage and going over it gives you is a sound form of health insurance.

TRIPLE TIMER. Triple in purpose is the newest variation on the popular clip-watch design, this latest version combining the useful features of pocket watch, table and traveling clock. Its leather covered clip firmly grips your suit pocket, and when snapped down, makes an easel that stands the clock at a convenient, readable angle. The modern face has simple, easily legible numerals and is circled by a handsome, chrome border of unusual depth. A fine gift for either your male playmates or for entries on the distaff side of your address book.

PROUD OF YOUR BOOKS? A few ounces of metal, handsomely designed, disciplining a long row of bulky encyclopedias is the story behind a brand new type of book-end that's making news these days on two counts. First off, it has, for the book fancier, enhanced book-owning pleasure—no more need for massive fences to corral books on a desk or table top. Secondly, it's the pride of the gift marts, a gift that turns the difficult trick of being both unusual and eminently practical. In the shape of a swan, these book wardens are made both in sterling silver and brass.



MORE FUN IN BED. The indubitable pleasures of reading in bed are being considerably enhanced these days by the advent of a bed lamp that gives, for the first time, conditioned light for nocturnal reading. The lamp has a rectangular plastic window, that by proper diffusion and direction, shoots an unequalled amount of controlled light on the page. The lamp is turned out in two shades that should sing fairly close harmony with your decorative schemes, ivory and deep walnut. It's inexpensive and very kind to the eyes.

HIDEBOUND. If perchance—with an eye cocked for something unusual—you're casting about for a backgammon table or desk, William Haines, top-rung Hollywood designer, has same that should be dead up your alley. He's used Rawhide, popular newcomer in the ranks of styling materials, as covering for both pieces and they're suitable for both country houses and apartments in town. The designs are modern, and, as the Rawhide is saddle-stitched with heavy threading, they both have good, rugged looks. Desk accessories can also be had in Rawhide.

Learn to speak SPANISH, FRENCH, GERMAN or ITALIAN this easy way.

Know a second language for better business or social position; read foreign books; really enjoy travel. Speak like a native. Now FUN to learn quickly, easily at home! Write today for free book: "The Cortina Short-Cut." State language interested in.

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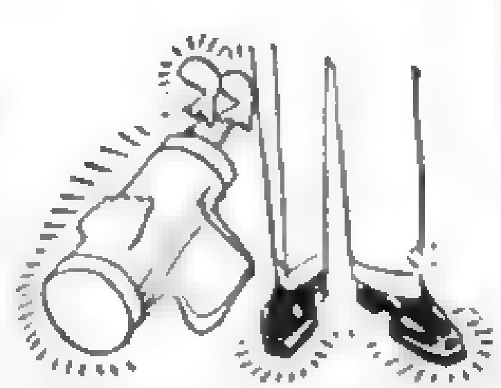
105 WEST 40th STREET, NEW YORK CITY


LEATHER CONDITIONER

LEXOL penetrates completely into leather, softens and preserves it. After LEXOL, apply any good polish. Use LEXOL on golf bags, club grips, luggage and all other genuine leather things. Your dealer has LEXOL or can get it for you. Or sent direct. Pint $1.00; Quart $1.75; Gal. $4.00.

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ALL AMERICANS SCORE!

The same quality that makes touchdowns and kicks goals is built into ALL AMERICAN handkerchiefs. They're sturdy, long lasting. Made of fine, soft, sheer, white cotton. Smart, serviceable, yet inexpensive. Look for the ALL AMERICAN emblem. At all good stores.

SOUTHERN HANDKERCHIEF MFG. CO., GREENVILLE, S. C.

ALL AMERICAN HANDKERCHIEFS
BEST BY TEST
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USE HOLLYWOOD Shoe Polish

BOOTMAKERS ANTIQUE. For men only. For that hand-rubbed look. Color: dark walnut.
BOOTMAKERS REDWOOD. Color: Old Mahogany. For men's shoes.
BOOTMAKERS WHITE SHOE SOAP. Comes in paste form. In a jar. Does not rub off.
WHITE LIQUID POLISH. A favorite for 15 years.
***NEW:* HOLLYWOOD WHITE ANTISEPTIC SHOE POLISH.** For children, nurses, cooks, etc. Antiseptic, whitens and deodorizes shoes.
SKUF SHINE. Renews finish on children's scuffed shoes.
BRUSHLESS. For women's and children's shoes. Simply put it on and shoes shine—comes in Black and Brown.

HOLLYWOOD BOOTMAKERS ANTIQUE is sold by Weber & Heilbroner, Wallach Bros., Wanamaker, Flagg Bros., Nunn-Bush, Kitty Kelly, or sent direct for 50c postpaid.

FRENCHEE CHEMICAL CO. 107-32 Van Wyck Blvd. Richmond Hill, N. Y.

If your local dealer does not carry Hollywood products please send us his name.

PAIN "GET IT OUT OF YOUR HEAD"

SINO is a proven preparation that *promotes* free flow of nasal mucous . . . *relieves* pain of simple headache.

SEND $1 TODAY for bottle of fast-acting Sino Capsules, postpaid, MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE
Address—Dept. E, BARFIELD CORP., Phila., Pa.

SINO (SIGH-NO-MORE)

The ZEPHAIR Pipe

Scientifically conceived, artfully designed. Large aluminum shank traps the goo and conditions the smoke.

Beautifully grained genuine Algerian Briar Bowl.

MAN SIZE!

COOL • Light weight • Easy to clean • EXTRA DRY SMOKING

$2.50

At your favorite dealer or order direct

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308 W. Randolph Street • Chicago, Ill.

The Whippet... by Stetson

As trim...as light as its namesake, and with the same tireless endurance. $7.50. Other Stetsons, from $5 to $20. John B. Stetson Company, Philadelphia.

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PAINTING THE TOWN WITH ESQUIRE

The *sharp* flavour of rare cheddars

Old English
Process Cheddar Cheese
FOR THE FIRST TIME
—THE SHARPNESS OF RARE,
AGED CHEDDARS IN A CHEESE
WITH UNIFORM FLAVOR
AND PERFECT COOKABILITY.
KRAFT MASTER BLENDERS
ACHIEVED IT!
SIZES: 2-POUND LOAF;
½-POUND PACKAGE

ENDLESS FUN WITH EDDIE DAVIS AT LEON & EDDIE'S
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AN OLD FASHIONED APPLEJACK You'll Enjoy
OLD SPEAS BRAND APPLE BRANDY
90 PROOF
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY SPEAS COMPANY SEBASTOPOL • CALIF.
ESTABLISHED 1888
AT ALL LIQUOR STORES

Not having been around in the days of peg-leg Peter Stuyvesant, we can't say how good New Amsterdam's Dutch alehouses were, but we do know that there was a total lack of such places when Holland House Taverne, with genuine Netherlandish affiliations, opened up in Rockefeller Center last Spring—since when it has flourished terrifically, with prospects of even greater scarcity of seats this coming winter. It's an establishment you feel you are going to like the moment you cross the threshold. The old-fashioned oaken paneling, antique-tiled fireplaces and brass chandeliers, the general air of burgher stability and heartiness—these prepare you for the honest-to-goodness Holland fare. And Hollander Charles Wickman, in charge, and his henchman George Stokking (from Deventer) who captains in the Bar, are the right folks to encourage you to go at it.

That gratifyingly patrician institution, the Madison (15 East 58th) lives up to its rôle as a hotel where they do things well and where patrons are of the sort accustomed to being done well by. Maître Raymond and chef Moreau conspire resourcefully. The Bar is a bijou of Chinese Chippendale fantasy. If owner-operator Morton Wolf would lend us his lapel, we'd pin a big bouquet on it.

Noting the good looks of the menu and wine list of "Sixty-eight" (now at 59, opposite original location on Fifth Avenue) you may wonder how a restaurant of this size can afford such typography. Well, it couldn't if it weren't angeled by a group of well-known graphic artsmen including much-gold-medaled T. M. Cleland and Rockwell Kent. Enamored of grilled shrimp, sliced capon and broccoli à la Mornay, and suchlike, as serviced by amiable Tony and Peter, these epicurean altruists decided that here was genius worth institutionalizing for further reference. No dividends so far, but a swell time is had, even by total strangers. Martin, at the Bar downstairs, shakes (instead of stirring) the Martinis as was done at classic places of yore. Don't choke him. *Taste* them.

Féfé's Café Pierre (Fifth Avenue at 61st) has won a smart buzz-buzz at the stemware hour and much important in-and-outing at practically any session from noon on, with swell skirts giving you the swish. And don't you go indulging in swishful thinking . . . The Courtenay Club, terraced at the Heckscher Building (730 Fifth Avenue), is now private only at luncheon time. Evenings the public is permitted in, with Paul Taubman performing on piano and organ as a one-man duo . . . The large lordly Essex, whose girl friend turns out to be Central Park instead of Queen Elizabeth, has Al Kavelin and his orchestra, to purvey Cascading Chords for dancing. Great improvement over the old Lost variety . . . The Biltmore Roof boasts Alvino Rey, guitar educator, and slick band. Also, gals who group and croon on the steps chummily, creating a vogue of Shall We Join the Ladies?

Wholehearted as is our ambition to be infallible, it happens, every once in a while, that somebody puts a couple of cocktails under our accuracy, and you, hapless reader, reap the fearful results. Frincetance not long ago, speaking of Whyte's treasured house of chops, down at 145 Fulton, we glibly referred to gray-haired host "Edward White, nephew of the Founder"—when we meant to say, and *would* have said but for a few of Mr. White's Manhattans, "Frank H. White, the Founder's youngest, and only surviving, son." Surviving, too, I'm happy to report, is the lady who makes the worshipful pies, on the job for the White family these 45 years. Likewise the concocter of the famous Whyte's curry sauce—somewhat thirst provoking, I find.

Shh! Sh!
Here's a tip. Next time you drink one too many or eat a bit too much, try a jigger of Fernet-Branca. Fair warning: it's bitter, but worth it in morning-after pep and ginger.
FERNET BRANCA
THE WORLD'S PICK...ME...UP
FOR 95 YEARS
Ask for it at any good Restaurant, Hotel or Bar. Buy a bottle at your druggist or grocer to keep at home.
In the U. S. A.
Fratelli Branca & Co., Inc., N. Y.
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Curtain's going up on the famous
CURTAIN DINNER
7 to 8:30 nightly before the play
from $1.75...prompt but correct service
The SHERRY NETHERLAND
5th Avenue at 59th Street
Cocktails daily...The Netherland Bar

DIVAN PARISIEN
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CUISINE FRANCAISE
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Expressed Alive Daily
COAST TO COAST
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LIVE LOBSTERS
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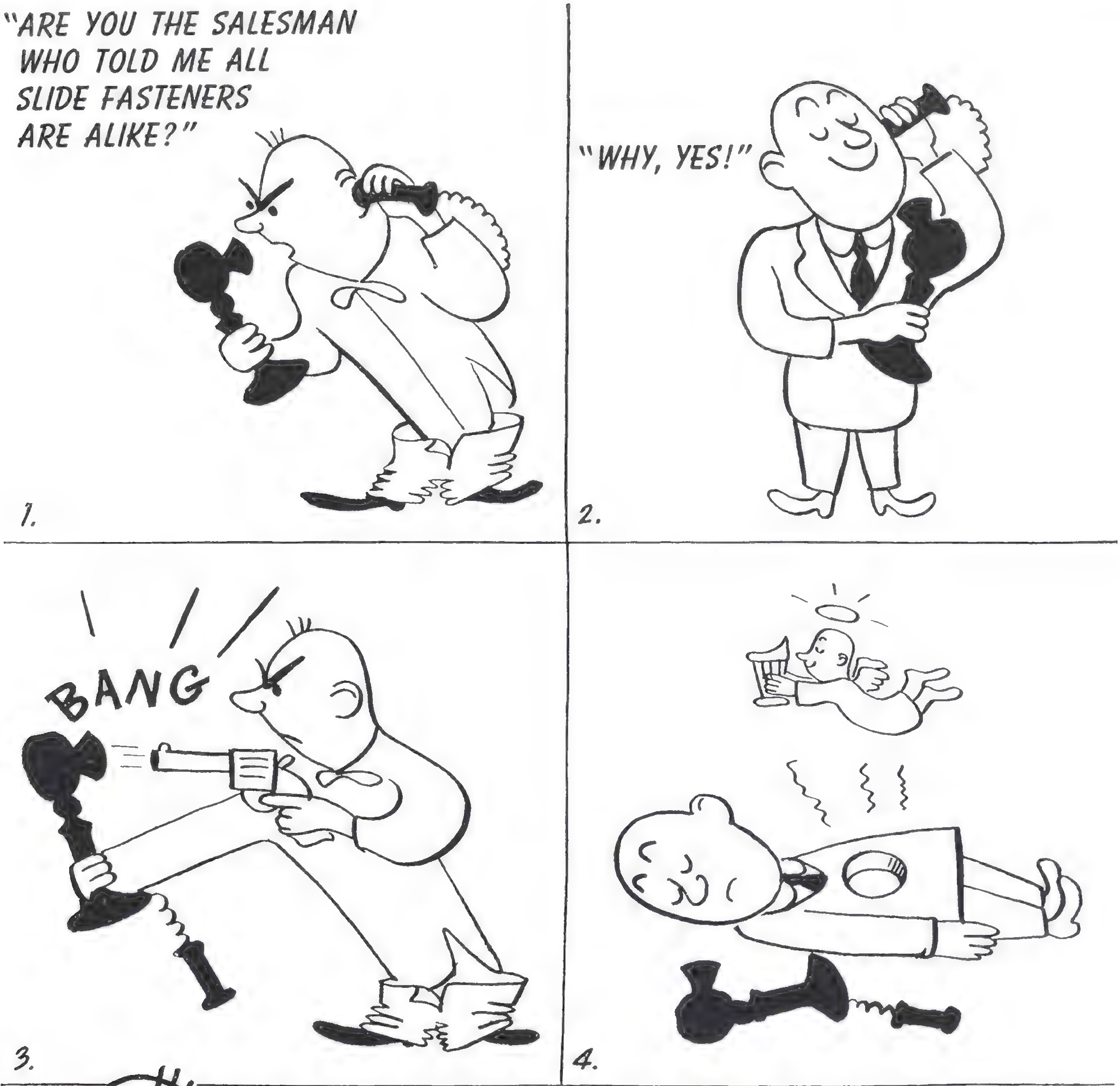
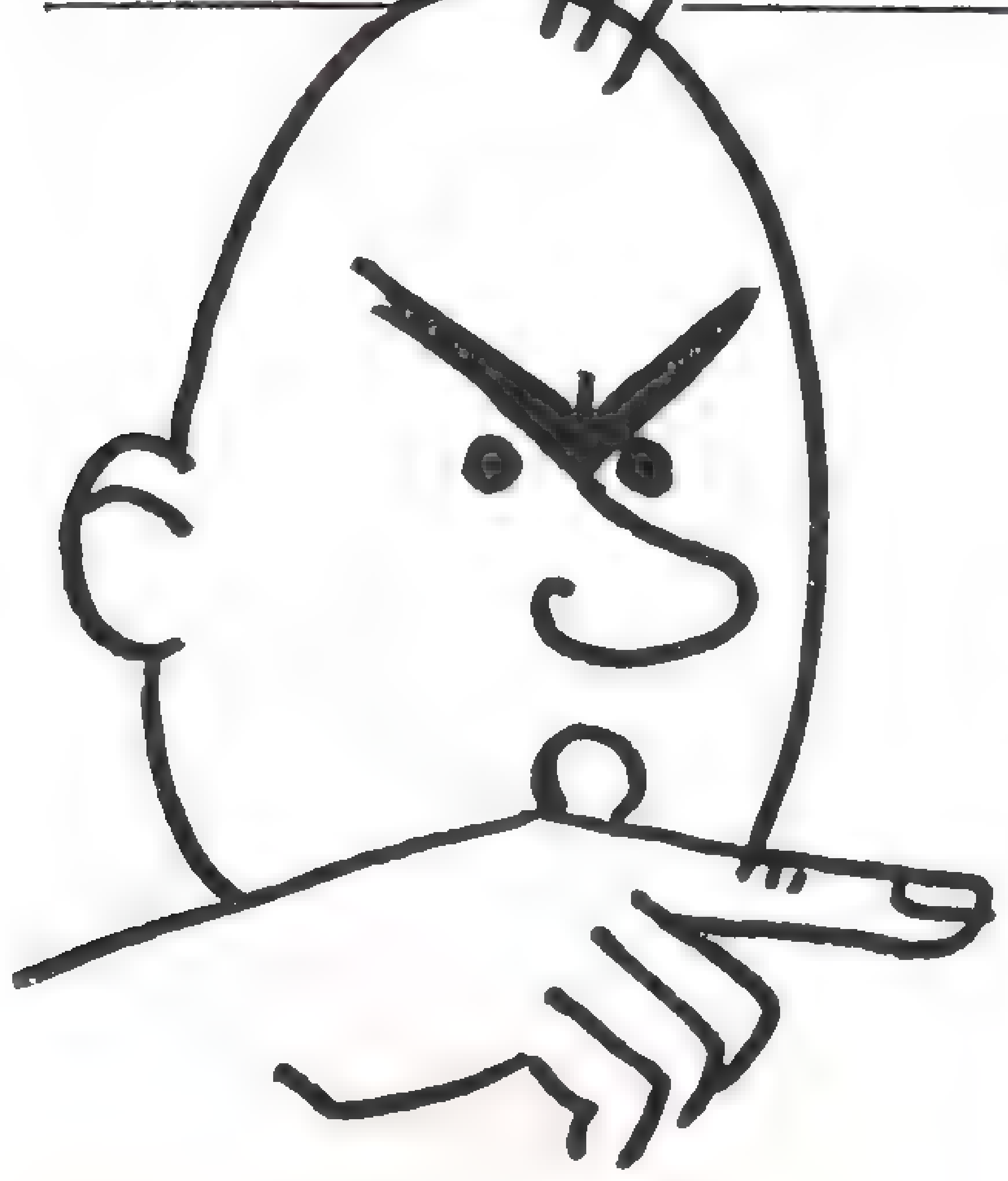
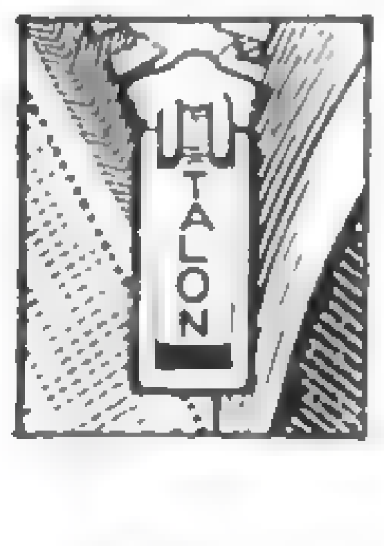

"ARE YOU THE SALESMAN WHO TOLD ME ALL SLIDE FASTENERS ARE ALIKE?"
1.
"WHY, YES!"
2.
BANG
3.
4.



"**GENTLEMEN,** LET ME TELL YOU HOW TO KEEP OUT OF A MESS LIKE THIS: JUST REMEMBER WHAT THOUSANDS OF MEN REPORTED WHEN QUESTIONED BY 43 LEADING STORES. **80%** OF THOSE ANSWERING SAID THERE ARE FAULTY SLIDE FASTENERS ON THE MARKET. THEN — **BY A MAJORITY OF 70 TO 1*** — THEY SAID THEY PREFERRED 'TALON' OVER ANY OTHER SLIDE FASTENER. **THAT'S HOW TO KEEP OUT OF TROUBLE!** ALWAYS BE SURE THE SLIDE FASTENER IS MARKED 'TALON' — AND YOU'LL HAVE SMOOTH GOING — NO MATTER HOW LONG YOU WEAR THE PANTS!"



TALON SLIDE FASTENER • MADE BY TALON, INC., MEADVILLE, PA.
Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Remember the offensive gaps and bulges caused by the 5 old-fashioned fastenings?

Now the Talon fastener gives neatness, convenience — and locks at the top for security.

**Based on the thousands of men who expressed a brand preference*

"**TALON**" — THE DEPENDABLE SLIDE FASTENER
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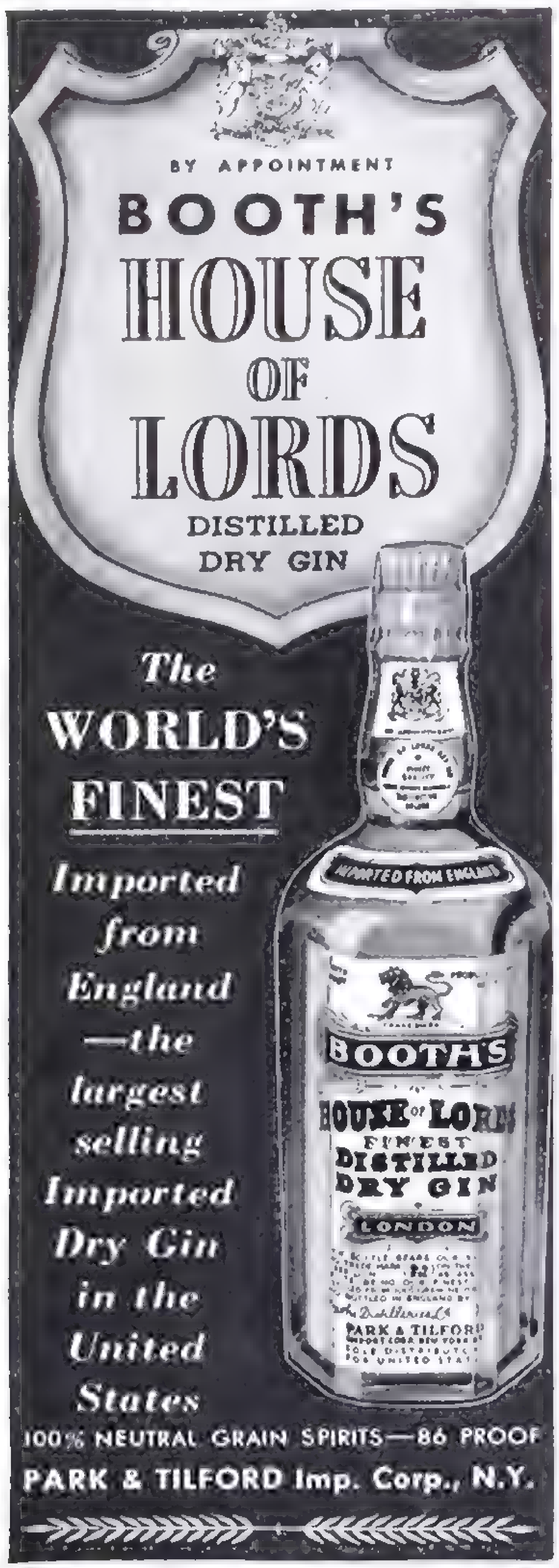
PAINTING THE TOWN WITH ESQUIRE


BY APPOINTMENT
BOOTH'S
HOUSE OF LORDS
DISTILLED DRY GIN
The WORLD'S FINEST
Imported from England—the largest selling Imported Dry Gin in the United States
100% NEUTRAL GRAIN SPIRITS—86 PROOF
PARK & TILFORD Imp. Corp., N.Y.

A punch tastes better
with champagne,
But connoisseurs
will all maintain
Your brand must have
a famous name,
Insist on . . .
COOK'S *Imperial*
AMERICAN Champagnes and Wines
AMERICAN WINE CO • ST • LOUIS • MO •

The Montmartre of New York
Jimmy Kelly's
181 SULLIVAN ST. AL 4-1414
DINNER $1.25
REVUE 8:45 11:45 2:15
NO COVER • OPEN SUNDAYS

"What has that guy Sherman Billingsley got that we haven't?" is a query which would-be Sherman Billingsleys keep muttering to themselves with a gnash of the teeth. Pretty much everything, you might say. He's got the fair-haired boys of Wall Street, the debs and dowagers, the young marrieds, the six and ten goalers, all Hollywooders that are in town, the super-politicos, and visiting oilers from Texas and Oklahoma. There's a syndicated gossip columnist under every table. And this goes on day and night, Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter—so much so, the place is now being enlarged to provide facilities for banquets and special parties. Meanwhile intimate singer Charles Wright (culled from London, Palm Beach, etc.) lends his bosom to an accordion for accompanying himself, besides leading a brisk band he's gathered up. On the femme side, Dawn Roland (looker) dances as well as sings. In short, Squire Billingsley is very much himself this season at his Stork Club.

The double-decker Crillon Restaurant—Bar and pre-theatre dinner downstairs on Lexington Ave. (at 48th), more spacious dining upstairs, with catacomb approach from Park Ave. (277)—has long been one of the town's leading upholders of the niceties of the table. Even passing by in a taxi our palate gets a flicker at the thought of Entrecote Viennoise, Roast Duck with Polish Style Ham, and suchlike. Not to mention the trundle-cart of pastries de luxe and the still opulent wine cellar, special pride of host O. J. Baumgarten. His brother, who ran the famous Café Corso on the ring in Vienna, is in charge behind the scenes. Such idea men!

Mellow old woodwork comforts your eye when you pay a return visit to ancient and honorable Keen's Chop House (36th, a few steps east of 6th Ave.), dispensary of musty ale in pewter mugs, and stupendous mutton chops of a tenderness which is phenomenal. Among the mementoes displayed is the program of Ford's Theatre, Washington, which Abraham Lincoln had in his hand when he was assassinated. But don't let that worry you—you're doing swell, from cocktail on. If you can find time and room, the Assorted Fresh Seafood Platter is worth playing straight across the board. You'll need days and days to work through the list of specialties that make this a rallying place of food lovers from all over. We've been years at it and making no progress, because what we had last time was too good to overlook this time.

Louis Sherry's ice-creamers have launched a fad of long drinks ballasted with Ice Sherbet instead of plain ice. You add syrups and liqueurs at will. Or even gin or whiskey . . . With Autumn swirling upon us, the versatile Promenade Café of Rockefeller Center is indoors or outdoors as dictated by the temperature of the moment . . . Songstress Hildegarde, magnet of the Savoy-Plaza's comely Café Lounge, is back again, triumphant, thrushing sophisticatedly to the faithful . . . Gosh all Haiti! Those Zombies (three's a crowd) that were just a daring experiment last year are sopping up the country now that they come ready-bottled . . . Let's hope that the noble Norwegian food as prepared at the Fair by chef John Boyum will be duplicated in Manhattan somewhere ere long. We could do with a portion of melt-in-the-mouth Fiskepudding with Lobster Sauce any time you say.

The Hotel New Yorker is autumning in its Terrace Room with the assistance of able swingster Woody Herman and his orchestra . . . Leon and Eddie's keeps clean minded by changing its revue acts the minute they scorch the paint of the Parisian art collection . . . Charles E. Rochester's Hawaiian Room enchantment at the Hotel Lexington goes on and on. He started it and the public won't let him stop it.

TOBACCO EXPERTS THUNDERSTRUCK!
Tobacco men marvel at the rare aromatic leaves we use in blending London Dock. And why not? Such fine quality is quite unique in aromatic tobaccos.
Soaring sales of London Dock prove that smokers can certainly tell the difference—do go for its rare qualities. Try London Dock — then you'll discover America's finest Aromatic Tobacco.
At tobacconists, or send 10¢ for sample to . . . 128 Delmar Blvd., St. Louis, Mo.
Export Foil Package 40¢
POUND PACKAGE $3.00

Christian Peper · St. Louis
Fine Tobaccos Since 1852

SUPERB FLAVOR!
To give your Planters' Punch or Rum Cocktail that distinctive and delicious taste, just follow this simple rule:—
The Rum MUST be— MYERS'S

"Planters' Punch" Brand
100% FINE OLD JAMAICA
ALL 8 YEARS OLD—97 PROOF
FREE Recipe Booklet. Write:
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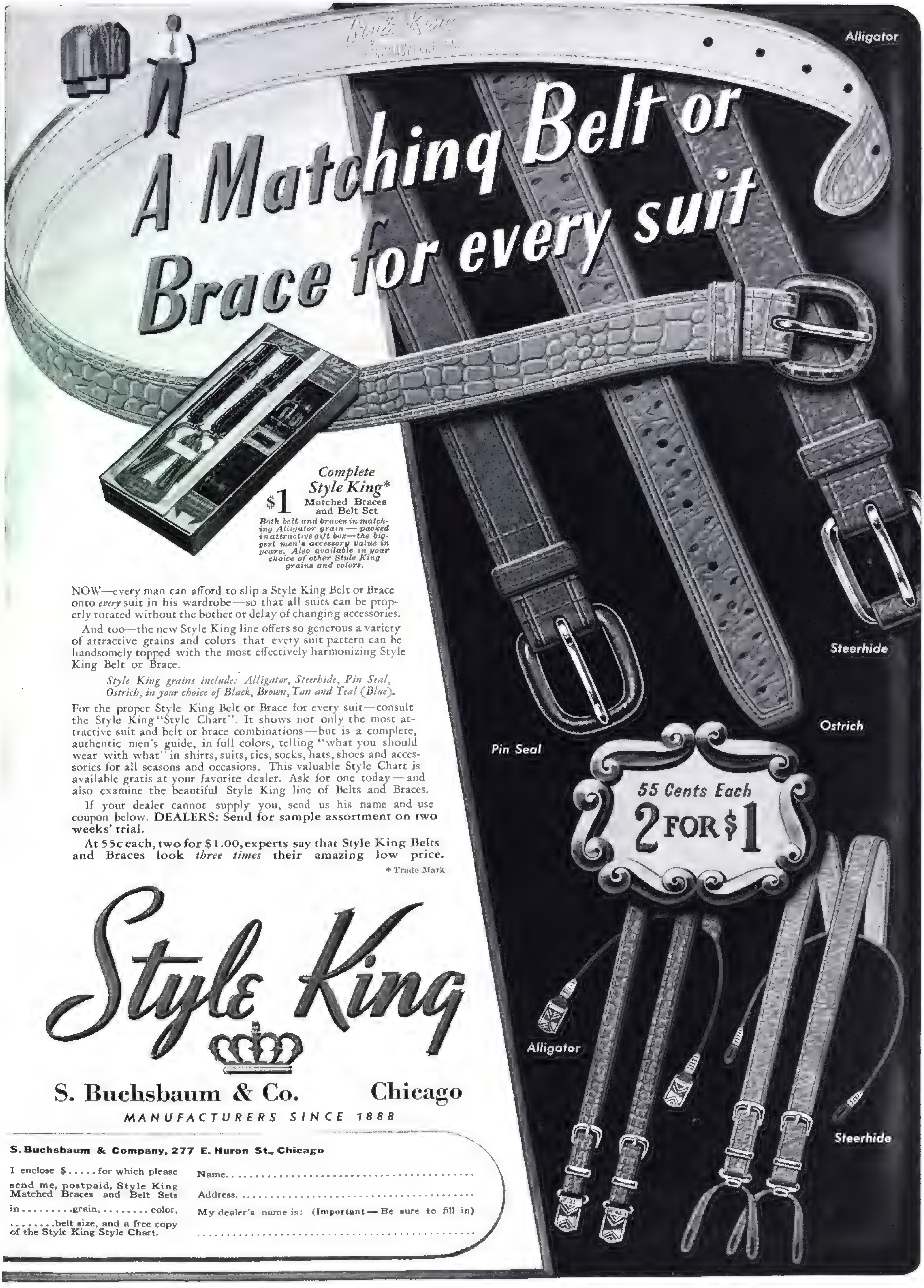
SEE THE NEW
ICE SHOW
at luncheon
dinner supper
ICE TERRACE
HOTEL
NEW YORKER
NEW YORK
2500 Rooms, $3.50 up



Complete *Style King**
$1 Matched Braces and Belt Set

Both belt and braces in matching Alligator grain — packed in attractive gift box—the biggest men's accessory value in years. Also available in your choice of other Style King grains and colors.

NOW—every man can afford to slip a Style King Belt or Brace onto *every* suit in his wardrobe—so that all suits can be properly rotated without the bother or delay of changing accessories.

And too—the new Style King line offers so generous a variety of attractive grains and colors that every suit pattern can be handsomely topped with the most effectively harmonizing Style King Belt or Brace.

Style King grains include: Alligator, Steerhide, Pin Seal, Ostrich, in your choice of Black, Brown, Tan and Teal (Blue).

For the proper Style King Belt or Brace for every suit—consult the Style King "Style Chart". It shows not only the most attractive suit and belt or brace combinations—but is a complete, authentic men's guide, in full colors, telling "what you should wear with what" in shirts, suits, ties, socks, hats, shoes and accessories for all seasons and occasions. This valuable Style Chart is available gratis at your favorite dealer. Ask for one today—and also examine the beautiful Style King line of Belts and Braces.

If your dealer cannot supply you, send us his name and use coupon below. **DEALERS: Send for sample assortment on two weeks' trial.**

At 55c each, two for $1.00, experts say that Style King Belts and Braces look *three times* their amazing low price.

* Trade Mark

Style King

S. Buchsbaum & Co. Chicago

MANUFACTURERS SINCE 1888

S. Buchsbaum & Company, 277 E. Huron St., Chicago

I enclose $..... for which please send me, postpaid, Style King Matched Braces and Belt Sets in ....grain, ... color, ...belt size, and a free copy of the Style King Style Chart.

Name..

Address..

My dealer's name is: (Important — Be sure to fill in)

....

Come AGAIN all ye Faithful

Like the purple cow . . . which has always been equally non-existent and famous . . . Esquire's bright, new idea of Christmas 1939, the Christmas Fair, had never before been heard of. Unlike that peerless bovine, the latter project blossomed into being with a bang last November.

Before Christmas, 160,000 persons had streamed through the doors of the shop-that's-really-not-a-shop-at-all, as many as 10,000 persons in a day had treated themselves to a visit to an "exposition" store where no merchandise was sold, but where, at one fell swoop, entire Christmas giving programs were arranged, to the delight of modern thousands.

Success? Indeed. So successful that we can't argue with it. So amazing in its fundamental service to consumers, that it clamors for an encore. So beautiful, that it cries for perpetuation, perhaps, as an annual tradition of Esquire.

So, ye faithful readers of Esquire in New York and those of you who will visit New York from November through Christmas . . . come *again*. This time to 10 Rockefeller Plaza in fabulous $100,000,000 Rockefeller Center.

This year to Esquire's Christmas Fair, with its 145 feet of 32-foot plate glass windows that range in height more than double the effort of a world's champion pole vaulter.

Come *again*, and bring your friends, to the most breathtaking review in all your experience of what's new and what's smart in gifts for everyone.

You enter the doors and up the carpeted ramp you go into a mammoth fairyland. Here the gifts are before you . . . on one great, colorful floor . . . fine-tooth-combed, segregated, concentrated and classified for easy selection.

If you like, one of Esquire's Gift Counselors, miraculously blending intelligence and good looks, will stroll with you, answering your questions and affording you the names of the retail stores in any city in the country where you may buy what you have seen.

What a weight will be removed from your mind with the knowledge that your gift-giving problems *are* over. What *fun* you will have and what a unique experience!

All the Wizards of Oz never conjured up more scintillant magic than will be exposed to the happy, non-paying "shoppers" at Esquire's Christmas Fair.

All the bright people in New York will attend this exposition that, we promise you, will out-sensation last year's much-discussed phenomenon . . . that will occupy over twice the floor space . . . that will prove even more amazing.

So, goodbye . . . until our next advertisement. And we'll be seeing you on the ramp at 10 Rockefeller Plaza.

SQUIRE'S
HRISTMAS
AIR * * *
This year at
10 Rockefeller Plaza
Rockefeller Center
New York
Esquire
Esquire
Esquire

ILLUMINATION BY CENTURY LIGHTING, INC.

BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

Easley Blackwood

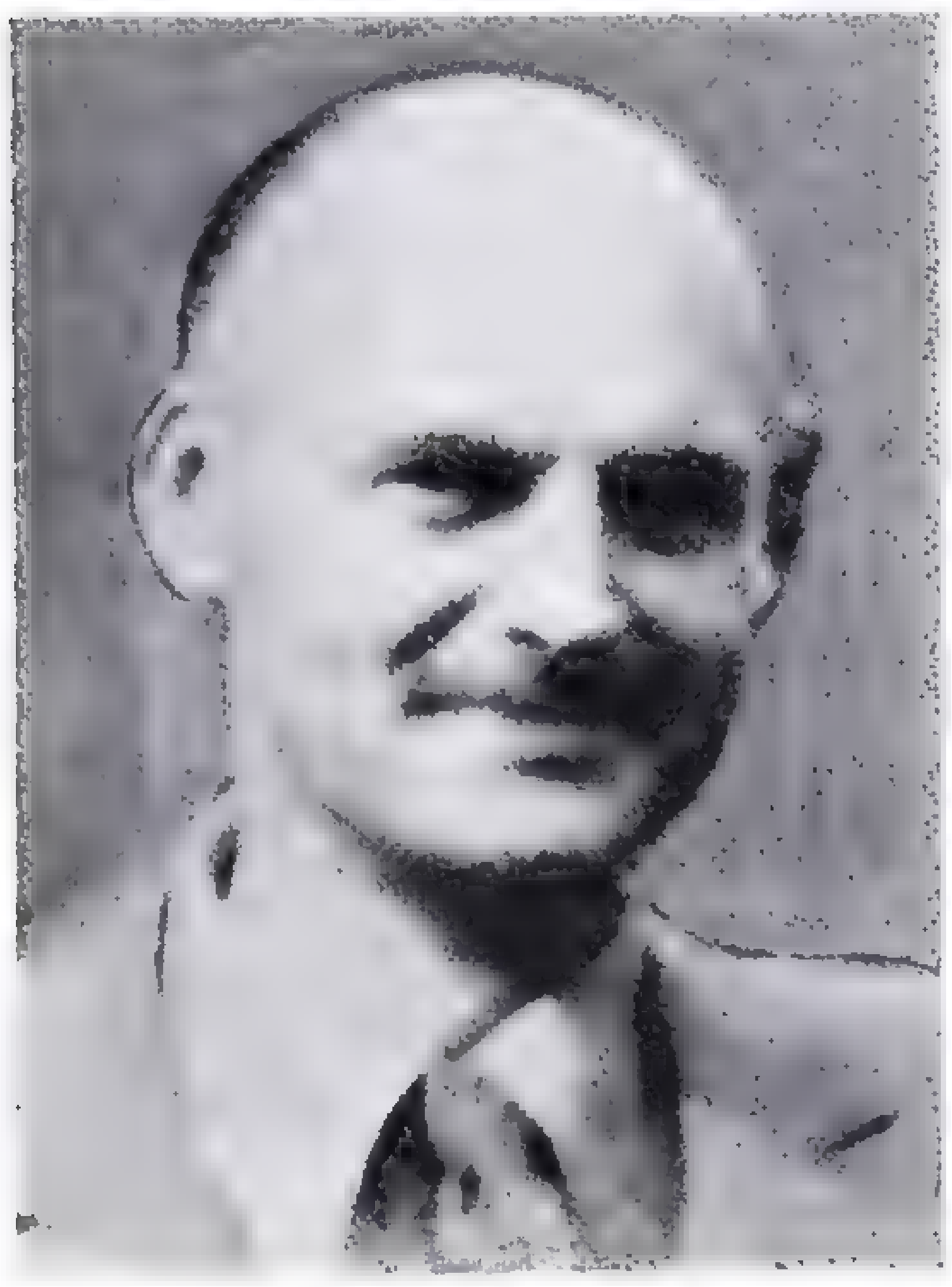
Easley Blackwood says his main interests outside his family (his seven year old son is a pianist and composer of considerable talent) are philosophy, chess, mathematics (combinations and permutations are very beautiful things in Mr. Blackwood's opinion), and contract bridge. He is originator of the Blackwood Slam Convention, and is at present working on a book which concerns slam bidding. He was born in Birmingham, Alabama, in 1903, finished high school in '21 and took a job with a life insurance company. He is manager for that same company in Indianapolis, Indiana.

•

Donald Barr Chidsey (*Time Was a Thing It Scorned*, page 70) has had poetry, articles and fiction in many magazines, is the author of a half-dozen novels, is married, an Episcopalian, and proud of his crime library.

•

Charles Bonner has written many short stories, two screen stories and three novels, the latest of which is *Legacy*, published in July. He was born in Brooklyn, graduated from Williams College, and after a brief digression at Columbia Law School, took up newspaper work. He worked for the *New York Sun*, the *Springfield Republican*, the Foreign Press Service as correspondent in Spain and the late *Detroit Journal*. Then he became co-partner in the publicity firm of Riis and Bonner, in New York, and after twelve years, pulled up stakes and took his family to California, his present home.



Charles Bonner

•

Ben East (*Black Elves at Twilight*, page 60) is outdoor editor of a chain of eight Michigan daily newspapers. His home is in Grand Rapids, Michigan.

•

Charles B. Parmer sold his first story when he was fifteen to T. S. Stribling, then editor of Taylor-Trotwood Magazine in Nashville, for the sum of $6.40. After preparatory school and a two-year course at Vanderbilt University, Parmer went into the newspaper field. He trained under O. K. Bovard of *St. Louis Post Dispatch* fame, took time out to enter the first World War, studied at the University of Toulouse after the fighting stopped and edited a student paper there, *Qu' est-ce que C'est?* Returning home he edited the *Tennessean* in Nashville, the *Every Evening* in Wilmington, covered the Washington Arms Conference, became City Editor of International News Service in New York—toured America with General Billy Mitchell urging preparedness in the air, and nobody would listen. He was music critic and dramatic critic on a horse sheet—*The Morning Telegraph* of New York. He was on David Belasco's press staff—and he's seen a right smart piece of the world, and written about it. He grew up in a family of people who loved, bred and raced horses. One of his first childhood memories was of an express train stopping at a Tennessean hamlet, and loading on his father's big horse, Peter Sterling, who a month later won the Canadian Derby. His first horse story, *The Kentucky Derby*, was published in the May, 1934 issue of Esquire. His last book, *For Gold and Glory* (he has done two novels and a travel book, *West Indian Odyssey*) covers the story of thoroughbred racing in America. His stories have appeared in the *Post*, *Cosmopolitan*, *Scribner's* and *Liberty*, as well as Esquire.

Charles B. Parmer

•

C. W. Anderson, who did the lithograph of Seabiscuit, on page 73, specializes in black and white etchings and lithos of horses. He lives in New York, was born in Nebraska, studied at the Art Institute in Chicago. He is a member of the American Society of Etchers and has illustrated three children's books.

•

Stanley Logan (*The Bishop Moves*, page 47) finds comfort in the fact that while he was discharged from the army in the World War as being "totally unfit for further military service," with the rank of private, he has, since the present outbreak of hostilities, at the age of fifty-five, played three colonels in the British Army in as many motion pictures: *My Son, My Son*, *Women in War* and *Arise My Love*.

•

James Warner Bellah, co-author with Compton Pakenham of *The Fifth Field Artillery*, page 67, wrote the best-selling *Bones of Napoleon*, published last July. He is well known in Europe and in this country as a writer and correspondent, is represented in the Library of the Imperial War Museum, London, and the Bibliothèque de la Musée de la Guerre in Paris. For many years he has been internationally known as a fencer, has been an off-shore cruising man all his life, has been to sea in everything that floats. During brief periods of rest, he's been a university lecturer. He dislikes the phrase "military expert," but is willing to be called an amateur soldier, having had an office in the Imperial British Army, in General Haller's Polish Army and in the Regular Army of the United States. At eighteen, during the last war, he was an aviation pilot.

•

The Hollow Men is an excerpt from *You Can't Go Home Again*, the second novel by Thomas Wolfe to be issued since his death. Harper's are the publishers.

•

We probably shouldn't tell you that Curt Riess, the authority on beautiful friendships (see page 28), is married. His wife, Irma Hallen, is on the staff of *Collier's*.

•

Herb Graffis is on the air. He's one of the sports experts who answer questions each Sunday over WMAQ, in Chicago, on a program called "The Hall of Sports." At a recent session, they tossed Herb a question sent in by his secretary. It stumped him—and only after long deliberation, he decided to keep his secretary on the payroll—but he terminated her radio career.

Patrick Cartwright

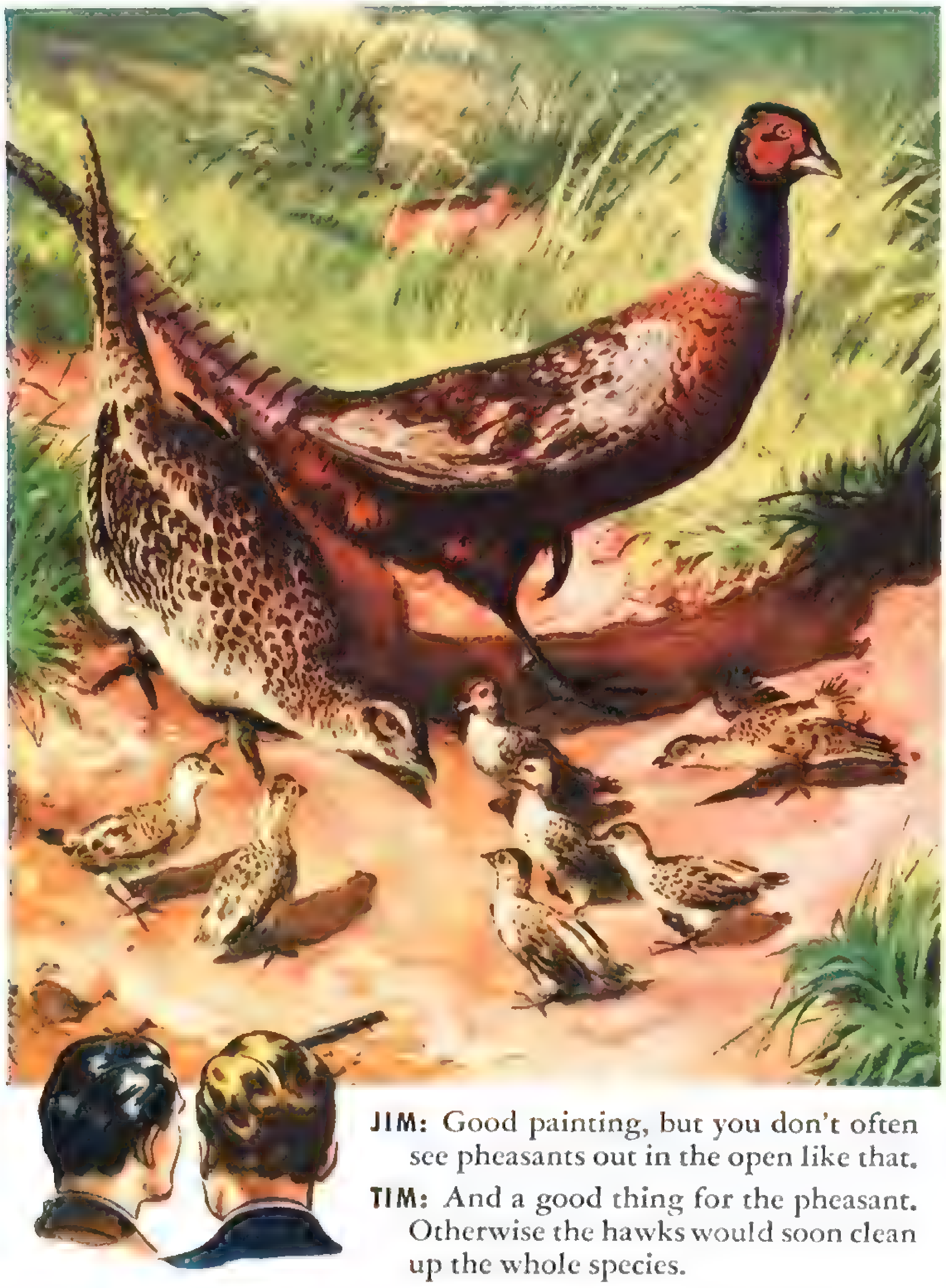
Patrick Cartwright was, at the time of writing *The Eagle Screams in Africa*, Assistant Editor of the *Daily News* in Durban, South Africa. He is thirty-five, and has been a newspaperman for sixteen years. Before the War it was his ambition so to organize his life that he could spend three months of the year in London, three near Toulon and six in South Africa. When he last wrote, he was looking forward to getting into a uniform as soon as possible though he claims title to being one of the two worst shots in Africa. He says that at one time he planned to earn his living by writing, but an ill-timed legacy ruined his morale.

•

After publication of *This Land of Ours*, Louis Zara received the 1940 Prose Award of the Chicago Foundation of Literature. As we go to press, Mr. Zara is in Pineville, Missouri, writing a sequel to that novel. It is tentatively entitled *Hannah* and concerns the granddaughter, five times removed, of Hannah Benton (of *This Land of Ours*). It is, he explains, the tale of a modern American woman, facing modern problems with the same kind of spirit in which Hannah Benton faced the pioneer problems. *Curfew in Hebron* (on page 79), is his contribution to this issue.

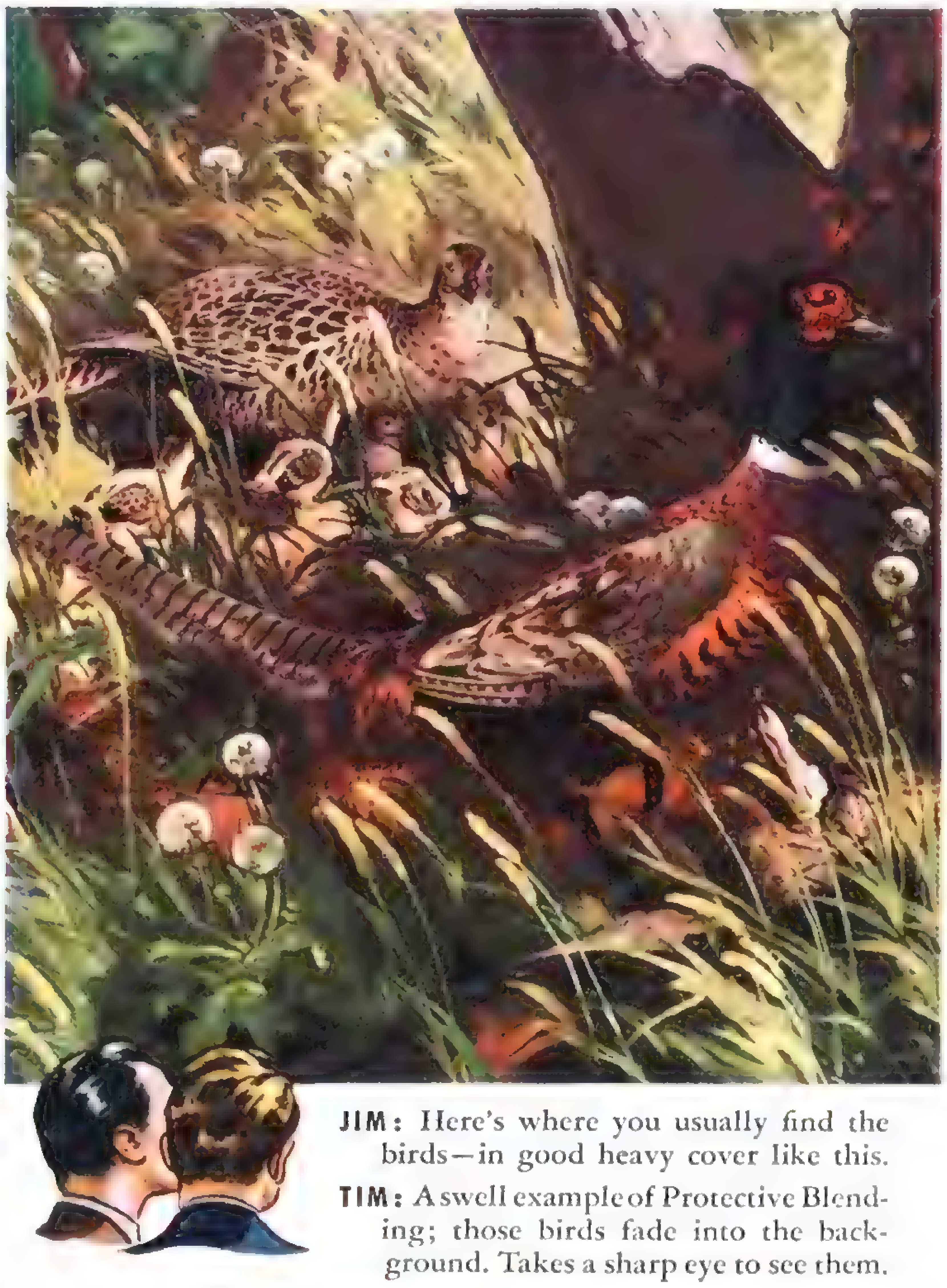
Louis Zara

NATURE'S PROTECTIVE BLENDING PROTECTS THE PHEASANT



JIM: Good painting, but you don't often see pheasants out in the open like that.

TIM: And a good thing for the pheasant. Otherwise the hawks would soon clean up the whole species.



JIM: Here's where you usually find the birds—in good heavy cover like this.

TIM: A swell example of Protective Blending; those birds fade into the background. Takes a sharp eye to see them.

CALVERT'S PROTECTIVE BLENDING

protects the flavor and good taste of Calvert Whiskey

JIM: Calvert gives me everything I ask of a truly fine whiskey in my cocktails and highballs.

TIM: That's because those qualities are protected by Calvert's exclusive method of Protective Blending.

JIM: Right you are! It certainly *does* something for this mellow whiskey to increase a man's drinking enjoyment—*all-ways!*

RICHER
LIGHTER
Calvert
RESERVE
Calvert
SPECIAL

BUY BETTER WHISKEY — BUY CALVERT

"RESERVE": Millions gladly pay a little more for this *richer* premium blend.

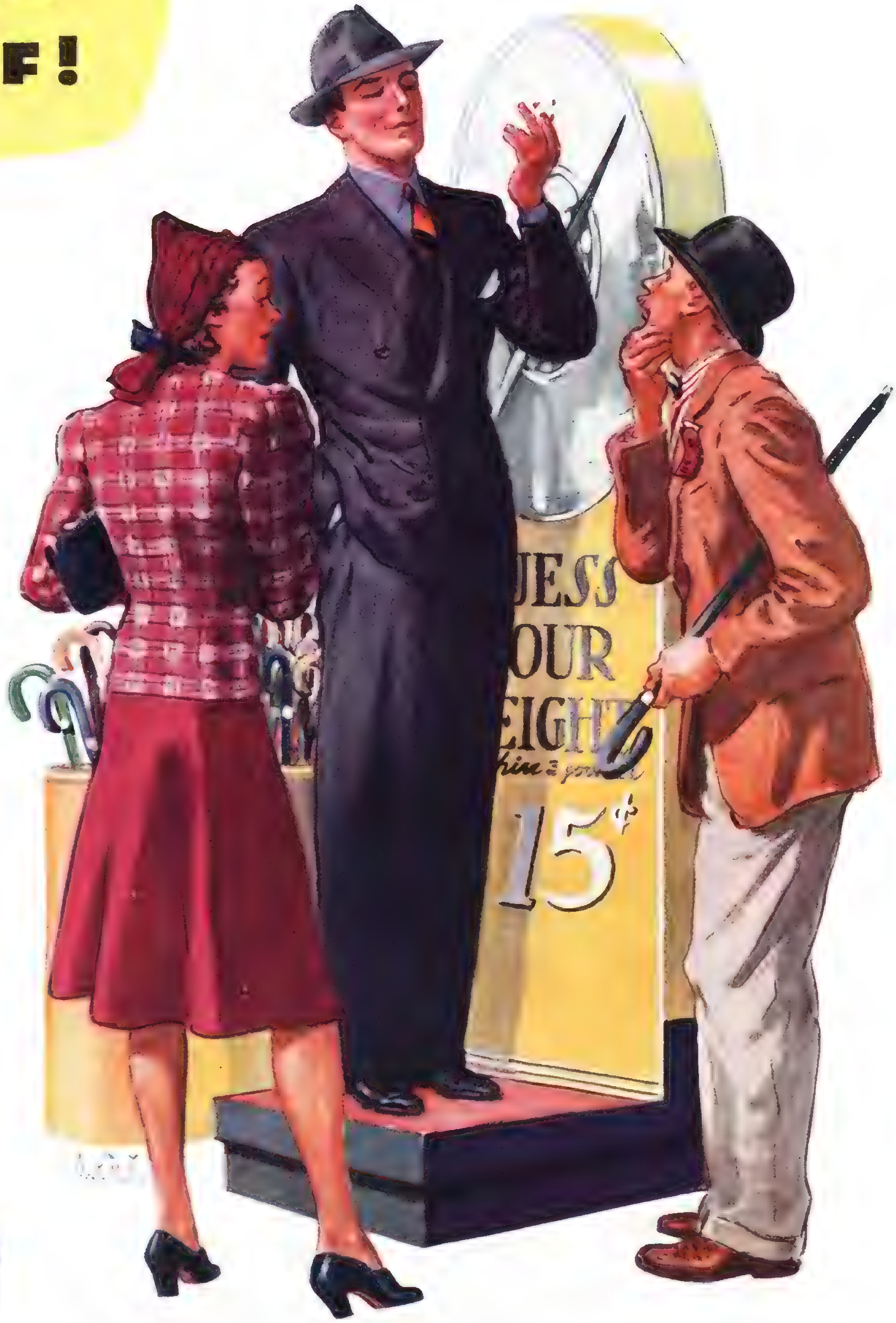
"SPECIAL": Favorite of millions who prefer a *lighter* whiskey. Costs a little less.

CLEAR HEADS (CLEAR-HEADED BUYERS) CALL FOR Calvert

BLENDED WHISKEY Calvert "Reserve": 90 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits . . . Calvert "Special": 90 Proof—72½% Grain Neutral Spirits. Copyright 1940, Calvert Distillers Corporation, New York City.

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

WEIGH OFF!



Professional weight guessers kiss a cane good-by when they're up against Savile Lounge. For this famous drape model, tailored by Hart Schaffner & Marx, is a gay deceiver and makes a handsome liar out of figures.

The coat is slightly longer than normal, the lapels fuller and the trousers are cut generously at the knee and taper smartly to the cuff. As a result of its scientific designing, this model creates a magnificent shoulder spread, breadth of chest, and narrower waist—all of which make heavy men look slimmer, thin men heftier—and well-built men better than ever.

The outstanding style store in your town—the store that features Hart Schaffner & Marx clothes—has this remarkable model in one of the season's outstanding fabric buys . . .

Triple Test Worsted

. . . a suit that dollar for dollar offers you the best clothing value of the year! See it today!

The Trumpeter Label

A SMALL THING TO LOOK FOR . . . A BIG THING TO FIND

The Hollow Men

How one dweller in mean city streets, just a greyfaced, grey-hatted cipher, made the news by jumping out a window

by THOMAS WOLFE

• FICTION •

How often have we read the paper in America! How often have we seen it *blocked* against our doors! Little route-boys fold and block it, so to throw it—and so we find it and unfold it, crackling and ink-laden, at our doors. Sometimes we find it tossed there lightly with flat *plop*; sometimes we find it thrown with solid, whizzing *whack* against the clapboards (clapboards here, most often, in America); sometimes servants find just freshly folded sheets laid neatly down in doorways, and take them to the table for their masters. No matter how it got there, we always find it.

How we do love the paper in America! How we do love the paper, all!

Why do we love the paper in America? Why do we love the paper, all?

Mad masters, I will tell ye why.

Because the paper is "the news" here in America, and we love the *smell* of news. We love the smell of news that's "fit to print." We also love the smell of news *not* fit to print. We love, besides, the smell of *facts* that news is made of. Therefore we love the paper because the news is so fit-printable—so unprintable—and so fact-printable.

Is the news, then, like America? No, it's not—

The news is *not* America, nor is America the *news*—the news is *in* America. It is a kind of light at morning, and at evening, and at midnight in America. It is a kind of growth and record and excrescence of our life. It is not good enough—it does not tell our story—yet it is the news!

Take the following, for instance:

> An unidentified man fell or jumped yesterday at noon from the twelfth story of the Admiral Francis Drake Hotel in Brooklyn. The man, who was about thirty-five years old, registered at the hotel about a week ago, according to the police, as C. Green. Police are of the opinion that this was an assumed name. Pending identification, the body is being held at the King's County Morgue.

This, then, is news. Is it also the whole story, Admiral Drake? No! Yet we do not supply the whole story—we who have known all the lights and weathers of America.

Well, then, it's news, and it happened in your own hotel, brave Admiral Drake, so, of course, you'll want to know what happened.

"An unidentified man"—well, then, this man was an American. "About thirty-five years old" with "an assumed name"—well, then, call him C. Green as he called himself ironically in the hotel register. C. Green, the unidentified American, "fell or jumped," then, "yesterday at noon . . . in Brooklyn"—worth six lines of print in today's *Times*—one of seven thousand who died yesterday upon this continent—one of three hundred and fifty who died yesterday in this very city (see dense, close columns of obituaries, page 15: begin with "Aaronson," so through the alphabet to "Zorn"). C. Green came here "a week ago"—

And came from where? From the deep South, or the Mississippi Valley, or the Middle West? From Minneapolis, Bridgeport, Boston, or a little town in Old Catawba? From Scranton, Toledo, St. Louis, or the desert whiteness of Los Angeles? From the pine barrens of the Atlantic coastal plain, or from the Pacific shore?

And so—was *what*, brave Admiral Drake? In what way an American? In what way different from the men *you* knew, old Drake?

When the ships bore home again and Cape St. Vincent blazed in Spaniard's eye—or when old Drake was returning with his men, beating coastwise from strange seas abreast, past the Scilly Isles toward the slant of evening fields, chalk cliffs, the harbor's arms, the town's sweet cluster and the spire—where was Green?

When, in red-oak thickets at the break of day, coon-skinned, the huntsmen of the wilderness lay for bear, heard arrows rattling in the laurel leaves, the bullets' whining *plunk*, and waited with cocked musket by the tree—where was Green?

Or when, with strong faces turning toward the setting sun, hawk-eyed and Indian-visaged men bore gunstocks on the western trails and sternly heard the fierce war-whoops around the Painted Buttes—where, then, was Green?

Was never there with Drake's men in the evening when the sails stood in from the Americas! Was never there beneath the Spaniard's swarthy eye at Vincent's Cape! Was never there in the red-oak thicket in the morning! Was never there to hear the war-cries round the Painted Buttes!

No, no. He was no voyager of unknown seas, no pioneer of western trails. He was life's little man, life's nameless cipher, life's manswarm atom, life's American—and now he lies disjected and exploded on a street in Brooklyn!

He was a dweller in mean streets, was Green, a man-mote in the jungle of the city, a resident of grimy steel and stone, a stunned spectator of enormous salmon-colored towers, hued palely with the morning. He was a waker in bleak streets at morning, an alarm-clock watcher, saying, "Jesus, I'll be late!"—a fellow who took short cuts through the corner lot, behind the advertising signs; a fellow used to concrete horrors of hot day and blazing noon; a man accustomed to the tormented hodgepodge of our architectures, used to broken pavements, ash cans, shabby store fronts, dull green paint, the elevated structure, grinding traffic, noise, and streets betortured with a thousand bleak and dismal

Continued on page 115

DR. M BROWN
PSYCHOANALYST

"How long ago was it, Mr. McKenna, that you started imagining that people were staring at you?"

How to Wage a Beautiful Friendship

Five hundred stout young men toiled without stint to complete this survey, downing cocktails, interviewing women

by CURT RIESS

• ARTICLE •

The theme of this article is friendship—not the friendship of best sellers or popular women's club lecturers—but friendship between members of the opposite sexes, between American men and women. Beautiful friendship, the chances for success in such friendship, and nothing more.

It is a subject that, unfortunately, has not received the attention, nor been treated with the serious scientific approach, that it deserves. Other scribes have chosen to write about, and readers have preferred to read about, friendship as something unsubstantial, ethereal, and purely sentimental. They have conceived of friendship as something wrapped in cellophane or covered with fluff.

But I write about something real—real life, life when it is real and when it is life. I deal only in the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

I decided to undertake this survey after another one of those cocktail parties which most people seem to attend for the sole purpose of telling afterwards how bored they were. Among women, the most popular subjects of cocktail party conversation—if you want to call it conversation—are other women who are either beginning or ending beautiful friendships with men. Especially the ending seems to interest them. And though they are by no means gentle toward their own sex, they generally blame the men in question.

Why? It seems that they have grave doubts about the qualifications of the American male as a good friend. They compare him unfavorably with the European. They talk about it quite frankly, the way sports writers will talk about the record of a boxer or the achievements of a tennis player. But while no one in the United States doubts that America has produced the best sportsmen of all times, enthusiasm for the qualities of the (North) American friend is by far not so widespread.

I decided to get to the bottom of it. I wanted to find out what these ladies thought was the difference between the American and the European in this respect.

I had read all about Gallup and the American Institute of Public Opinion. The thing to do was to organize my own private poll. My first step was to hire five hundred young men: ex football-players, juvenile leads in stock companies, aviators, lifeguards, and a few tenors thrown in for good measure. I sent them to cocktail parties all over the country to interview women. For three months they had an enormous number of cocktails. They worked indefatigably for the cause of science. The method was to select a small group of women so carefully that they would form a cross-section of the female population—essentially the method of the Gallup poll. Gallup uses six breakdowns: geographical, age, sex, color, economic and political. We used nine.

1. Political (Democratic, Republican, radical).
2. Status (Single, married, divorced).
3. Color of Hair (Blonde, brunette, red, black, dyed).
4. Coiffure (Bobbed hair, long hair).
5. Age (17-20, 21-26, 27-32, 33-43, 44-45, 45-45½, 45½-61, 62 and over; no candidate over 70 was considered).
6. Economic (No fur coat, 1 fur coat, 2 fur coats, 3-8 fur coats; no candidate with more than 8 fur coats was considered).
7. Liquids (Cocktails, highballs, sherry, whiskey straight; no straight gin was considered).
8. Geographical (Penthouse, country place, city flat, small-town house, farm).
9. Main pleasures (Bridge, smoking, beauty parlor, milliner).

The reader can easily conceive the enormous amount of interviewing and classifying that had to be done. The results of the survey will be published shortly in ten volumes, but for our purposes here it is sufficient to state that of all the breakdowns, only No. 7 was decisive. And the nature of the drink was rather unimportant; it was the quantity that counted. Up to the third drink it was difficult to interview the women; after the third drink it was difficult to stop the interview; from the sixth drink on it was they who did the interviewing—not always on a scientific plane.

The most interesting answer came, I believe, from Case 3524 (no political affiliations, twice divorced, this season blonde, bobbed hair, 29 years of age, three fur coats, four highballs, penthouse, milliner). Said she:

"If an American tries to establish a beautiful friendship with you and you say stop, he stops. If a European tries and you say stop, he goes right on."

Assuming that the lady knows what she is talking about, this would point to the greater persistence of the European. Or perhaps he judges better how seriously a lady's protest should be taken. Sound judgment in this respect is absolutely essential to the aspiring successful friend; he must be able to tell the ninety-nine "Nos" that mean "Yes" from the one that means "Perhaps." It may be this ability that has made the men of France such comforts to women. They

Friendship with a girl is tough
If you haven't learned your stuff;

When a damsel says: "OH, NO!"
Usually that means: "LET'S GO!"

And when in a taxicab—
Listen, Buddy, GRAB . . . *don't* GAB!

Pat Hobby's Preview

It would be like old times taking a cute little blonde past the staring crowd, and Pat could put on an act

by F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

FICTION

“I haven't got a job for you,” said Berners, “We've got more writers now than we can use.”

“I didn't ask for a job,” said Pat with dignity. “But I rate some tickets for the preview tonight—since I got a half credit.”

“Oh yes, I want to talk to you about that,” Berners frowned. “We may have to take your name off the screen credits.”

“*What?*” exclaimed Pat. “Why, it's already on! I saw it in the *Reporter*. ‘By Ward Wainwright and Pat Hobby.’ ”

“But we may have to take it off when we release the picture. Wainwright's back from the East and raising hell. He says that you claimed lines where all you did was change ‘No’ to ‘No sir’ and ‘crimson’ to ‘red,’ and stuff like that.”

“I been in this business twenty years,” said Pat. “I know my rights. That guy laid an egg. I was called in to revise a turkey!”

“You were not!” Berners assured him, “After Wainwright went to New York I called you in to fix one small character. If I hadn't gone fishing you wouldn't have got away with sticking your name on the script.” Jack Berners broke off, touched by Pat's dismal, red-streaked eyes, “Still I was glad to see you get a credit after so long.”

“I'll join the Screen Writers Guild and fight it.”

“You don't stand a chance. Anyhow, Pat, your name's on it tonight at least, and it'll remind everybody you're alive. And I'll dig you up some tickets—but keep an eye out for Wainwright. It isn't good for you to get socked if you're over fifty.”

“I'm in my forties,” said Pat, who was forty-nine.

The Dictograph buzzed. Berners switched it on.

“It's Mr. Wainwright.”

“Tell him to wait.” He turned to Pat: “That's Wainwright. Better go out the side door.”

“How about the tickets?”

“Drop by this afternoon.”

To a rising young screen poet this might have been a crushing blow but Pat was made of sterner stuff. Sterner not upon himself, but on the harsh fate that had dogged him for nearly a decade. With all his experience, and with the help of every poisonous herb that blossoms between Washington Boulevard and Ventura, between Santa Monica and Vine—he continued to slip. Sometimes he grabbed momentarily at a bush, found a few weeks' surcease upon the island of a “patch job,” but in general the slide continued at a pace that would have dizzied a lesser man.

Once safely out of Berners' office, for instance, Pat looked ahead and not behind. He visioned a drink with Louie, the studio bookie, and then a call on some old friends on the lot. Occasionally, but less often every year, some of these calls developed into jobs before you could say “Santa Anita.” But after he had had his drink his eyes fell upon a lost girl.

She was obviously lost. She stood staring very prettily at the trucks full of extras that rolled toward the commissary. And then gazed about helpless—so helpless that a truck was almost upon her when Pat reached out and plucked her aside.

“Oh, thanks,” she said, “Thanks. I came with a party for a tour of the studio and a policeman made me leave my camera in some office. Then I went to stage five where the guide said, but it was closed.”

She was a “Cute Little Blonde.” To Pat's liverish eye, cute little blondes seemed as much alike as a string of paper dolls. Of course they had different names.

“We'll see about it,” said Pat.

“You're very nice. I'm Eleanor Carter from Boise, Idaho.”

He told her his name and that he was a writer. She seemed first disappointed—then delighted.

“A writer? . . . Oh, of course. I knew they had to have writers but I guess I never heard about one before.”

“Writers get as much as three grand a week,” he assured her firmly, “Writers are some of the biggest shots in Hollywood.”

“You see, I never thought of it that way.”

“Bernud Shaw was out here,” he said, “—and Einstein, but they couldn't make the grade.”

They walked to the Bulletin Board and Pat found that there was work scheduled on three stages—and one of the directors was a friend out of the past.

“What did you write?” Eleanor asked.

A great male Star loomed on the horizon and Eleanor was all eyes till he had passed. Anyhow the names of Pat's pictures would have been unfamiliar to her.

“Those were all silents,” he said.

“Oh. Well, what did you write last?”

“Well, I worked on a thing at Universal—I don't know what they called it finally—” He saw that he was not impressing her at all. He thought quickly. What did they know in Boise, Idaho? “I wrote *Captains Courageous*,” he said boldly. “And *Test Pilot* and *Wuthering Heights* and—and *The Awful Truth* and *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington*.”

“Oh!” she exclaimed, “Those are all my favorite pictures. And *Test Pilot* is my boy friend's favorite picture and *Dark Victory* is mine.”

“I thought *Dark Victory* stank,” he said modestly. “Highbrow stuff,” and he added to balance the scales of truth, “I been here twenty years.”

They came to a stage and went in. Pat sent

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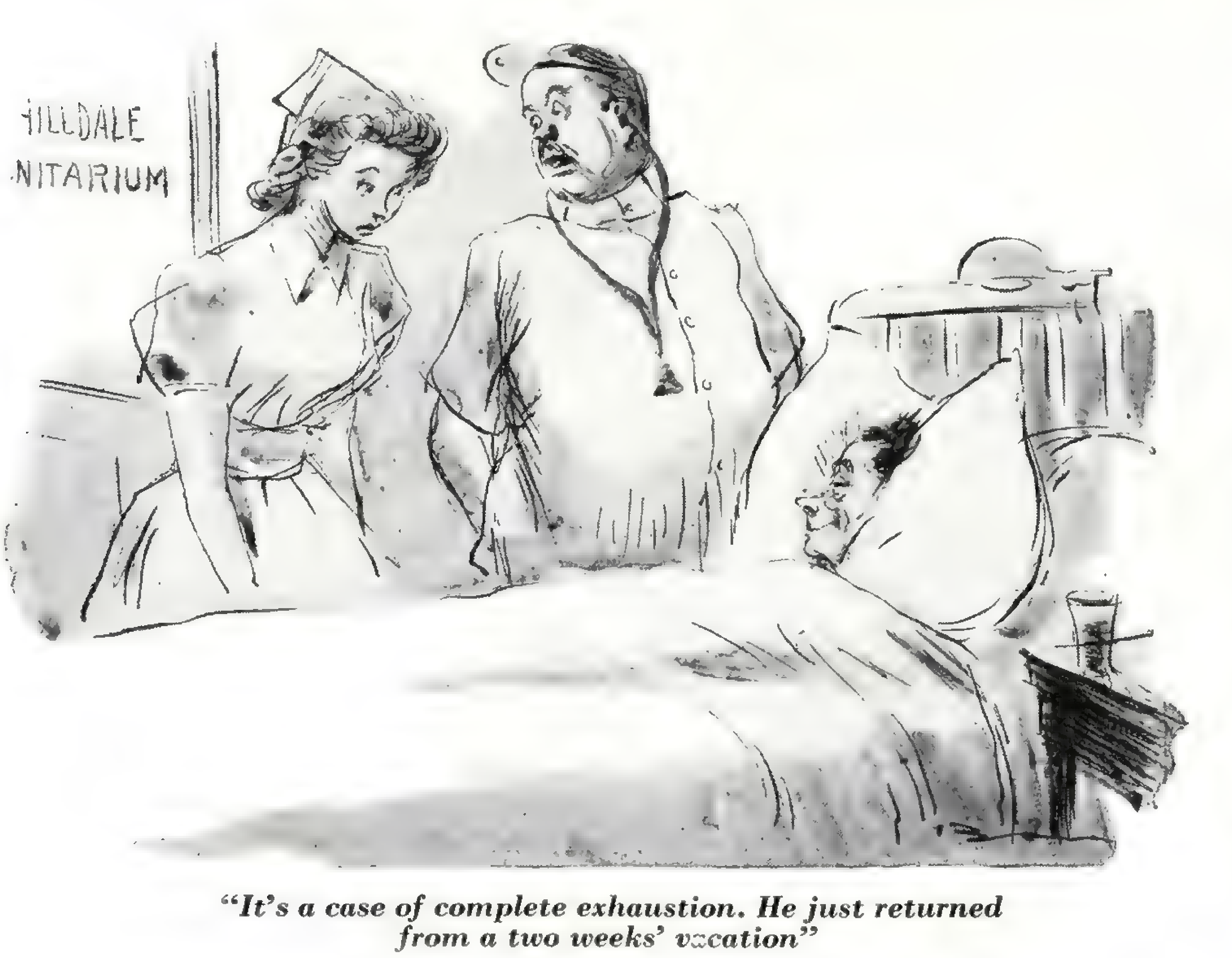
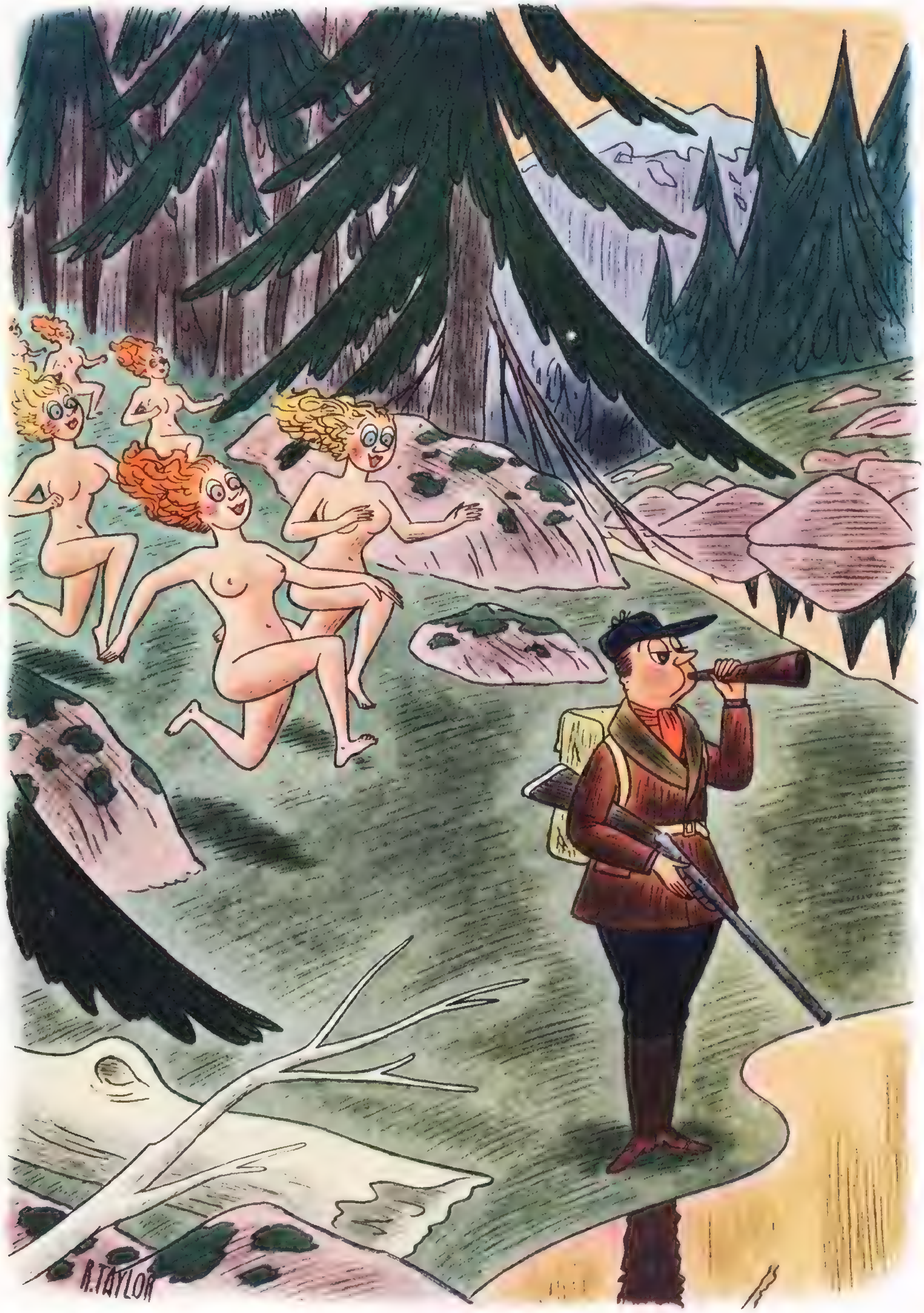


“It's a case of complete exhaustion. He just returned from a two weeks' vacation”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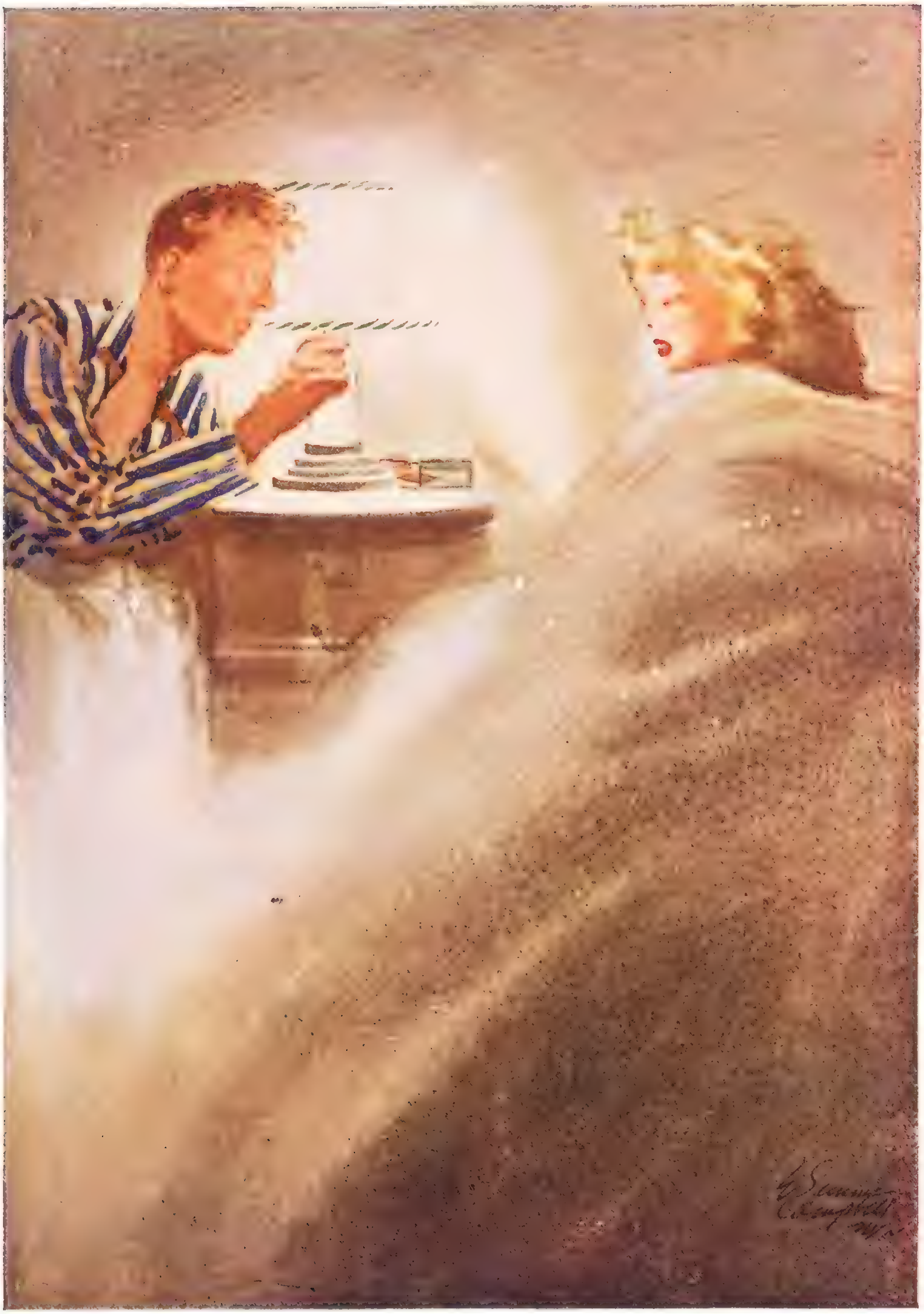

"B-z-z-z-z-z—yeah? Well try counting sheep then—B-z-z-z-z-z"

The Future of Sports Crowds

Thousands of people pay to attend races and athletic bouts knowing damn well they won't see a thing

by MICHAEL MARTIN

• SPORTS •

On July 26, 1938, a young man jumped from a window of a New York hotel. His name was John Warde. He was twenty-six years old. He jumped because he had had enough of life. The window was on the seventeenth floor.

Ten minutes before noon people strolling on Fifth Avenue heard a woman's piercing shriek from far above them. They looked up the front of the Hotel Gotham at Fifty-fifth Street and Fifth Avenue. High above the street a man was standing on a narrow window ledge. A woman leaning out of the window was vainly trying to get him back into the room.

Almost immediately a crowd formed, which swelled with every passing minute. Police and firemen were called. Friends and relatives of Warde rushed to the hotel room in order to persuade him to come back. A policeman and two psychiatrists also tried to reason with him. They had to be careful because Warde threatened to jump if anyone should try to touch him.

The firemen spread a net, but removed it when they realized that it was not strong enough to hold anyone jumping from higher than the sixth floor. The crowd grew and grew. There were, of course, dozens of reporters, photographers and newsreel cameramen. Radio reporters gave bulletins right from the scene.

Time passed. Three o'clock, four o'clock. The young man was handed coffee and cigarettes. Someone held a telephone out to him so that he could phone his mother.

The police commissioner arrived on the scene. A blonde explained that she was Warde's friend and would be able to persuade him to come off the ledge. An excited man tried to break through the police line, claiming that he could bring Warde back with a jiujutsu trick.

The reporters and photographers worked like madmen. The evening papers had record sales. Everyone in New York wanted to know what was happening on the window-ledge. And not everybody was lucky enough to be present. Those who were there blocked Fifth Avenue completely, and some of the side streets also. The police commissioner estimated their number at 20,000.

You may ask, what has all this got to do with sports? Well, why did those twenty thousand stand there? After all, they didn't know Warde and therefore couldn't be interested in him or his personal welfare. It didn't matter to them whether he jumped or was saved. They didn't give a damn what happened as long as something happened. And since something was going to happen, they wanted to be right on the spot.

This whole set-up has all the ingredients of a sports event. The crowd on Fifth Avenue is really identical with a crowd of sports fans. What made them stand and wait for hours on end is the same impulse that packs them into stadiums and arenas. They want to be there, just be there. This is really the basic desire that makes people sports fans.

Whether Warde jumped or was saved, the crowd couldn't have seen much. What of it? Any sports promoter will tell you that a good many people pay to attend a sports event when they know damned well that they won't see a thing. Take the 80,000 fans at the Kentucky Derby last year. Fifty per cent of them didn't have even a theoretical chance to see more than the backs of those who did manage to catch a momentary glimpse of the horses. Take the eight to ten thousand who scrambled after the players during the last days of the National Open Golf Championship. They never saw a thing and they liked it. Or take the crowds during the big race in Indianapolis who watch cars tearing along and making a hell of a racket for hours; they never find out who's who and who's leading and why, and they don't care anyhow. Or have you ever been to a big outdoor fight in one of the three-dollar seats? A fat chance you've got to find out who are the fighters and who is the referee.

No, they don't come to see. They come to be there. Be in on the decision. Those 20,000 onlookers waited patiently on July 26, 1938 at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Fifty-fifth Street for eleven hours. They did not begin to disperse until John Warde jumped at 10:40 P.M. They had stayed to the decision; now they could go home.

Maybe that seems brutal. Sports fans are always being called brutal. But that's a lot of nonsense. In order to be brutal you have to have a personal interest in the athlete. In most cases the fan doesn't feel anything of the sort. True, most fans think they favor one side or the other and cheer and boo their heads off. But they only think they're taking sides. Actually, it's a trick of their subconscious which enables them to get more excitement out of the contest. The only possible exceptions are horses or boxers that they've put their money on. Then their excitement is genuine.

The rest is just incidental noise. True, at decisive moments in a boxing match enthusiasts may jump up and shout wildly, "Kill him! Knock him cold! Kill him!" But that doesn't mean that they really want any one of the contenders to shuffle off this mortal coil.

They only want the whole mess over and done with. They want a decision. They want to be able to go away knowing that one of the two—men or teams—is definitely better than the other.

There's a certain deep satisfaction in knowing things for sure. Nowadays nobody seems

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"Mine went in this big one, dear—does that count anything?"

Prosperity and Justice for All

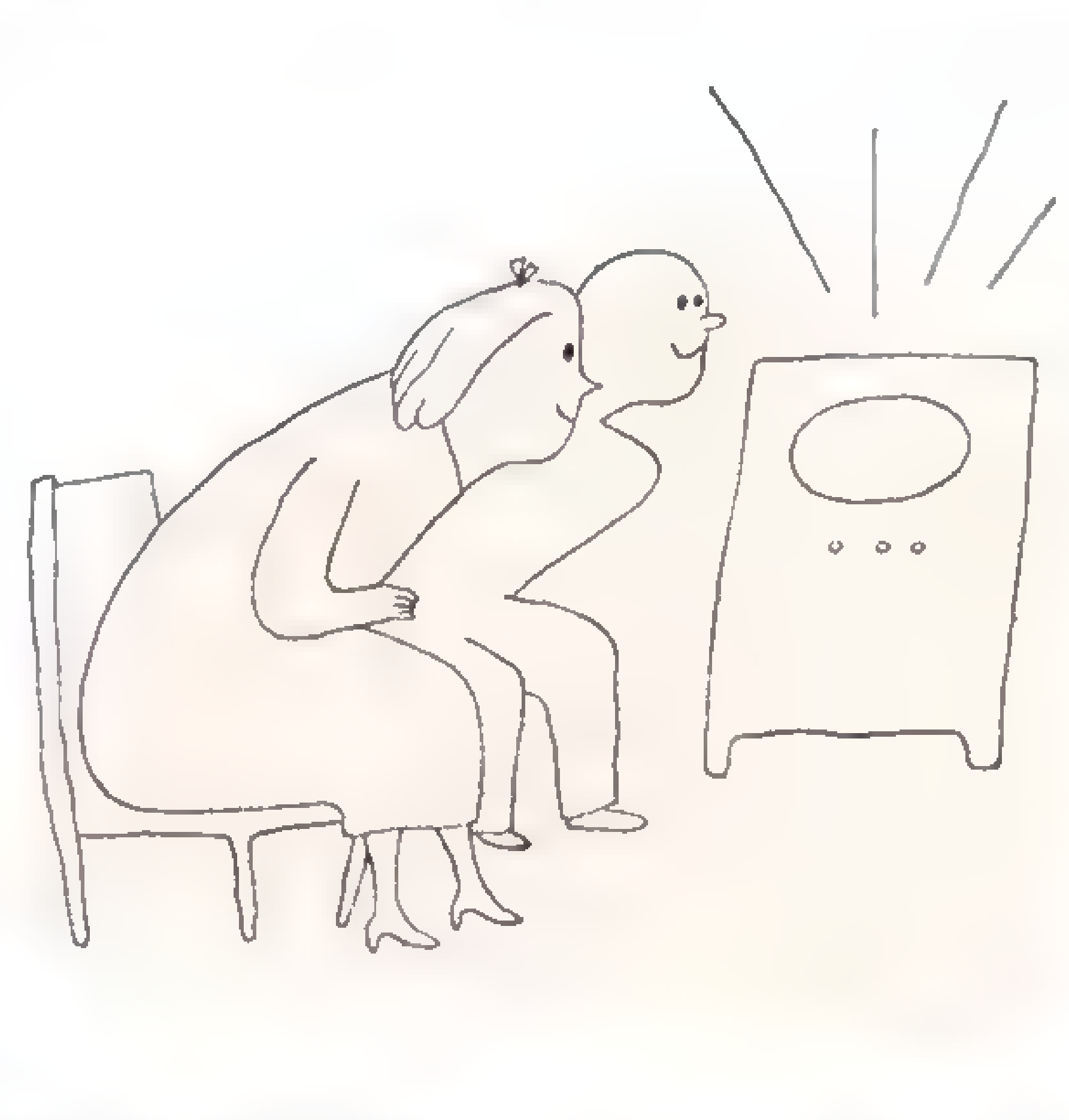
Came the presidential election and Gersdorf, the radio script writer, planned a diabolically clever coup

by PARKE CUMMINGS

• SATIRE •

In 1948 the fifteen-minute five-days-a-week radio serial known as the Soap Opera achieved its ultimate triumph. The purpose of the Soap Opera was to sell soap, dentifrices, headache powders and food products to the American housewife, and even as early as 1940 it was succeeding admirably. It turned out that the American housewife has an attentive ear for the troubles and triumphs of the *Thatcher Family* and a ready purse for Whipso Laundry Flakes.

But even more important was the discovery that the American housewife has a heart of gold. If Susie Drake, winsome air-wave heroine of *Susie Drake, American Girl*, was tortured with doubt as to whether she should reveal that incident in her past to her fiancé, Susie was certain to receive a hundred thousand letters from kindly matrons advising her to make a clean breast of things. She would also receive another hundred thousand letters telling her to keep mum, and pointing out—sometimes with facts in proof—that what a man doesn't know, can't hurt him.



But the American housewife demonstrated that she was generous with other things beside advice. If Mrs. Higgins of the *Higgins Family* was expecting a new baby, every station in the Consolidated Network could expect an influx of bootees, basinettes, diapers, ear swabs, and teething rings sufficient to supply a regiment of quintuplets. Let Cy Swaney drop a hint that he was a pushover for root beer, and the freight trains and delivery trucks of the nation would groan with the weight of cases of root beer addressed to him. That the section of the American radio audience that listened to the Soap Opera believed in the flesh-and-blood existence of the ethereal characters who pined and hoped and suffered through their loud speakers seemed to be amply proven.

This gave a young scripts writer named Joe Gersdorf a bright idea. When Gersdorf offered to write scripts, plugging General Fruit Juices, for nothing, the sponsors scratched their heads and waited for the catch. There was a catch all right. Joe simply stipulated that all contributions, cash or otherwise, addressed to any of the characters he created should become his property. After some hesitation, the agencies agreed. This was a gold mine for Joe who made a great point of having his heroes and heroines continually on the verge of starvation and bankruptcy. In fact he even went so far as to spend considerable time on the physical dimensions of his male lead which, by an extraordinary coincidence were identical in suit, hat, shoe, collar and glove size with those of Joe himself. Joe speedily became the best-dressed script writer in the business, as well as the best fed.

His diabolical cleverness exhibited itself again when Joe finally succeeded in collecting more materials (except for cash) than he could possibly use personally. He got around the problem by setting up the first Script Writer's Co-operative Store. Joe and other writers interested in his scheme simply pooled the contributions they received, rented a store, and retailed the surplus to the public.

It was manifest that one thing led to another with the grasping Gersdorf, and in 1948 he got the idea that made American history. More and more people were listening to Soap Operas, and more and more of them seemed to be convinced that they were the McCoy. Nineteen forty-eight was an election year, and it so happened that neither of the major parties was able to produce a really promising candidate. Joe Gersdorf saw his opportunity, and seized it. On a June afternoon in 1948 a great many million American Soap Opera addicts were delighted almost to the verge of hysterics to learn that Harvey Saunders, head of the lovable upstanding *Saunders Family*, and already a member of the state legislature, would run for the Presidency on the American Party ticket. The American Party was a party that Joe had thought up, and it was an ideal one, combining all the best features of the Republican and Democratic parties plus those of the country's various minor ones. It stood foursquare for America, clean living, honesty in politics, the sanctity of Womanhood, jobs, prosperity and happiness for everyone, and was solidly opposed to crime, pestilence, poverty and war.

Moreover, Harvey Saunders himself was a natural. Fifty-two, in splendid health (he had won a hundred-yard race from his nephew the day before he announced his candidacy), born and living in a wholesome Western state, he possessed every attribute a good American president should have. He was scrupulously honest, and a marvelous orator with a wonderful radio personality. His family life was perfect. He had a charming wife (accustomed to airplane and Pullman travel), and four lovely children, which is an excellent number for a presidential candidate. He and Mrs. Saunders had taken care to see that there were two of each sex, and all four were handsome, intelligent, vigorous, and perfectly behaved in all situations.

Harvey also had just the right number of frailties to endear him to the public. He was constitutionally unable to select the proper tie to go with a given shirt without his spouse's help, he had a bad habit of throwing the Sunday paper all over the living room floor, and he was always complaining that the coffee wasn't as good as it used to be. Joe Gersdorf hadn't spent a decade at script writing for nothing, and he knew that the correct recipe for a radio hero and a presidential candidate alike is ninety per cent strength and ten per cent frailty.

There was a little uneasy muttering from the press when Harvey Saunders announced his candidacy, but it was on a minor note until Harvey stated that he was faced with a tough row to hoe, and that the American Party must have adequate campaign funds. Immediately money addressed to the American Party began pouring into the networks, and the newspapers ceased muttering in their throats. Instead they shrieked and bellowed with rage. Editors and publishers became purple in the face, and developed apoplexy.

This whole thing was a gigantic fraud, they shouted in six-column headlines. There was no American Party, they ranted, and no

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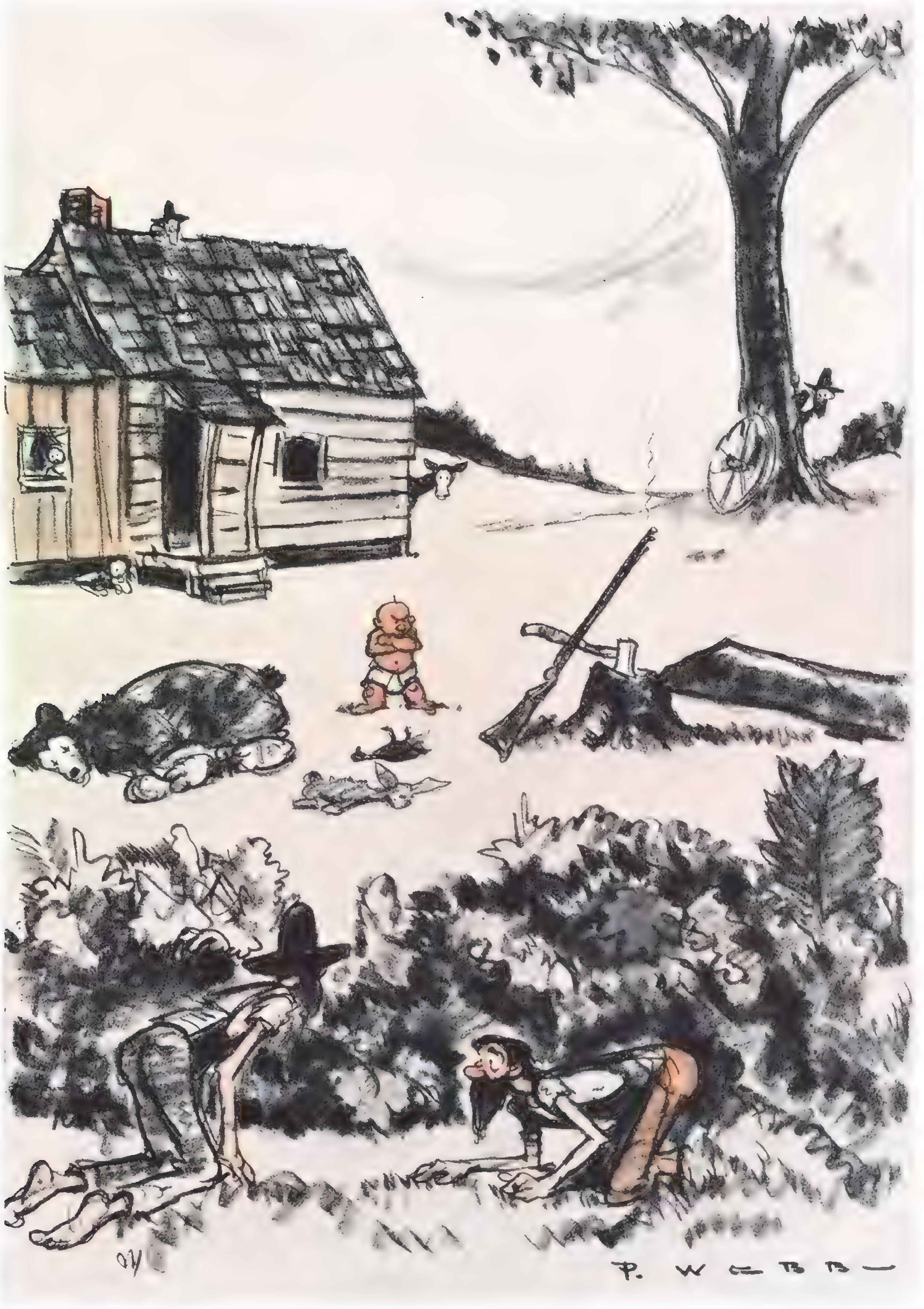
Rodney de Sarro



"Gad! He's powerful techy today—his ole bullit wounds is a-botherin' him"

As the People Choose

Uncle Roosevelt swore if Jason Mennix suited the Boone tribe he'd never carry the Reffitts

by JESSE STUART

• FICTION •

I SAW a streak of dust rise like white soup beans toward the sky. The streak of dust was comin' toward me. It followed the Tiger River road. "Who could that be," I thought, "comin' that fast down that crooked road?"

I wasn't long findin' out. I saw two black horses, slim as racer blacksnakes, loapin' in front of the storm clouds of dust. I heard them gettin' their breath long before they reached me. I saw a little driver sittin' on the front seat of the two-horse surrey. I heard a voice cry out from the back seat: "Pewee, stop the horses." Then I heard a big laugh like low thunder from the back seat of the surrey.

Pewee pulled up beside of me and stopped. The horses' sides were working in and out like a bee smoker. Their tongues were out where the bridle-bits go in their mouths. Flakes of white foam dropped from their mouths to the dusty road. Their sleek black skins were covered with patches of foamy sweat that looked like patches of snow the sun didn't melt on the dark winter hills.

"Dog my hide if it ain't old Dusty Boone," says a big husky voice from the back seat. "Where you goin', Dusty?"

"I'm out to skeer me up a few votes," I says. "You ain't seen any up the river, have you?"

"You don't mean to tell me you're out tryin' to beat me," says Jason Mennix, "if that's what you're doin' you'd as well go home and smoke your pipe. I've done skeered all the votes out'n the brush. They're goin' to vote for old Jason. They call me "Suits the People Jason Mennix." Jason bent over as far as his stomach would let him. He laughed and laughed and hit his knees with his big fat hands. He puffed big clouds of smoke from his long black cigar that he held between two rows of gold-covered teeth.

"Jason, I'm out to beat you," I says. "I'll tell you what I'll do. If you beat me, I'll let you roll me off'n Town Hill in a barrel. If I beat you, you let me roll you off'n Town Hill in a barrel. We'll invite the people out to watch one of us roll."

"I hate to roll you off'n that high hill in a barrel," says Jason, "but I guess I'll haf to do it."

"You hear the bargin, Pewee," says Jason, "Now remember it to me when I get into office."

"Yes-sir, Mr. Mennix," says Pewee holdin' to the leather check lines and lookin' straight ahead at the road. "I'll remind you of it, Mr. Mennix."

"I've got the Boone Mountain precinct in the bag," says Jason. "I've got all that Boone tribe. You know when I get them I've got a big vote. I've got all the Reffitt vote over on Reffitt Mountain. I'd get 'em all but they think the Boones are fur me. They won't vote for a man the Boones vote fur."

"It looks like you have the election in the bag," I says, "when you get the Boones They are my kinfolks."

"You ain't akin to the Boones are you Dusty?" says Jason. "It's too fur back fu the blood to count."

"I'm akin to 'em today," I says. "You never got back on the ridges and in the heads of the hollows with that rig. You are too big to walk over the cow paths and shake their hands and ast them how their crops are gettin' along. I'm goin' back and visit among my people today."

Jason bends over and laughs and laughs. He throws his cigar stub down on the dusty road. He takes another cigar from his coat's front pocket. He takes a match from his big black hat band, strikes it on his blue serge pant leg and lights another cigar. He puffs out a big blue cloud of smoke. "Go amongst all of 'em, Dusty," he says. "Remember I was in the American-Spanish War. See my medals pinned here on my coat! People like medals pinned on a brave man!"

"My scars will mean more than your medals," I says, "if I take my shirt off and show my scars. There's not a place on my body big enough to lay a pin down but what there is a scar. I ain't been in just one war. I ain't never been out of a war, Jason. I've been fightin' ever since I could remember! Look what the Boone tribe has been through with among these hills! Fightin' the Reffitts ever since I could remember!"

"Sorry you come out agin me," says Jason. "I'll haf to be movin' along. Pewee tack up one of my pictures on that locust tree over there. It's a good place to catch the eyes of the people when they make this bend in the road."

"All right, Mr. Mennix," says Pewee. "Yes-sir, Mr. Mennix."

Jason reaches him the picture, the hammer, and tacks.

"You ain't got a picture tacked up anyplace," says Jason. "What's the matter? Don't you know people want to see your mug along the turnpike? You might get a lot of wimmen votes. If it wasn't fur my picture you would." Jason laughs and blows smoke to the hot July wind. Pewee tacks up Jason's picture on the locust tree. He walks back to the surrey, steps on the stirrup and unwraps the lines from the whip holster.

"You'd better take care of your team," I says. "If you don't quit runnin' 'em so hard this hot weather you'll give 'em the thumps."

"Won't matter," says Jason. "I've got to canvass the county with this team. When I go back into office, I'll buy me a better team and a rubber tired surrey. Here, Dusty, take one of my pictures as a partin' gift before I roll you over Town Hill in a barrel." Jason laughed and laughed—I heard him long after

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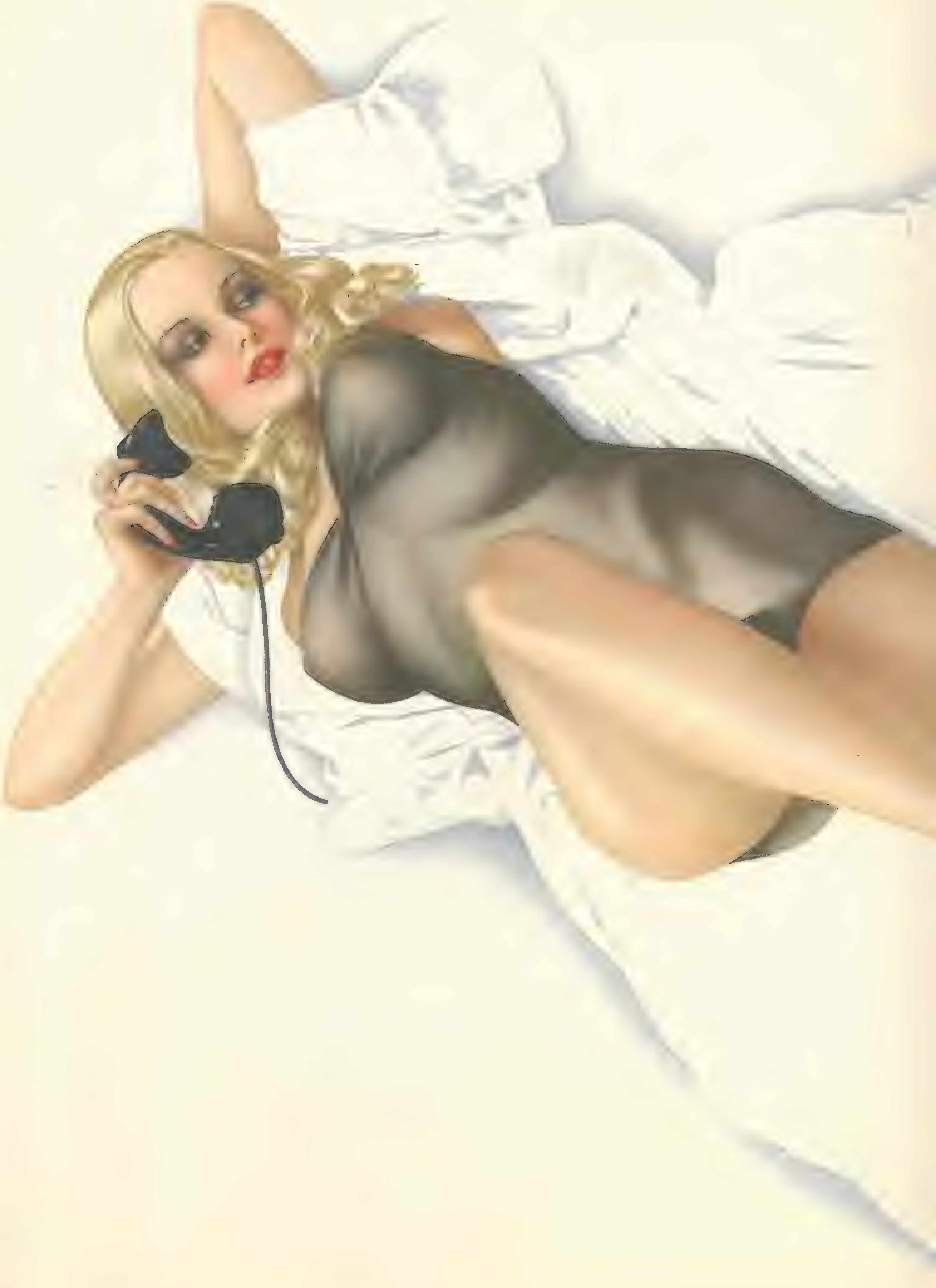
"Will you marry me, dear—if the Republicans win?"

DANA DALE
(Warner Bros.)
Hurrell Photograph



LOVE AT SECOND SIGHT

Irene, I just called up to let you know
That I am signing off that guy from Butte,
Though his intentions may be pure as snow
The way that cowboy rhumbas isn't cute!
He says it's pretty lonely in New York
And here is one for Ripley to endorse—
The other night when we were at the Stork
He called up home and asked about his HORSE!

What's that you say . . . for me to hold on tight?
Speak louder! This connection isn't clear . . .
Oh, Boy! You're sure that Winchell has it right?
SIX SILVER MINES! *How interesting, my Dear!*
As RICH *as* THAT? *He surely doesn't show it . . .*
MY GOD! *I've been in love and didn't know it!*

DRAWING BY VARGA
VERSE BY PHIL STACK

A Thorough Examination

The psychologist led with his chin when he asked Carter why he'd just as lieve be in stir

by LOUIS PAUL

• SATIRE •

"ARNOLD CARTER, rise."

None of the buzzing routine noise of the courtroom abated as the prisoner got to his feet. The judge removed his pince-nez and glanced down without particular curiosity at the undistinguished specimen at the bar. One could almost hear the wheels of justice grinding. Tomorrow the good jurist would be sentencing another felon, say for busting his wife over the skull with a bridge lamp. The district attorney would be exploring the anatomy of another crime against society. Tomorrow the defense counsel would be pleading, again against impossible odds, for another client. The clerk of the court would mumble his repetitious oath to tell the truth the whole truth and nothing but the truth so help you God. But now the justice was speaking.

"Arnold Carter, have you anything to say before sentence is passed upon you?"

The prisoner shrugged and looked up blandly, as though to suggest that he could say plenty, but having been tried and convicted of attempted burglary he knew better than to waste good words.

"I have the feeling," observed the judge, who noticed a cub reporter at the press bench taking notes, "I have the feeling that you're less a hardened criminal, Carter, than a man without character or intelligence. Your crimes have all been indifferently executed. You've been in and out of prison almost constantly for the last ten years. What's the matter with you, anyway?"

"Me?" Carter looked back over his shoulder. He thought maybe the judge was talking to somebody else. "Nothing's the matter with me, as far as I know, Your Honor."

The justice shuffled his papers. Nobody was paying any attention to him but the cub reporter. He took up his fountain pen and made a note on Carter's thick record: "Warden: This man should be thoroughly examined by the prison psychologist and an attempt made to re-educate him."

"Arnold Carter," the judge looked down once more and adopted the formal tone of voice he employed for this special purpose, "it is my duty to sentence you to the State Penitentiary to work at hard labor for the period of five years."

Carter turned to the grey-haired courtroom guard and was escorted back into the detention pen. He sighed with relief. The county jail, in which prisoners remained until the disposition of their cases, was a madhouse. He'd be whisked up to the State this afternoon in a nice official car; pretty soon he'd fall back into the old routine. He sighed with relief once more for good measure. He was sure to renew many pleasant acquaintances. It was swell that a fellow could almost count on most of the lifers still being there.

Too bad, he was thinking as the car sped over the smooth concrete roads, too bad the burglary hadn't been committed before his parole ran out; a returned parolee got his old serial number back, and a con ranked according to the lowness of his number. With a new number you had to go around demonstrating that you'd been there before. Why, the regulars felt it beneath them to nod to a first offender—that is unless the first offender had pulled something fairly original, like throwing a bomb at a mothers' meeting, or swiping an army tank, or being caught trying to start a dictatorship.

Carter knew nothing about the notation the judge had made on his record. Happy McGee, doing forty years, was still head of the clothing room, and as Hap threw him the familiar bundle of prison raiment and swept up his civilian clothes, to be shoved in a canvas bag and remain the five or ten or twenty years of a convict's sentence, he greeted Carter with a gratifying absence of surprise.

This McGee, in fact, was by way of being a bit of a character. Originally he'd been sent up for a piddling year on a public nuisance charge. One day he'd got sore and booted a screw and had another two years hung on him. The idea of serving that much time was intolerable, so he tried to escape and wound up doing ten. This made Hap sorer than ever, so he'd gone on strike, and for every month he wouldn't work the Board tied another year to his sentence. When it got to forty, McGee compromised by taking the sinecure in the clothing room, where he picked up a little graft handing out the right-sized duds to the lads that could pay.

"Glad to see you back."

"Glad to be back, Hap. Anything new here since I've been away?"

Hap raised his shoulders expressively. "Six-forty-two got his head caught in the mangle down at the laundry. A stir is a stir, though. A place like this don't change much. Couple of new screws over in the D tiers. They got different faces, anyway. Old Ninety-one's still down in Solitary."

"Come along, Carter," the guard nodded.

The cell he drew looked mighty cozy. Carter sat up on the iron bunk, his knees crooked in his arms and his back resting comfortably on the concrete-like pillow. Nothing to do now but wait for supper. The old prison fare was coarse but there was lots of it and it was nourishing. Work, sleep, eat, and plenty of time to read. Never get lonesome here. Fellows that came to the State usually stayed on long enough to work up a nice bunch of acquaintances.

Carter didn't know anything about the judge's notation on his record, so that when he entered the office of the prison psychologist the following morning he expected merely

Continued in center of page 116

So You Haven't Got a Scent?

Men can now equip themselves for the battle of the sexes with woman's deadliest weapon

by PERRY READ

• ARTICLE •

Lower those eyebrows brother, the toughest of them are doing it. They are sick of emancipating women, and now they are freeing themselves. Yes, men are using perfume—Wanna make something out of it?

Back in the Roaring Twenties if you asked a man whether he used scented cologne, like as not he stuck out his chest, tightened his biceps, and as he stepped over your prostrate form, barked . . . "Only pansies use perfume."

But that was the age. Gangsters and Guinan, straight rye and raids, and our national hero the tough guy who could take it. It was masculinity à la mode. Movie and novel heroines rubbed rosy cheeks against rough tweeds, swooning amidst the scent of stale pipe-tobacco, soap, and B.O. Ah! the very *maleness* of it all. The youth of the country went to the movies, and the box-office play was for the tough guy with the rod. Cowboys from Colorado or Chicago. They had to be tough.

Those were the days when you wore the same old fedora year in and year out, the more battered the better. Plus fours and an ancient sweater were the epitome of nonchalance. A tailcoat in a night club was grounds for a holdup, and a magazine on Fashions for Men would have been booed off the stands.

But prohibition passed and civilization drew a short return engagement in the 30's. Hostelries revived resplendent wine lists and again set forth epicurean delights. The local hot shots learned to reel off good vintage years as fast as stock market quotations. Hollywood discovered the glamour that abides in a white tie. They came off location. From the plains to the parlor. Scented toiletries and other signs of good grooming went hand in hand with this urbane progress. The boys found out that they could be he-men without smelling like a day at the mines. Amazing facts cropped up to prove that the lads who used lotions didn't have to be lils.

Word got around that a top flight G-man —he's killed half a dozen "tough guys"— used a deodorant. Thick-eared trainers confessed to giving their fighters cologne rubdowns after workouts, and when Jack Dempsey admitted that he used a dash of cologne on his handkerchief, the diehards called it a day.

If you'll recall your history, Dempsey wasn't the first World's Champ with a yen for fragrance. Alexander the Great was a sucker for a clean, masculine scent, both for himself and his apartment. Cyrus, king of Persia, used perfumes, and his grandfather before him. King Antiochus of Syria, forefather of the Olympics, used scents for himself and the athletes at the games of Daphne. A Roman general, Plautus Planca, used a distinctive perfume. Too distinctive in fact. After a little turnup where his side came out second best, the opposition tracked him to a cave by his scent, and did him down.

Hard guys and he-men, from the time of Alexander down, went in for perfumes of some kind or another. Otho of the Holy Roman Empire, and Charlemagne went into battle on the aromatic side, and so on down to Napoleon. They all went for it. Knocking off your fellow man is sweaty work, and these boys knew the score. Athletes and the aristocracy used perfumes then, and their use is coming back today. Let's see why.

There are two essential reasons for using scents, deodorants, colognes, toilet waters, and what have you. The first is to prevent or minimize natural and unpleasant body odors. The second, to acquire a different and attractive scent.

The history of masculine use of perfumes shows a steady rise in popularity from the Year One to the fall of Rome. After a stretch of dank, dark years in Europe, the Crusaders brought the use of perfumes back from the East. It caught on, attaining a tremendous vogue. From this popular peak in Europe, the decline of masculine perfumery is the story of the rise of plumbing. The more frequent and better the baths, the less need for a pint or so of Eau de Woe to cover the results of a long, rancid winter.

In the courts of Europe, perfume covered a multitude of scents. Gay courtiers, bold warriors, bedizened rakes, and scheming diplomats—the entire aristocracy was willing enough to take an occasional bath in warm weather, but along toward Christmas they smelled like a girls' basketball team. The primary use of perfume was to cover the reek of the righteous. It succeeded, and Versailles in the reign of Louis XV was known as the "Perfumed Court."

The dandies, and not so dandy, of England used perfume for the same reason, but the ladies really perfected the perfumer's art. Dickens mentions the widespread use of civet by the upper classes. It allowed the lads to congregate in groups of four or more without fainting. But the ladies did the real damage. They saw perfume as an old means to a timeless end, and they used it right up to the hilt.

But they overplayed their hand. An Act of Parliament, passed in 1770, reads: "That all women of whatever age, rank, profession or degree, whether virgins, maids, or widows,

Back there in the "ROARING TWENT'S"
Only SISSIES *went for* SCENTS!

LILAC
ROSE PETALS
EAU DE VIOLET

But with prohibition's doom
MEN *began to use perfume;*

WHATS WRONG WITH HORSES?

For they found the local Cleo
Didn't go for guys with B.O.

that........after such Act, impose upon, seduce, and betray into matrimony, any of His Majesty's subjects by the scents, paints, cosmetic washes........shall incur the penalty of the law in force against witchcraft and like misdemeanors, and that the marriage, upon conviction, shall stand null and void."

When the Puritans rose up against perfume that time, they had an idea, but it wasn't new. In perfumery, England's "Noble Experiment" took place in 1770. A few years before that, and a trifle B.C., Solon, the Greek lawmaker, got up an olfactory 18th Amendment of his own. It was just about as successful as ours. The front doors closed, and business went on as usual when you appeared at the back door and told the man at the peephole that Pericles sent you.

Caesar, the one with the commentaries, was the next ruler to try to outlaw perfume. He had the same experience. Try to take something out of circulation when the people really want it, and keep on trying. The people, male and female, wanted perfume, and they still want it. The ladies have used it constantly, but in America, its use by men has been unpopular.

The reason is easy to see. America was a new, raw, rough country where a man went out carrying a rifle, and alternated planting corn with standing off Indians. By the time the last seed and redskin bit the dust, the pioneer was a little too tired to worry about the social niceties. He wanted a night's sleep, and if he smelled like a mink, so what?

Opposed to these rugged, Injun fighting individualists, were the over-privileged Europeans who did no harder work than cuffing a servant, and who were given to looking down their noses when visiting the barbarous shores of the Colonies. True to their tradition, these capitalists would use perfume, and the underprivileged didn't go for them or for their habits.

Thus, by association, the use of perfume by men was branded effeminate.

We have made sillier judgments with less reason. Before World War I, a man wearing a wrist watch was considered a "Whoops my dear" proposition. That unjust bias might have continued to this day but for the War. Men in the trenches found it a great deal easier to get the time by throwing a left hook at the unresisting air and reading the results on their wrists, than by spending ten minutes undressing to get at the repeater in the inside pocket.

When veterans of the trenches came back using wrist watches, the populace decided that its first guess had been wrong. Those guys were not the kind to whistle at.

Yes, in America we have built up an air of phony effeminacy about the use of perfumes, and a tradition of smelling a delicate dark purple.

Let's get into this question. We have said that the primary use of perfumes and deodorants is to minimize or prevent unpleasant body odors. These odors are caused by bacterial decay of perspiration as it is shed. And do we perspire!

You have an average of 900 sweat glands per square inch all over your body, and you sweat from one to three quarts a day! In various sections of the body these sweat glands are sparse, and in others they are concentrated. Your back and legs have relatively few, and your armpits and palms have many. When perspiration has free and immediate access to the air, a good deal of it evaporates before becoming glaringly offensive. In confined places, such as the armpits, the perspiration is not exposed to the air, and ever-present bacteria attack it. When this happens, you're no rose. In plain language buddy, you reek. All the baths in the world aren't going to keep you from offending.

Therefore, the American male has taken his head out from under his wing—it was getting a little close in there—and taken to the use of the varied deodorants and perspirants on the market. The shave and shower school has added one more step to its toilet ritual. A quick swipe with one of the many deodorants, and a dash of one of the cologne fresheners, scented slightly, and death on perspiration odor, and the he-men go forth to meet the little wren, sure of starting with at least an even break.

Right ho. In this respect American men are joining the ranks of the fastidious and virile, along with the hard-riding Argentine Gauchos and French steelworkers who buy their cologne by the quart. Even the greatest lovers of tradition have admitted that abandoning a policy of body odors, sour armpits, et cetera, is a real step forward.

The second use of perfume is the most important one. It is hedged about by a fine masculine distaste for facing the raw facts, but truth will out. The second use of perfume can be stated simply. It helps you get that girl.

Before sneering at that statement, think it over. It is a big help to you in your various courtships to start off without smelling like a ditch digger in August, but it is a bigger help indeed if you start out with just a dash of one of the new, masculine scents.

Take a tip from the girl friend herself. If she is worth your time, she uses perfume, and she uses it correctly. She doesn't douse herself with ounces of some penetrating scent strong enough to stop you in your tracks at twenty paces. She doesn't smell like Lena on her Thursday off. Not by a damn sight. The little lady, anticipating your call, takes a dab at herself here and there with a delicate fragrance which fits her personality, uses it sparingly, and applies it to areas of her skin which will be covered by clothing. By the time you show up she is surrounded by a bewitching aura of fragrance. Nothing definite enough to put your finger on, but strong enough to have you eating out of her hand in jig time.

After years of selling munitions to only one side in the war between the sexes, the bigger and better perfume houses have been devoting considerable time, thought, and talent to the stronger sex. Aware of the unjust prejudice against olfactory adornment for the male, they have turned out many scents as masculine as a bulldog pipe, and effective on the ladies as so much catnip.

Now, the technique is to shower and shave, safeguard yourself with some deodorant, and then outsmart the mouse by having a slight go at some masculine scent. By the time you meet your heart's desire you are as well armed as she. You are not perfumed up like a barber shop, and the girl friend is not conscious that you are using scent. To her you are, depending on your brand, woodsy as a Maine guide on Saturday night; reminiscent of rough tweeds and mountain climbing; or irresistible as Robert Taylor in track suit and cigar.

"Why," asks the skeptic, "do you go around making such positive statements?"

"Because," we answer blithely, "we know what we're talking about."

The history of perfume, its origin and use, all are inextricably bound up with sex. In pinching aromas from nature to make himself more attractive to the opposite sex, man simply looked about him and said, "How

Continued on page 128

But that lads with pleasing lotions
Often stirred up naughty notions;

"KISS ME GAYLORD! I'M YOUR'N!"

If YOU'RE *in a social coma*
Overpower her with aroma

"SHE THINKS I'M ROBERT TAYLOR!"

And when she's beneath your spell—
You will find . . . IT PAYS TO SMELL!
—PHIL STACK

The Slave Girl from Judea

Ben Shaba had no need for a slave but talk of her beauty and violent temper drew him to the market place

by MANUEL KOMROFF

▪ FICTION ▪

R

In ancient Alexandria the slaves were sold on the broad stone steps of the market. Each trader had his own group of slaves. Men, women and children; all were in bracelets and chains. Some of the better merchants had awnings which kept the sun off their more expensive human merchandise. And under one of these awnings sat the young slave girl, Sarah.

Half of Alexandria had whispered about the beauty of this young girl. But it was also said that she had a violent temper, a serpent's tongue, and she knew more tricks to annoy her master than all the desert women put together. And desert women are famous for their cunning and have long practiced the art of deceit.

The rich slave merchant dressed her in silks but at the first chance she rolled in the mud. In the morning he had bright ribbons tied in her hair and an hour later the children in the streets had the bright ribbons and she had nothing. He put gold bracelets on her arms and when his back was turned she tossed them to passing street beggars. So obstinate and contrary was this girl that a crowd was constantly standing to see what trick she would perform next.

In the five weeks since he had bought her from a caravan the slave merchant's hair had turned grey. Twice he had hailed her before a judge, but the law was the law, a slave was a slave, her body and soul could be bought and sold but nothing could be done to bridle her tongue. And what is more, so great was her cunning that she made the judge proclaim that her master could not even beat her.

"He speaks the truth," admitted the girl in court. "Everything he says is true. I tossed away the ribbons and the children picked them up. He dressed me in silk and I rolled in the mud. He gave me trimmings and ornaments and I gave them to the poor. My lord, I am only a slave girl, but my heart beats for the poor. He bought me cheap and he wants to dress me up so that he might sell me for a very fancy price."

"Is that wrong?" inquired the judge.

"Yes, my lord. It is very wrong. He bought me cheap because I had a flaw in my nature. He knew I had this flaw and that is why he paid only 200 pieces of gold for me. He asks 1,000 for me and he says nothing of my flaw. He is a cheat."

"What is the nature of this flaw?"

"My lord. It is an unnatural flaw but it is part of my soul and body. Every month, at least once, as sure as the moon grows to its fullness, so every month the hatred in me grows and bursts forth. Once a month, whether I desire it or not, I must do something to injure and deceive my master, no matter who that master may be."

"Why should you desire to injure him?"

"Oh, my lord! It is a curse. I do not desire it. But the thing swells in me and must burst forth at least once a month. Perhaps it is because I was born free and was sold by my uncle to a shepherd's widow when I was only five years old. The caravan drivers who brought me to Alexandria treated me very well and were expecting a pretty price for me, but they got only 200 pieces of gold because of the flaw."

The judge turned to the slave merchant and asked if this were true.

"Yes, my lord. I bought her for 200 pieces of gold."

"And did you know she had this serious flaw?"

He hesitated a moment but then replied: "Yes, I knew. She poisoned thirteen of their camels on the journey. They threatened to kill her but she said: 'You may sell me for gold, why give me up for blood?' She is a demon!"

"That's why you got me cheap," cried the girl.

The judge asked both sides to keep their peace and go home. "If you bought her, knowing of this flaw, then you can hardly blame her for it."

"He threatens to beat me!" cried the girl.

"That also is not possible," proclaimed the judge. "You may not beat a slave for the color of her skin or hair or eyes. And neither may you beat her because she has grown old in your service. Nor may she be beaten for the flaw which you knew she had when you bought her. Because of this flaw you bought her cheap and you cannot expect a cheap slave to have the virtues and qualities of an expensive one."

"You hear!" shouted the girl. "You may not even beat me!"

In five weeks her price had gone down from 1,000 pieces of gold to 400; and then, because of the amount of attention she was attracting in Alexandria, the merchant had again raised her price to 550 pieces.

Ben Shaba, who had only just arrived from a long journey from Judea, bringing his eight camels laden with merchandise safely to Alexandria, came to the slave market merely to have a look at this creature who was attracting so much attention. She was sitting with her arms folded and she gazed vacantly into the distance.

As he approached she repeated what she said to all: "Don't forget, I have a serious flaw."

Ben Shaba smiled, for flaw or no, it made no difference to him. Though he was a bachelor, he had no intention of buying a girl slave.

"I came only out of curiosity to see this girl," he said.

"Very well. Look me over," said the girl.

Then the slave merchant broke in: "She is

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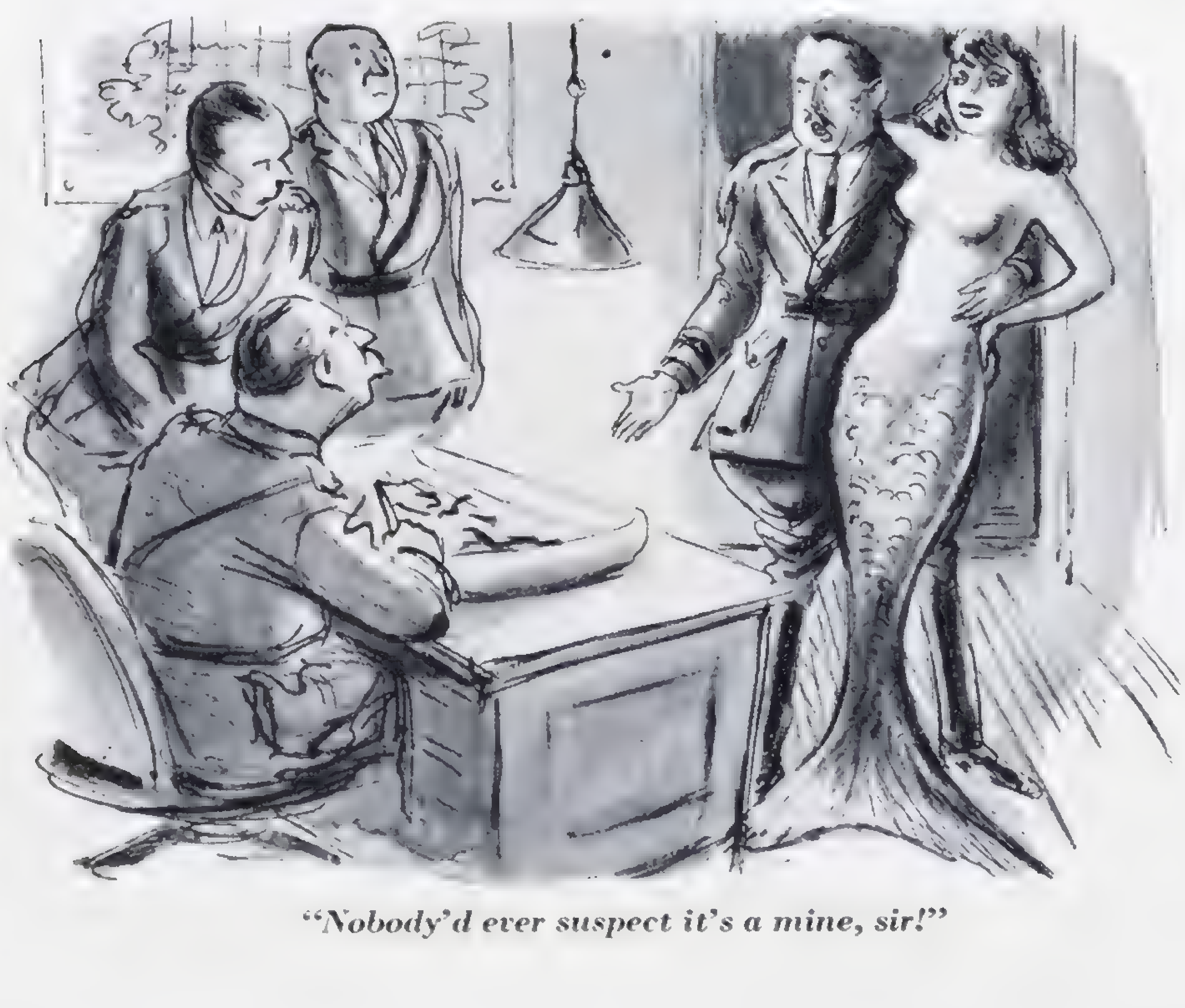
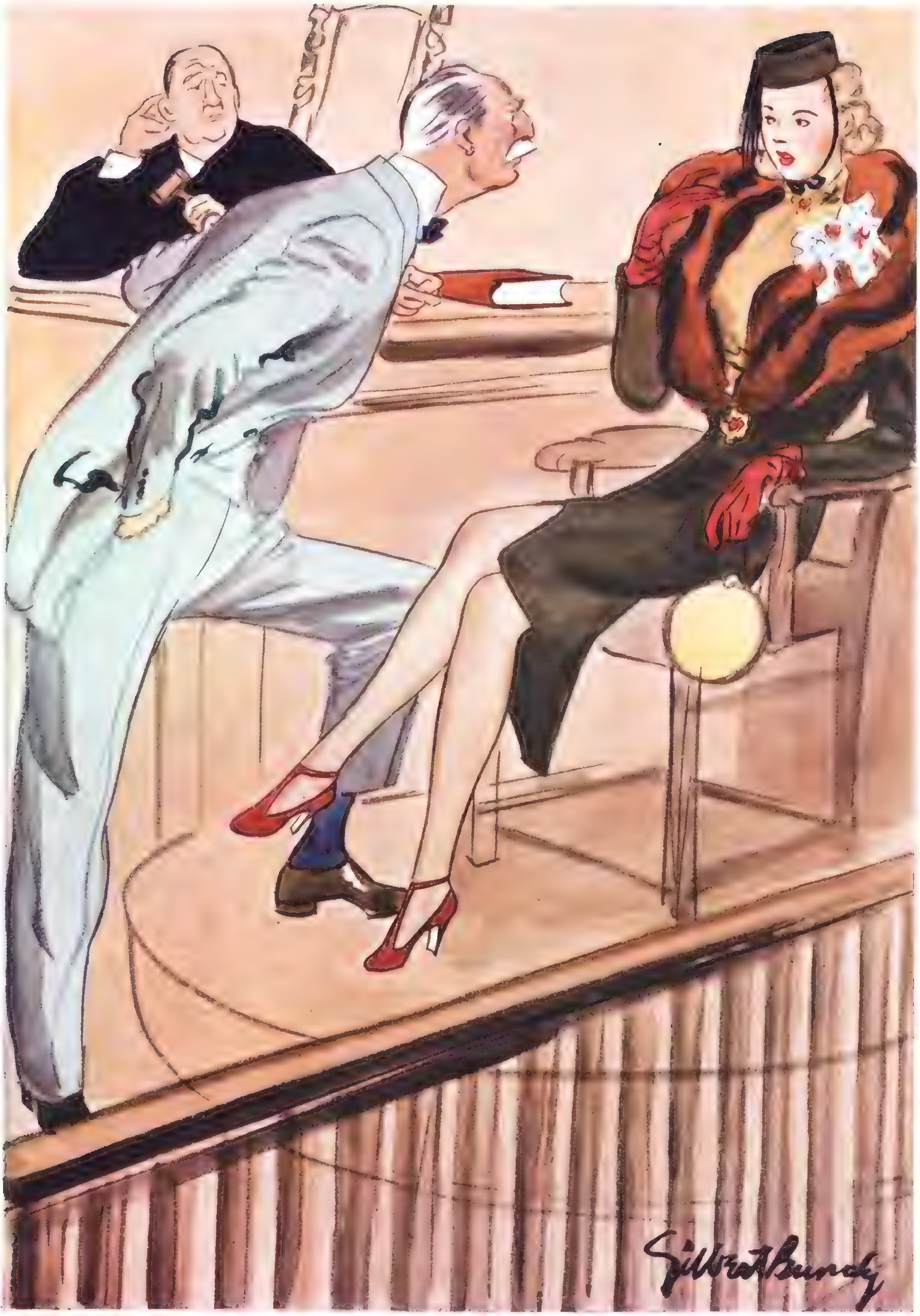
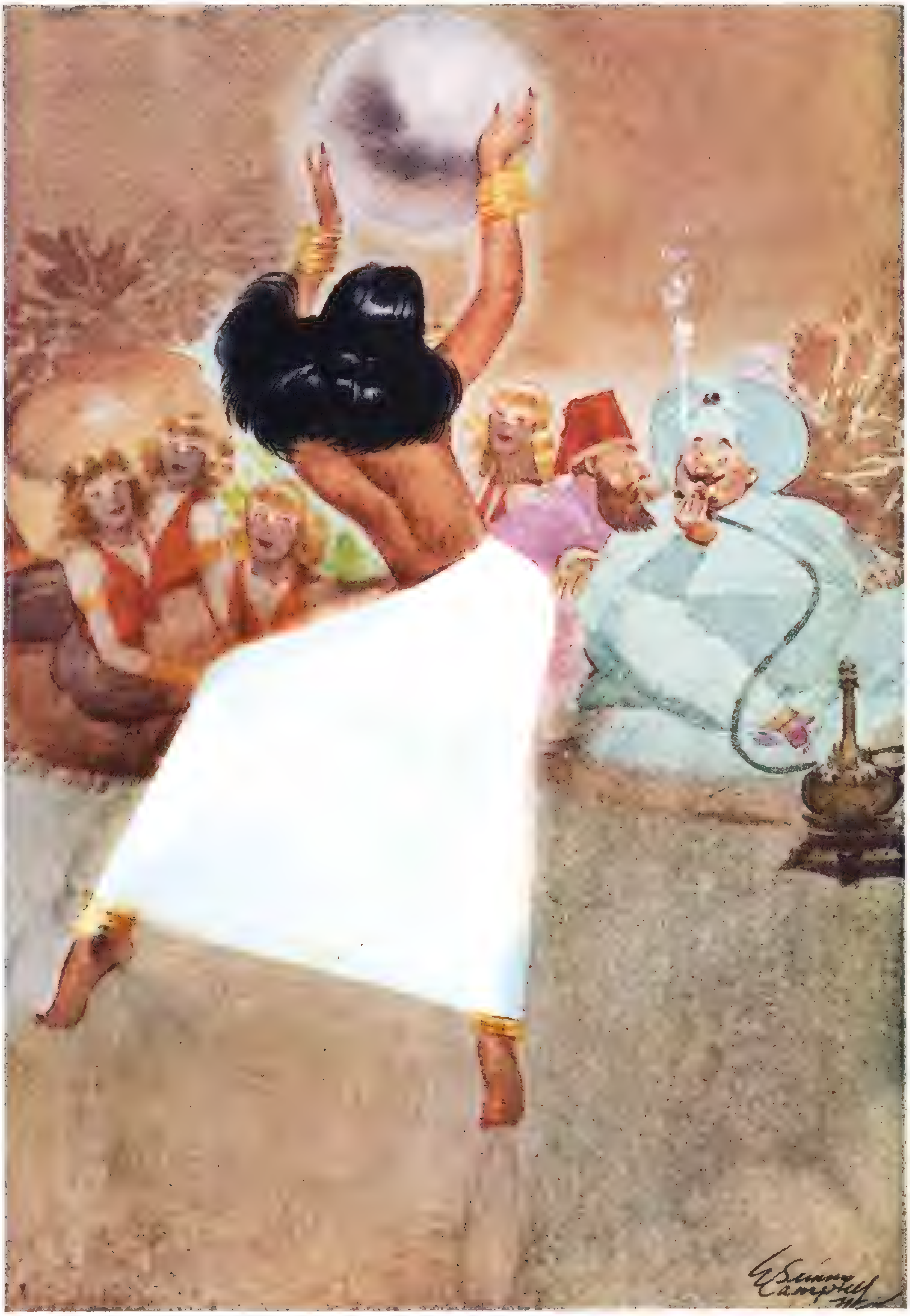


"Nobody'd ever suspect it's a mine, sir!"


Gilbert Bundy

"Can I help it if I embarrassed the jury? I still say that's what I was doing on the night of June fourteenth"



"Come, come, let's not quibble about the price—she's not only a dancer!"

The Bishop Moves

The general's sister had a passion for celebrities, and she was most catholic in her selection of them

by STANLEY LOGAN

• SATIRE •

"No, Cyprian—it can never be—but I will be a sister to you."

So spoke a fair young thing to a gallant subaltern in the stately days of Victoria The Good.

But the rejected suitor rejected the ready-made relationship and went about his traffics and discoveries for half a century—congratulating himself on his narrow escape.

He never proposed again.

Over the good night whiskey and soda he often wondered why that gal had wanted to be a sister to him.

He didn't want his own sister to be a sister to him—dammit.

Yes, Major General Cyprian Bragge, D.S.O. deplored his sister Harriet—disliked golf—and detested the country.

Yet there he was—playing golf—in the country—staying at "Beam Ends," his sister's place in Rutland.

How all this came about puzzled the General exceedingly.

One minute he was delightfully relaxed in his club up in town with all the windows carefully closed and the next he found himself entirely surrounded by fresh air, trying to hit a blasted ball with a piece of iron.

"Good for your health," said Harriet.

"Health? Bah! Stuff and nonsense! Never felt better in me life—Gout? What's a touch of gout?"

"Too much port."

"Port's good for gout."

"No, it's not."

"Yes, it is."

"Don't be ridiculous."

"I'm not."

"You're getting a pot."

"I'M *NOT!*"

"Yes, you are—and do stop arguing, Cyprian. You've simply *got* to come to 'Beam Ends' and put yourself in shape."

And so—to his intense surprise—Cyprian found he had.

Doubtless something to do with the occult, he thought—and brooded darkly over The Evil Eye. He had retired from being the curse of his own particular group of Seaforth Highlanders five years before; and ever since then his sister had taken him in hand.

She had forced him to take up golf and the iron had entered into his soul. (The wooden clubs being beyond him.)

Accustomed to the command of men he found the thinly veiled contempt of the sniffling civilian called the "Pro" hard to bear; and the open derision of his caddy brought him close to apoplexy.

"Good for his health indeed! Never heard such dashed rot in his life!"

And then the house party at "Beam Ends." *What* an odd and assorted collection!

"Never saw such a lot of perishers in his life!" The General's preferred sport had been tiger hunting and, as these things run in families, his sister's favorite sport was lion hunting. Celebrities were her passion and she was extremely catholic in her selection of them. The group of perishers peculiar to the General's present visit included only one golfer—the others leaning to the left or more intellectual side.

This golfer was a bright young female with a scratch handicap whose attitude toward Cyprian's game was one of naïve amazement. That reluctant sportsman was now in difficulties in the rough—but in deference to the Sabbath and his opponent's sex he was keeping his thoughts to himself.

"Were you in the Engineers, General?" asked the girl suddenly.

"No," said Cyprian fiercely, looking up from his trench digging. "What gave you that idea?"

"Oh, nothing!" she said. "I just wondered."

And so home through the gathering dusk to tea. To crackling logs and watercress sandwiches—to muffins and crumpets and strawberry jam—and to Harriet.

The General's sister was a vast billowy matron with a face as of one seen reflected in a tablespoon and a skin moist and delicate from the eating of a great many chickens. The room in which she now presided over the tea urn seemed to have been specially contrived for color reproduction in one of the better-class magazines devoted to rural existence.

One felt instinctively it had been—or was going to be—"The Room of the Month" with its "Cutely carved corners" and its "Cunningly contrived cretonnes."

"Not a decent chair in the whole damned place!" said Cyprian to himself, gloomily sipping his tea—his soul far away at his club—happily sipping a cocktail.

"And not a human being in the whole dashed outfit," he glared resentfully at the group of satellites surrounding his sister—completing her resemblance to some benevolent planet.

"That feller over there f'rinstance—feller with a beard—what's his name—decorator feller—did this room—made it look like a blasted chocolate box! Shockin' feller!

"And that gal—Amy Somethingorother—the golfin' gal—she and her Engineers! Faugh!

"And *that* feller over *there!* Feller with the side whiskers—whatchumecallit—movie actor feller—*What* a mess!

"And the rest! What a crew! What the devil did Harriet think she was doin'?"

What she was actually doing at that moment was worrying about the Bishop.

Or rather—about the non-arrival of the Bishop. For though, as we have learned from Cyprian, there was a galaxy of talent at "Beam Ends" that Sunday afternoon—the

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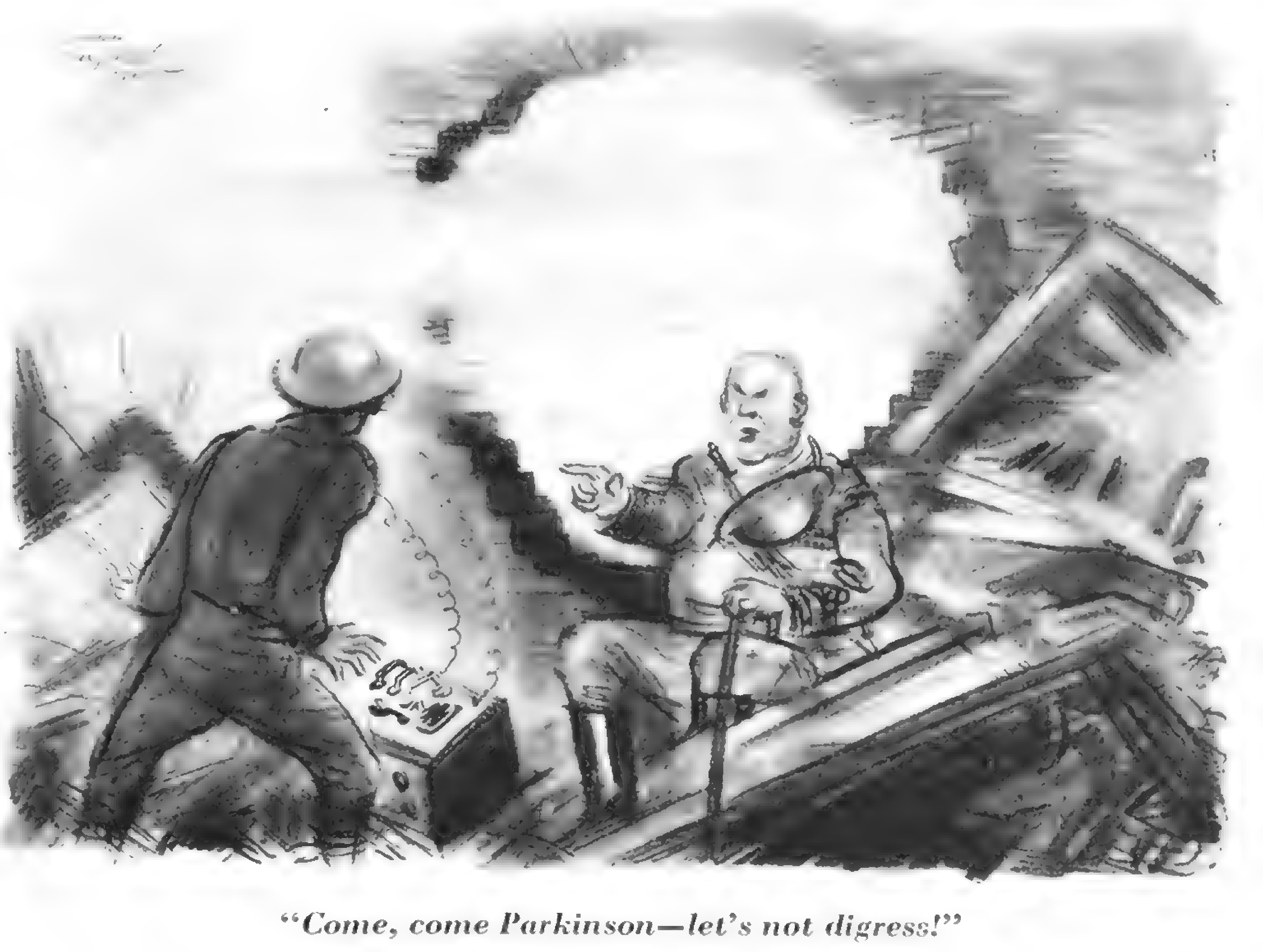

"Come, come Parkinson—let's not digress!"

Go Get a Guitar

What this country needs is more singing for the fun of it and accompaniment anyone can play

by HART STILWELL

▪ ARTICLE ▪

I LIVE in a nation of people who do not sing. This fact causes me a certain amount of sadness, because I love to see and hear people sing, and furthermore, I like to sing with them.

I divide singing into two classes. There is song by the professional, the entertainer—whether he be an operatic star or a crooner on the radio. And there is singing by the people—informal, unpremeditated, and possibly alcoholic outbursts by my fellow American in groups or singly—song just for the hell of it.

To me there is no middle ground. If I am to listen, the music must be good, very good. I will have none of the warbling of some frustrated dame at a Rotary club, and the mere sight of a fiddle in the hands of some young hopeful sends shivers up my spine.

But if I am to take part, I am not particular about the noise. In such cases I am listening to the sweet strains of my own voice—and no man ever sounded bad to himself.

It is music of the second category then, singing by the people, that we do not have on what could be called a national scale.

And since this situation, this absence of song in America, makes me a trifle sad and leaves a blank spot in my life, I have devoted some thought to the situation, and have come to the conclusion that the reasons are obvious and the cure is within our grasp.

I have decided that the principal reason for the absence of song among the American people generally is the piano. And running it a close second is the method of teaching music in this country—a method which has left us without any popular musical outlet, just as our method of educating the young generally so often leaves them without the ability to achieve normal emotional and intellectual outlets.

The average child who is subjected to what we term a musical education emerges from it with a prejudice against the piano matched only by a high school graduate's hatred of algebra and English literature. He is educated in music with the sole idea of making a concert or operatic performer out of him—just as he is educated in school with the apparent aim of turning him into a teacher.

The result is that the moment he reaches the age where his mother can no longer force him to do his daily-dozen bars of Czerny, he chucks the whole thing overboard and forgets it. That's the last time he'll ever get his dukes on a piano keyboard.

There is never any thought, apparently, in the mind of the teacher that one might wish to play simply for his own pleasure, or that one might like to sing simply for the joy of making a lot of noise.

I propose, then, to point the way out of this wilderness. And if my fellow American does not follow, I can at least have the satisfaction of knowing that it is his own fault.

As I say, I blame the fact that we are not a singing people largely on the piano. It is our national instrument of music, and it is hard to conceive of one more impractical and less likely to bring about a general love of music in which everybody takes part.

To begin with, the piano is so expensive that a large part of the population is prevented from owning one. Furthermore, it is a stationary instrument, and cannot be carried out to the banks of a lake or to some other such spot which will give the proper background to a bit of informal song.

On top of this the piano is one of the most fiendish devices ever conceived by man when you come to the task of mastering it. It is the work of a lifetime for a normal person to do anything to a piano that will produce even reasonably pleasant sounds, and the result, of course, is that the average youngster drops the thing like a hot brick as soon as he can.

And that is not all—the piano is the sorriest of musical instruments which can be used for purposes of accompanying popular song. It has none of the flexibility of the guitar. A simple accompaniment on a piano is a dull and dead thing.

The piano makes entirely too much noise in a small room, and drowns out the singers, who feel disappointed because they can't hear their own voices over the bang of the instrument. The man who plays the piano, furthermore, sits humped over the keyboard, facing away from the rest of the crowd, and this steals something from the charm of group singing.

The piano is, of course, a first-rate solo instrument. So if the piano player happens to be really proficient at it, the chances are he isn't going to bother accompanying a lot of singers—he's going to show his stuff, and the result is that the crowd listens to him instead of singing.

I could go on like this until the week after next, but I hear no logical arguments from the opposition, so I will just leave the piano to its ugly fate and proceed.

The solution then, insofar as the musical instrument is concerned, is to adopt the guitar. And along with this step I think we should revise our methods of teaching music to children.

The rest will follow as the night the day. Out of these two changes would come, I feel certain, a body of popular music worth singing, just as it has come in the nations to the south of us, and in those other countries where the people still sing.

I probably should take a whack at the other musical instruments in passing, just to show they won't fill the bill. I have noticed that youngsters who escape the piano are likely to be taught in school to play some other musical instrument. And what do they learn to play? The cornet, the alto horn, possibly the bass horn, drums, maybe the piccolo, or some other instrument that fits into a band.

That's probably all right, as far as it goes. But it doesn't go beyond the school. I just want to ask how many of these youngsters ever play their infernal horns and drums again after they are through with the high school band. These are strictly solo or band instruments, and nobody is going to live in the same block with a man who continues to toot away on a cornet, all by himself. When you teach a child to play one of them, you give him nothing to brighten his old age.

The other instruments suitable for accompaniment I will pass over lightly, for that is all they are worth. The banjo comes next to the guitar and above the piano. But its tone is plunky and flat compared to the resonance of a guitar, and it lacks life.

The mandolin is, thank God, disappearing from our landscape. The ukulele is a toy guitar and not worth a second thought. The accordion is probably the most horrible thing ever turned out for the production of sound except an ocarino.

So that leaves the guitar.

Now my statements on the guitar and what it will do for our people are based on observation and personal experience. I have noticed that when several people get together, around the campfire, in the drawing room, practically any place except a public building, if one of them starts strumming on a guitar, they start singing.

Those who have sung quite a lot will start first. The others will gradually be drawn in, until finally all are singing. I have seen this happen so many times that I know it is true.

There are about ten of us who hunt quail together in season, and on some off-season evening we will get together for some "dry shooting." Somebody starts playing a guitar. There is one fairly good singer amongst us, and he will start off with a little melody. Two or three others join in. Then another pair or trio. And before it is over, weather-beaten old hunters who haven't sung a note in twenty-five years are sounding forth like a coyote baying the moon, and everybody will have a happy feeling of release from care—of solid satisfaction with the sound of his own voice. For there is nothing that produces serenity of the spirit like singing.

It is as natural for a person to join in singing as it is for him to join in conversation. We would be a strange people if we sat forever and listened to speeches, and never talked. Yet that's what we do in singing. We are a passive nation, when it comes to our song.

I will cite briefly the experience of our own family in matters pertaining to music.

Out of a large family I was the only one who had no musical education. My sisters all learned to play the piano. Some of them were fairly good at it. They learned to sing. One or two were fairly good at that. My brother learned to play a half-dozen musical instruments (all except the guitar) and became so proficient that he played in orchestras, and eventually organized and directed an orchestra. Furthermore he had a fine singing voice, which I do not have.

Yet I am the only member of the family today who plays or sings. I may do it badly. But that is beside the point.

When my youth began to fade away, I decided I was missing something by always listening to music and never taking part. I probably enjoy Beethoven and Bach as well as the next man, but that only satisfies one side of a man's musical nature.

I took off then, to learn music. I tackled the piano—the national instrument. But I found my fingers had grown set in their ways and I could never do much with the piano. So I got a guitar and was surprised how easily I managed to pick up the fundamentals of accompanying singing.

Furthermore, I, who had never sung before, started to sing.

The guitar has given me a vast amount of solid pleasure from that day to this. And judging by the way my fellow man joins in the singing when I start pounding on the thing, I believe it has been of some slight satisfaction to others.

My brother, on the other hand, has put away all his musical tools, and confines his music to listening. But I see hope for him, just as for the nation. I see it because he called me the other day and wanted to borrow my guitar. He wants to learn how to play it, so he can start singing again.

The guitar is without any question the ideal musical instrument for accompanying informal and popular singing by small groups. It has mellowness. Its tone is not too loud. It is easy to learn and it has the tremendous advantage over most other instruments in that the guitar produces a reasonably pleasant sound even when strummed by a beginner, in great contrast to the horrifying squeak of a violin or the monotonous and deadening bang of the piano.

The guitar has a flexibility in accompaniments that can never be achieved by any other instrument. A variety of tone can be secured by different ways of striking or picking it, by using the balls of the fingers, the finger nails, or a plectrum.

The range of rhythms possible on the guitar is demonstrated by Mexican guitarists in accompanying *huapangos*. There are at least a dozen different ways of accompanying this one type of Mexican popular music, which will give you a general idea of the possibilities of the instrument in accompaniments.

And to cap it all, the guitar is at best only a mediocre solo instrument. I have heard some of the finest guitar players in the world rattle off some of the classics on the instrument—but the result was not satisfactory. The guitar is an instrument of accompaniment.

And the result is that it is conducive to

Continued in center of page 161

This nation would find rich rewards
In oiling up its vocal chords;

Now why should bashfulness inhibit?
We all can't sing like Lawrence Tibbett—

But we can emulate this star
When someone strums a gay guitar;

The Mexican's a happy gent
And it's his fav'rite instrument!

FIREWOOD
ALL THE CHORDS YOU WANT FOR $1.00

So, let's throw out our grand pianos—
Let's scrap our concert hall sopranos . . .

And take this straight, melodic tip—
Get a guitar . . . and LET 'ER RIP!

—PHIL STACK

Kill In October

Ever since going to work for Gus he'd wanted to kill him, but he took his time and made his plans

by ROGER L. TREAT

• FICTION •

It was only three-thirty when he awoke with a start and wondered why he had done so. He lay on one elbow listening, and suddenly remembering that he had wanted to wake an hour early. This was the morning he was going to kill Gus Wenchell. He got up carefully and pulled on the torn and much patched overalls, pulled his heavy felt boots over the overall legs and edged slowly downstairs. The dampness of the house deadened much of the creaking. Bobbie, the senile, greying old Airedale thumped his tail under the stove in the kitchen. He whispered and the dog was quiet. From the bedroom beside the kitchen, the guttural raucous snoring told him the Old Man had gotten too drunk again to make the stairs and had crawled in with Andy, and Mike, and Paulie. Probably was in Paulie's bed squashing the young one against the wall. He pulled on his one-buckle galoshes heavy with clotted mud, and eased out the door, pulling it silently shut behind him. He stopped at the well which they hardly ever used and found the bucket up and full. He rubbed some of the icy water on his face and wiped it on the rough sleeve of the denim jacket.

The sky was clearing, with low-flying scud clouds trailing the drenching rain of the night before. The trees were still dripping heavily almost as if it were still raining. It was that heavy rain that had made up his mind to get Gus this morning. It would deaden every loose crackling leaf in the woods. If something went wrong and he had to hide out, he could lose every constable in town for as long as he had to. The only thing that could give him away in the woods was the drifts of dead leaves. But after this, they would lie quiet for a few days at least.

The black mud in the cow yard sucked him down over the tops of the galoshes. It really had been a rain. He pushed easily on the sliding door and got it open without a sound. He found an empty feed bag and started to hang it over the small window toward the house. Then he realized that his watch was the only timepiece, and that no one would know he was up any earlier than usual. He lit the light and cows heaved up seeming to realize that something was not as it should be. The big black and white in the end started a deep-chested moo but he cracked her across the rump with a milking stool and the moo changed to a snort of surprise. He pushed her over, got the pail under and started to milk. If Andy, or Mike came out, he would tell them he was going hunting. There were only two more days of the open season left. If the little snots wanted to go with him, he would have to think of a reason why they couldn't. Hunting. Yes, he was going hunting all right. But it wasn't going to be a rabbit or pheasant today. It was going to be that big slob Gus Wenchell. He couldn't remember the time when he hadn't wanted to kill Gus. And now he was going to do it. Ever since he had come out of grade school two years ago spring he had worked for Gus and every day he had wanted to kill him. But he wasn't going to be a dope like some guys he had read about. He had taken his time and made his plans carefully. He had measured the distance from Gus's kitchen door to the point he would shoot from. Then he had gone up in Old Man's upper pasture and measured the same distance, and practiced with the twenty-two until he could hit the old milk can cover just about every shot. He had timed his trip from the barn down around the edge of the swamp to the alders. Then up through the alders to the pine woods and through them to the steep hill west of Gus's farm. Then along the ridge to the rotting log behind which he would wait for Gus to come out the door. He had done it several times and it averaged about eighteen minutes. Gus would be coming out to milk about quarter past six so he would leave at ten minutes to and give himself plenty of time. No sir, he wasn't going to be a stupid dope like all those he read about in the detective story magazines. The only reason they got caught was because they didn't plan it out in advance. If they made getaway plans like he had they would all be loose yet.

He was stripping off the fourth cow, only the two Jerseys left to go, when Andy stumbled sleepy-eyed into the cow barn. He grunted, picked up a pail and stool and sat down under the end cow. He milked half-heartedly, yawning loudly.

Ain't it early?

Yeah, I'm going hunting.

I'll go with you.

No you won't. Old Man wants you to take the black mare up to Ritter's and get that shoe put on. Goddam foot will fall off if we don't do it soon.

Aw gee, Bill, there's only two days left.

I can't help it. That's what Old Man wants, and he'll be acting like a snake today after the way he got drunk last night.

Yeah, Paulie got in with Mike and me. Old Man was squashing him.

He glanced at his watch. Time to be on the way.

Bill, where you going hunting?

Oh, over kinda in back of the Frenchman's. I know where some partridge are lying. Might be able to get a few with the leaves like this.

Aintcha going to work? Gus will be mad as hell. Remember what he did when you didn't show up opening morning?

Sure I'm going to work. I'll circle back through those swamps by the railroad. Maybe get me a pheasant too. Don't forget the mare.

He went out and hurried to the woodshed

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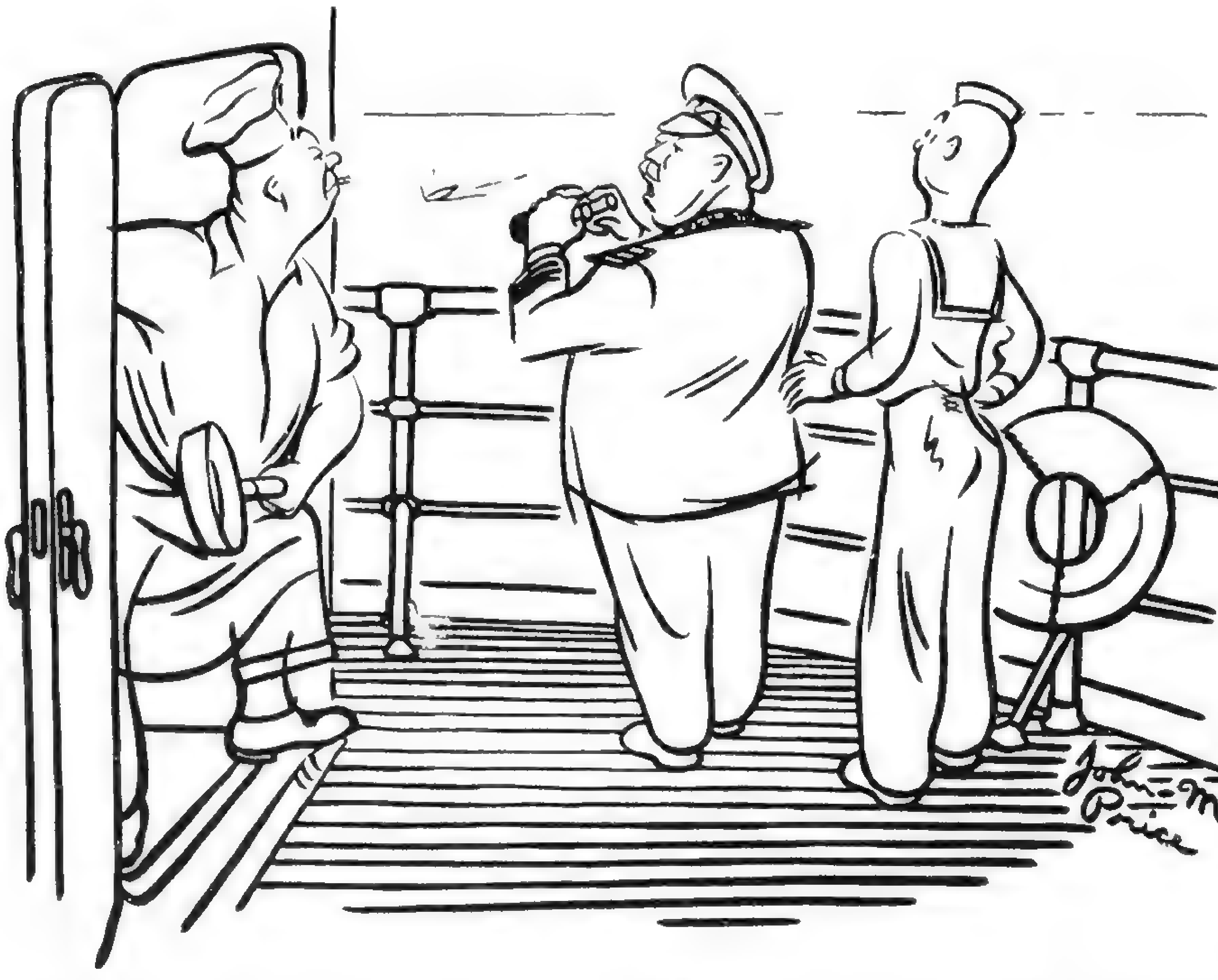
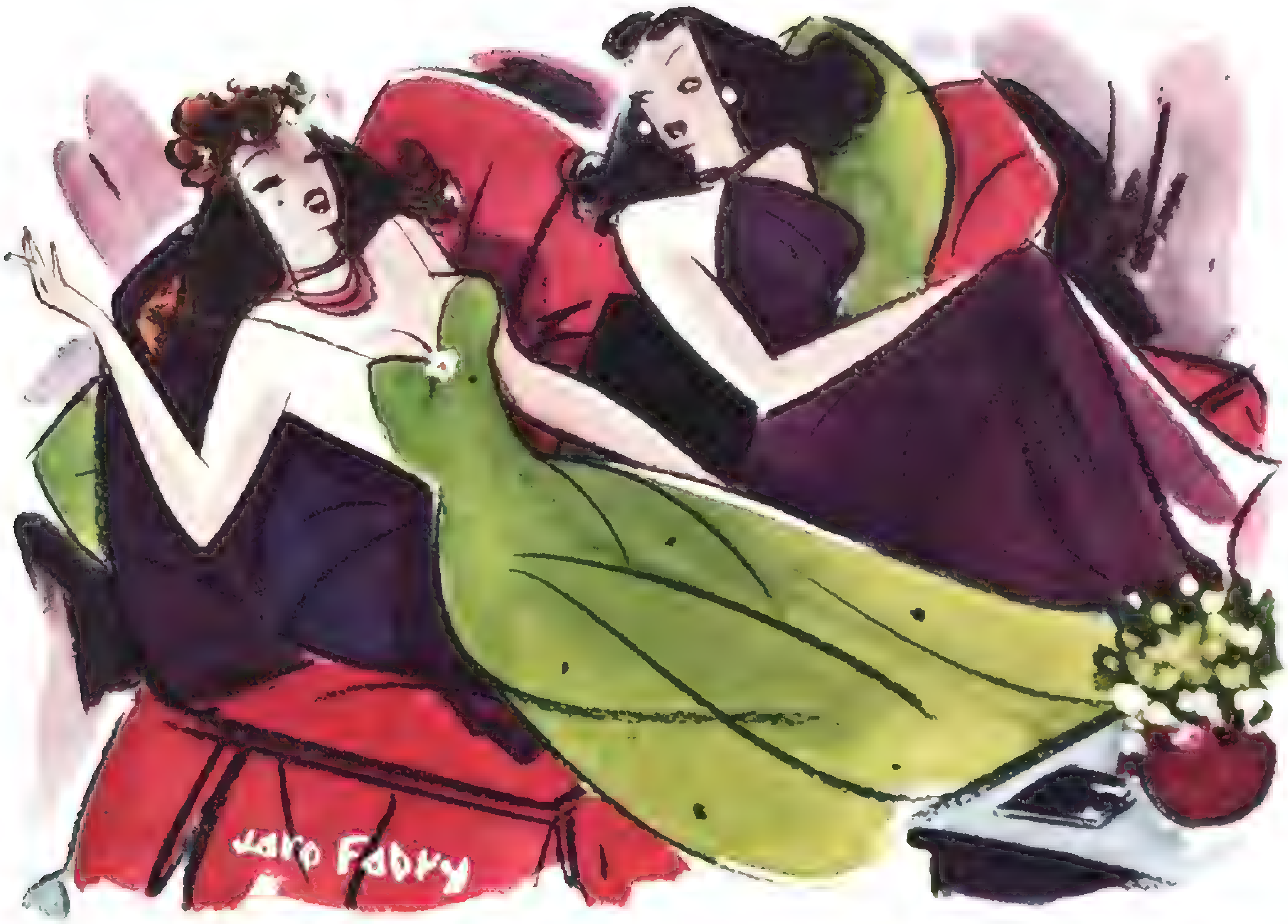
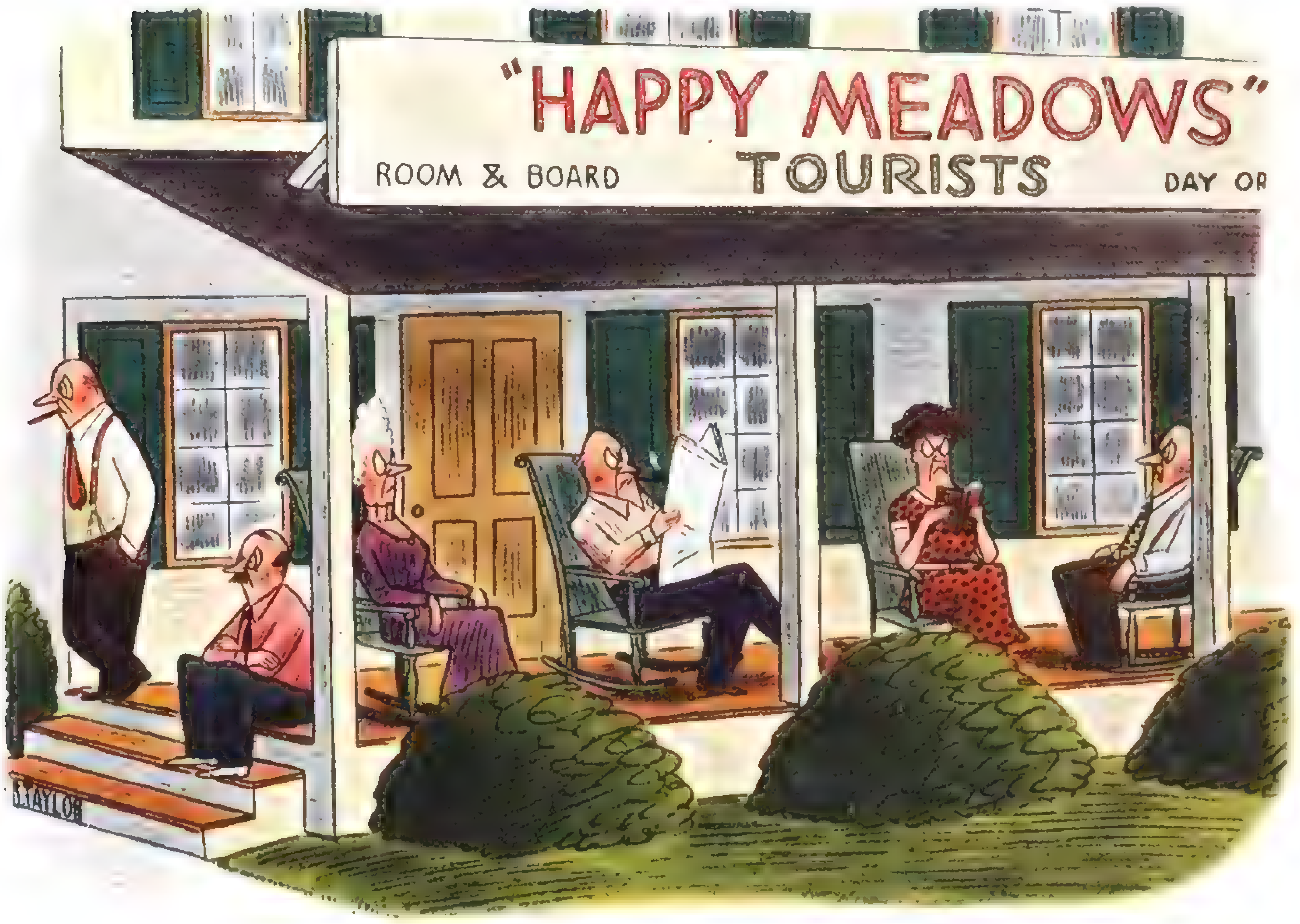


"Yep, it's a torpedo all right . . . don't bother scrambling those eggs"



"He's very systematic—he likes everything to be right where he can put his hands on it!"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ROOM & BOARD
TOURISTS
DAY OR
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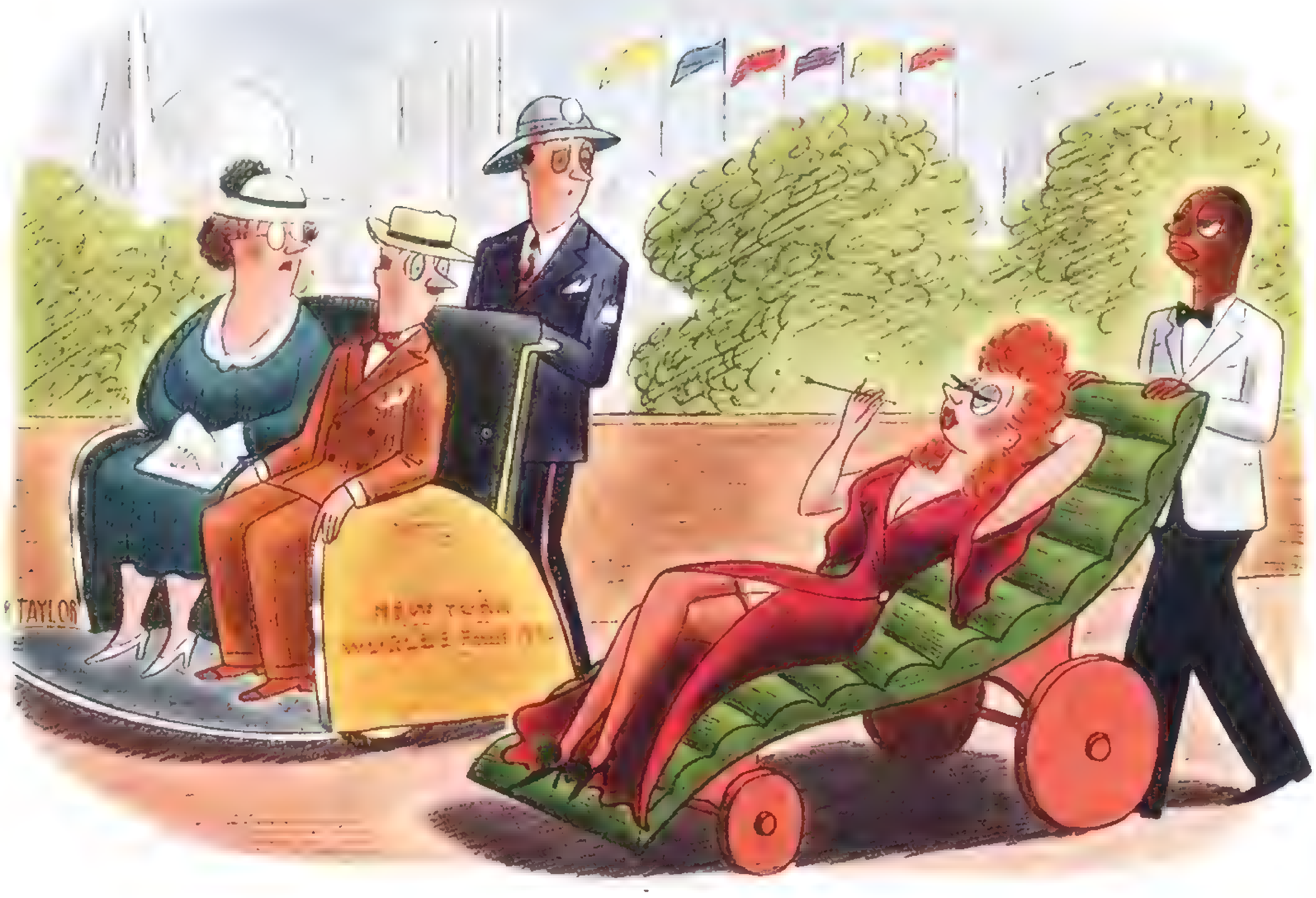
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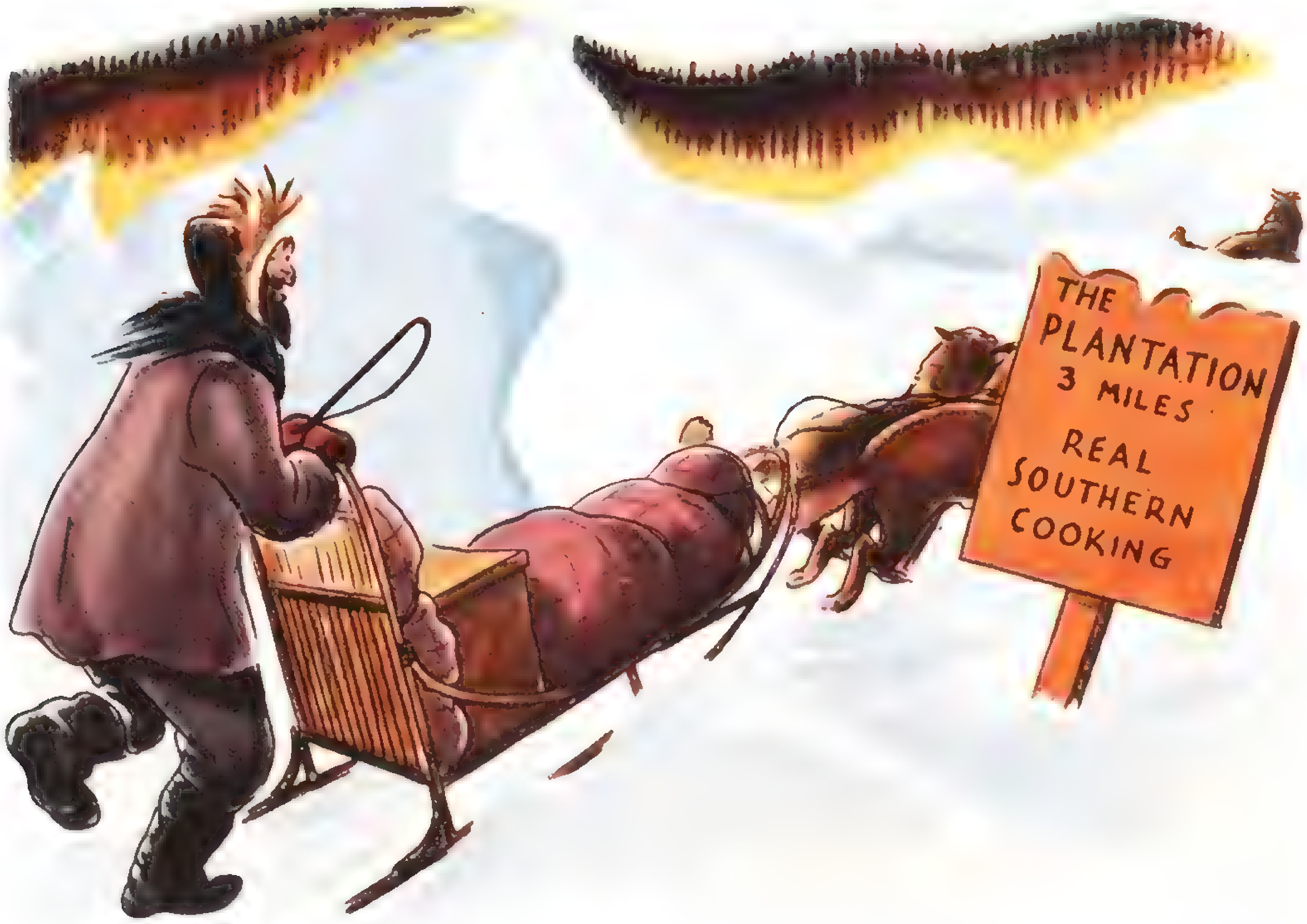
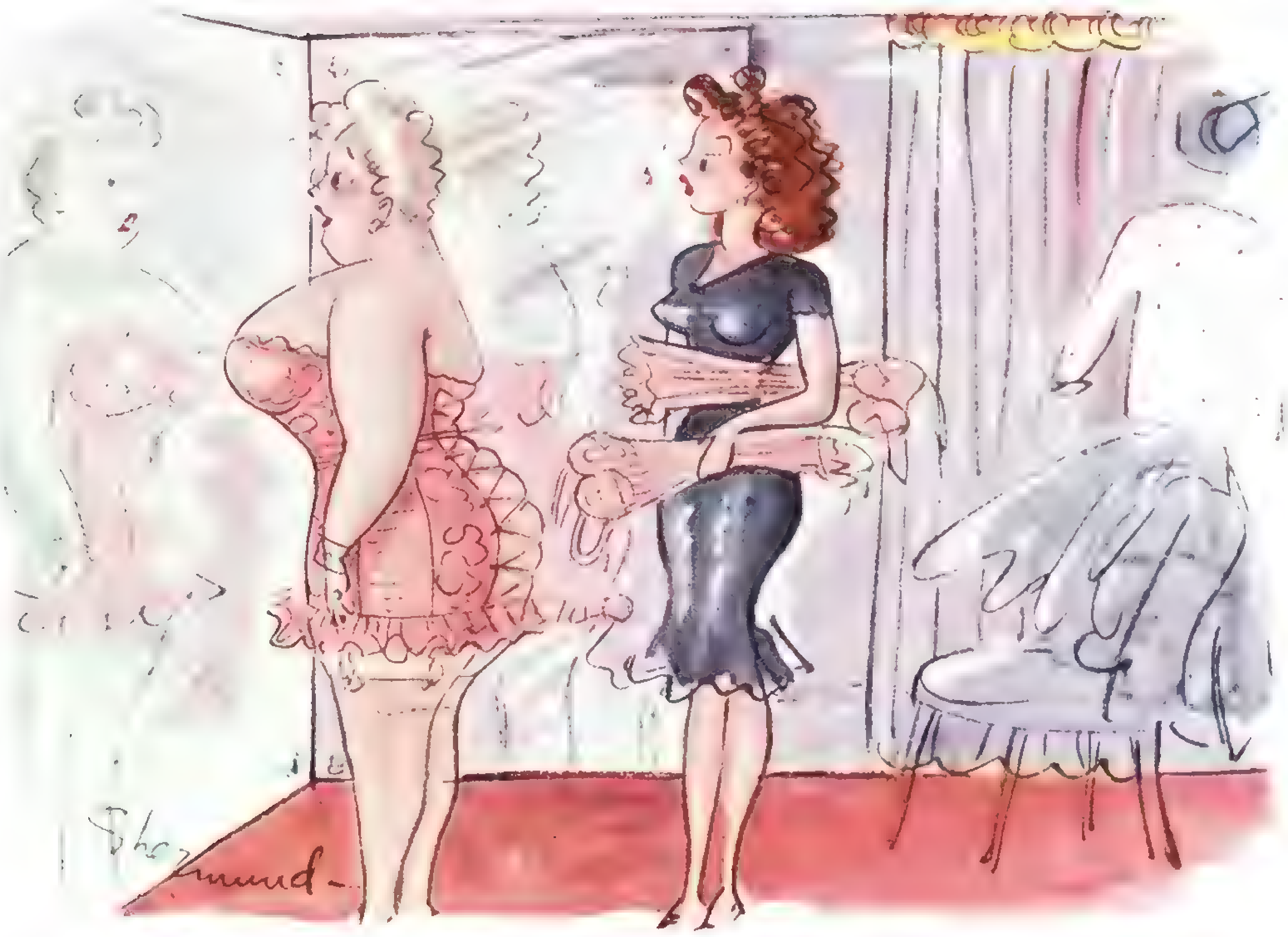
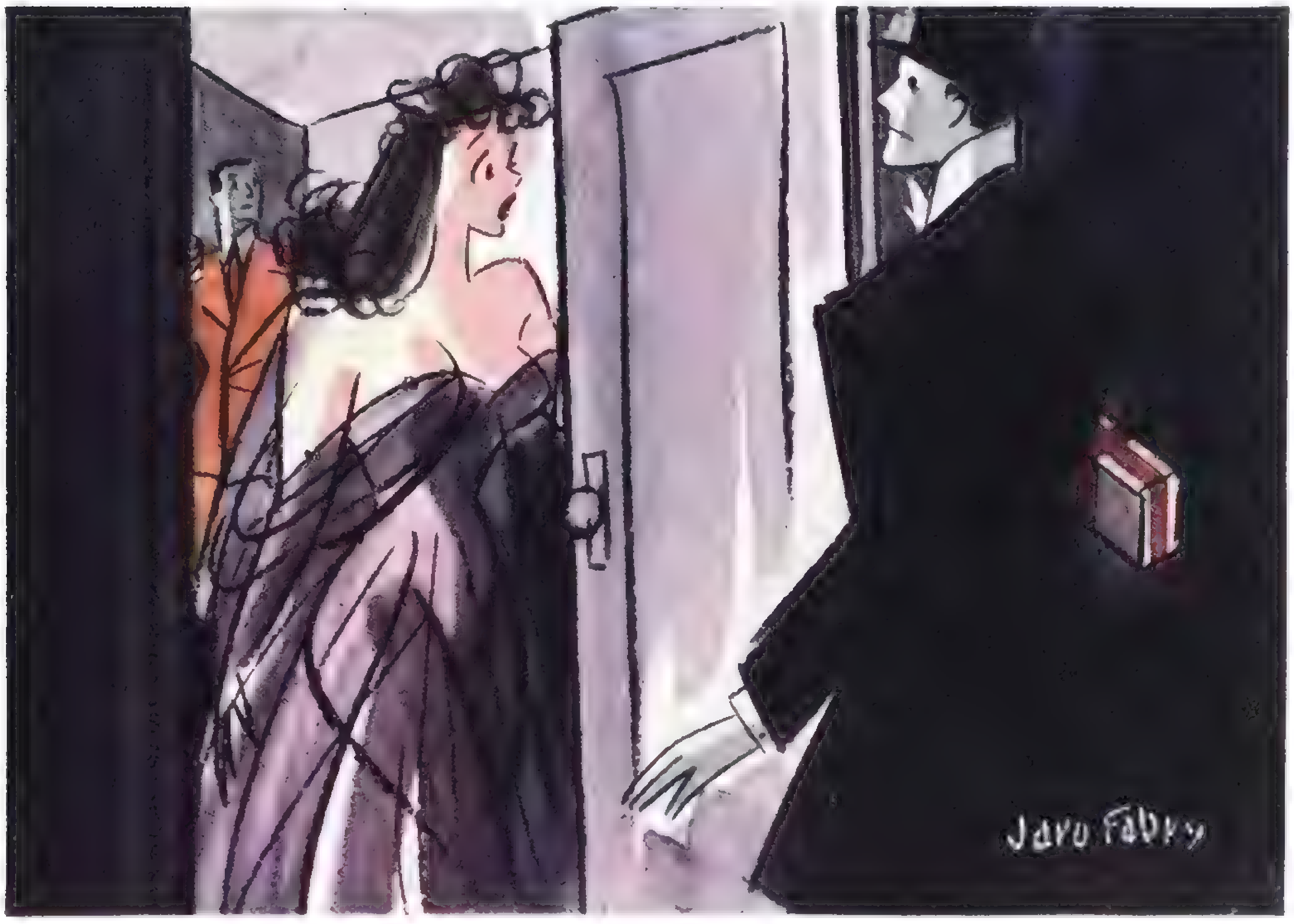
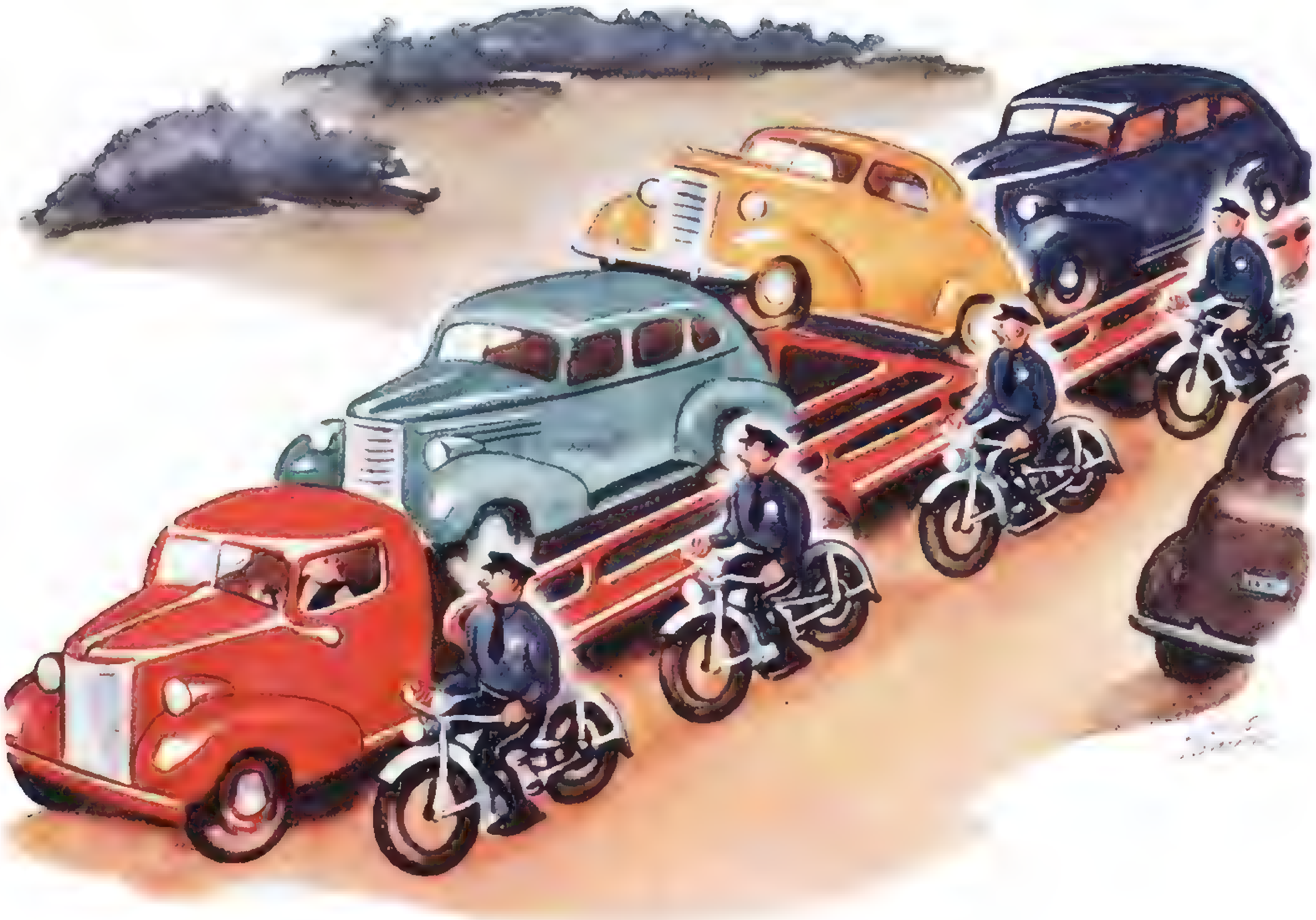

THE PLANTATION
3 MILES
REAL SOUTHERN COOKING



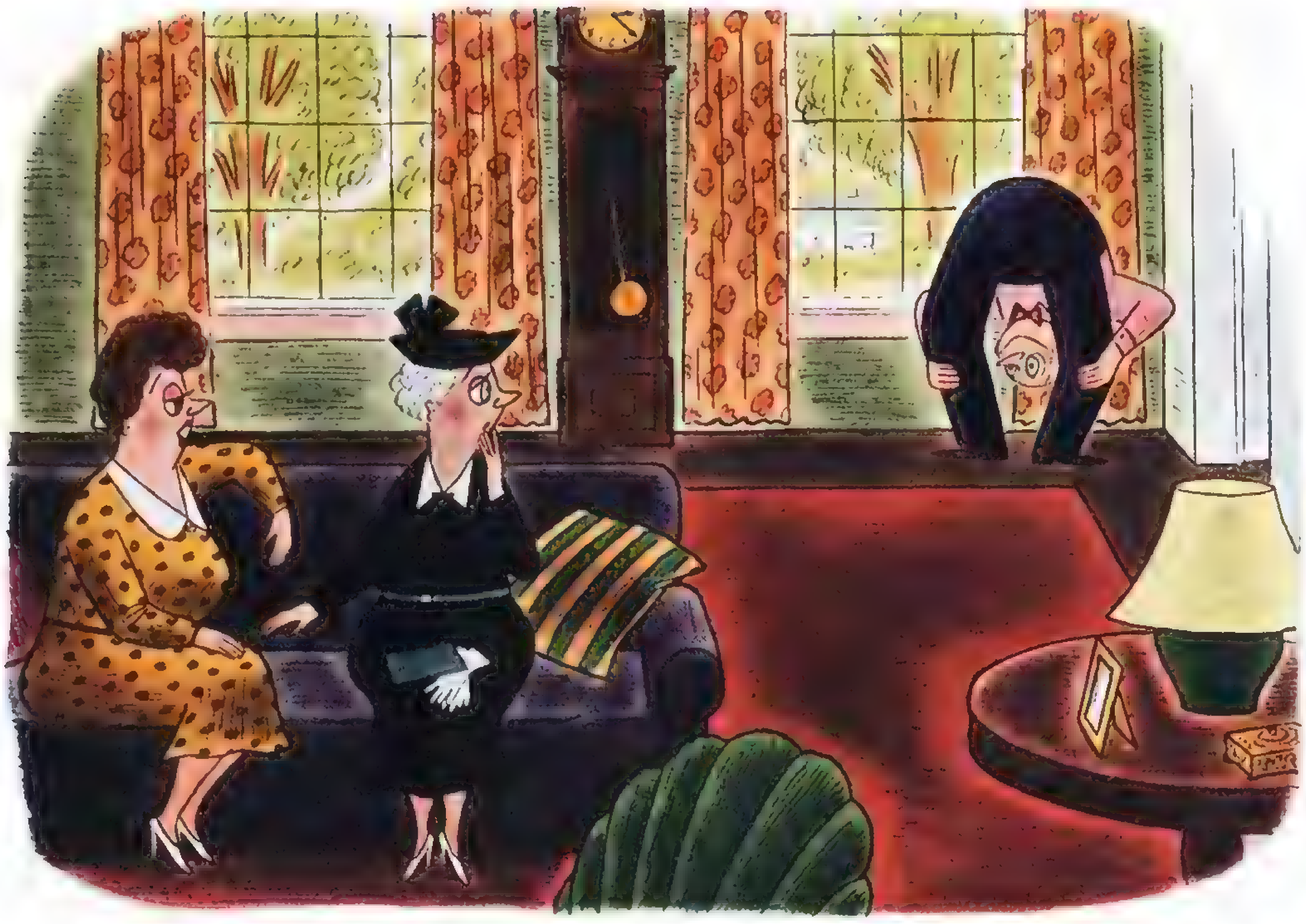
"It's nice but somehow it gives me a feeling of impending disaster"



"You're early. I still have someone here for cocktails"



"Hey, pull over!"



"It will pass—it's just midsummer madness"

"D" Day in Los Angeles

People in this city don't live by the bland theory that a disaster happens only to the other fellow

by PAUL W. KEARNEY

▪ ARTICLE ▪

℞

If catastrophe should strike Los Angeles tonight, there are 44 picked citizens who have known for years that they are to report at General Headquarters in Westlake Park. There, in a fireproof, quakeproof structure, are stored:

1. Fourteen tents, with office furniture, to serve as operating headquarters for as many different committees;
2. Lockers containing basic plans and essential data covering the operations of each committee;
3. Telephones, lights, short-wave radio, all independent of the city's power supply;
4. A card index file with salient information and photographs of every one of the thousands of volunteer specialists whose services they will need.

These 44 men represent the Chairmen and two alternates of each of 14 Committees in the Major Disaster Council, the assumption being that one of the three will probably survive any disaster. Directly under these members of the Executive Committee are some 2,000 active key men, with alternates, each the head of some trained group or organization comprising a far-reaching network of 97 sub-committees steeped in the doctrine and program of the Emergency Council. Between them they will supervise over 30,000 skilled volunteers.

No three Chairmen are ever out of the city at one time and none where he can't be reached quickly. All sit jointly in meetings and are thoroughly versed in their Committee's program. There are no figureheads, stuffed shirts or publicity hounds: there is nothing involved but serious work without pay, hence the best available men hold the jobs for which their experience qualifies them.

These men direct the divisions in charge of Rescue, Shelter, Communications, Transportation, Medical Care, Necessities of Life, and so on down the list, and a representative picture of all of them can be had from a close-up of any one.

The Shelter Committee, for example, is headed by a leading building contractor who has divided his group into nine sections labeled Barracks and Design, Materials, Roofing, Sanitation, Fuel, Tents, Portable Lighting, Electrical Wiring, and Administration, each in competent hands and adequately manned so that key men and alternates with access to supplies are in each of the 15 Concentration Districts of the city. The Administration unit alone consists of 500 U. S. Army reserve officers who will administer the camps under Red Cross jurisdiction.

For each of these fifteen Concentration Districts an area has been fixed which, like General Headquarters, is in a park, playground, golf course or some other wide open space, safe and adequate for the mobilization of the total population of that district and selected with due regard for water, sewage, and street facilities. In these concentration areas—or elsewhere as required—it is the function of the Shelter Committee to erect tents, temporary hospitals and barracks with the requisite cooking, sanitary and lighting facilities.

To that end members of the respective sub-committees, having consulted with wholesalers and dealers in the building trades, have a comprehensive knowledge of the total stocks of building supplies available at a given time. Two large outdoor stoves have been especially designed for each concentration point and a supply of fuel provided. Facilities and personnel of the motion picture studios and utilities have been cataloged so that portable lighting equipment can be readily mustered into use. Specific plans for standardized barracks, 20 x 100 feet to house 80 per unit, are on file at GHQ with detailed lists of the materials needed down to the last nail.

On file at GHQ is also a complete census of auto camps, hotels, rooming houses, lodge rooms and public buildings such as churches, schools and armories where refugees may be housed if it is not possible to bunk them with friends or relatives.

Each of the other vital 14 Committees is just as completely prepared and it is partly to facilitate their close co-operation that Westlake Park has been chosen as headquarters site in case a disaster makes any or all of the business offices of the various Chairmen untenable, or cripples city-wide communication. Isolated, the park is safe from toppling buildings, falling debris or sweeping fire. And operating in their adjoining tents in a concentrated area, the head of one division need only walk a hundred feet to consult with any other chairman.

Furthermore, communication between the various divisions and their field men will be handled by the Intelligence Division in the security of their own permanent office atop the fire alarm bureau just a few steps away. Much emphasis has been placed on the quick gathering of accurate information in a crisis and this, as much as any single factor, is the finest antitoxin against confusion and waste motion. Certain men from the Shelter Committee, for instance, will go immediately to the involved zone and check the number of buildings being evacuated and the number of refugees who will have to be cared for—all of which is an accurate guide for those responsible for providing rooms or tents, clothing, food, fuel, etc. Likewise, observers from the Medical group will just as quickly know what quantity and type of facilities they will need from bottles of iodine to emergency tent hospitals. The same goes for Water, Street Facilities, Rescue, and so on down the list. Each

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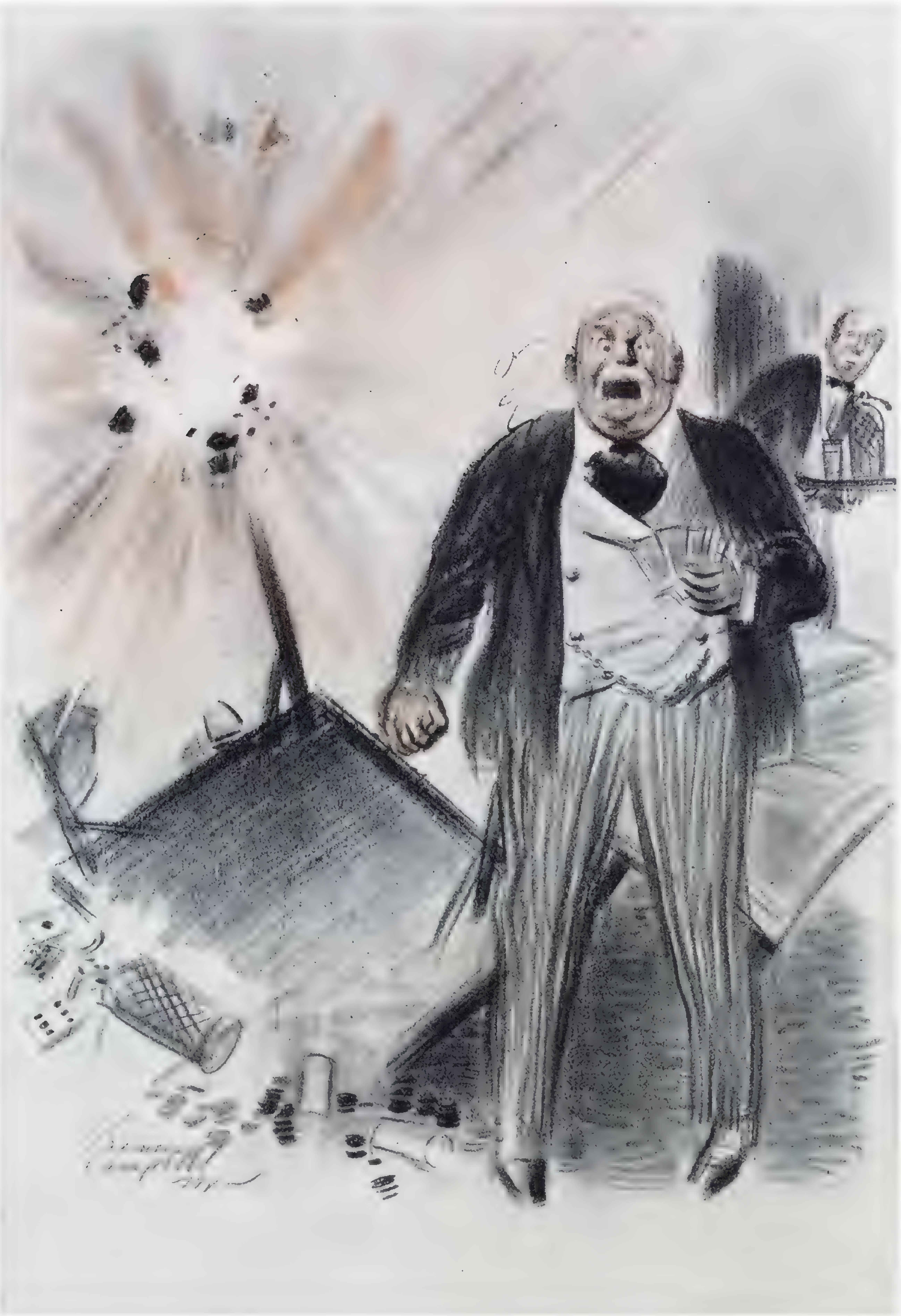
"Mother, guess what!—Herbert has been put in charge of the Production Department"



"Damn those Germans anyway! The first time I ever held a Royal Flush!"

The Path of the Host

Secret memories distressed the Austrian mother when her son went boldly off to fight what they now called "the enemy"

by SÁNDOR HUNYADY

▪ FICTION ▪

It was the spring of 1940. The handsome blond Viennese boy received a telegram ordering him to join his regiment. The parents went to the station to see him off. The boy was a flier and at home he had often boasted of the terrible power which he held in his hands. Bombs. Which he was going to drop upon the cities of the enemy. The father, a stocky, bold, sanguine old gentleman, approved of the bombs. Just let the boy go. Let him turn Paris and London into shambles! Woe to the enemy! The mother was not more than forty. She was still pretty, although a little fat. This circumstance made her more pleasant. A woman must have a great deal of poise to dare to be plump at the age of forty.

At the station, standing on the platform, she embraced her son and covered him with kisses as he stood ready to climb up into the train. And in addition to the loving words of farewell there was something more she wanted to tell the young soldier. But she could not do it. No matter how her hidden secret tortured her soul, she could not enounce one word of it. She sobbed. And then she collapsed. There was nothing extraordinary about this. There were many sobbing mothers that night on the platform of that Viennese station.

What was it that this meek, fattish mother wanted to tell her child? It concerned a peculiar thing, the story of which led back into the faraway past.

* * *

In 1914 Anton Gruber, Austrian subject, had a small barber shop in Paris. He worked hard and saved his money. On Sundays he took excursions with his family down on the Seine. He had a wife and a little girl—Brigitta. Then when the war broke out and the enemy aliens were interned, the barber with his family was interned too. Sad events followed. First, the old Gruber himself died in the typhoid epidemic; then his wife, of a heart disease. Brigitta was left alone. She lived somehow through the tragic years.

She was nineteen years old when, after the peace treaty, she went back to Vienna.

She didn't know why she went home. As a matter of fact, she didn't go; she was being sent. It is true that she could have stayed in Paris just as well. She was alone in the world; she had no relatives anywhere that she knew of.

But that was no matter. Her piquant little Viennese face was made even more charming by her slightly crossed eyes. This made her look as if she were constantly flirting with someone.

In addition to this she had another asset. She spoke French and English fluently. This was very important in those days, when Vienna was full of the soldiers of the victorious Allies. It was not the armies which entered the town as in barbaric ages when the mercenaries were allowed to sack conquered cities as a reward for their bloody work. In Vienna the officers of the various supervisory military committees were working and at the same time, of course, having a good time. British, French, Americans. Their uniforms blossomed forth in the elegant hotels. They were the "soldiers." The Austrian army had disappeared; or rather, it still existed but it had been reabsorbed by civilian life. But many of its former soldiers were working around the Allied officers as waiters, jazz drummers, and doormen in the hotels, bars, and nightclubs.

The victors spent, the conquered earned, the money. The suburbs were howling with misery, but in the refined parts of Vienna everybody was quite satisfied with the situation and the managements of the expensive hotels did everything in their power to make the prodigal guests feel at home in their "Vienna garrison."

And this is how Brigitta happened to get a job in the bar of one of the more elegant hotels on the Ring, as a barmaid.

She was pretty, young, and spoke the languages of the victors. The utilitarian wave lifted her and dropped her in the magnificent little bar which was very much like a cedarwood jewel box lined with velvet.

She mixed the drinks, flirted with the officers, inhaled the honey scent of their tobacco, and was intoxicated by the amorous buzzing of their speech.

She liked each army, the ash-blue uniform of the French, the burberry of the British, and the khaki of the Americans. And the boys liked the girl too. They drank and shot craps around her. Each one of them tried at one time or another to take her off her feet. But they didn't get very far. Brigitta was a coquette but at the same time as fiercely innocent as a frightened deer. One couldn't even stroke her. And yet, finally, she met her fate. It always works out that way: if one stays in the firing line long enough, some day he is going to be wounded. On a certain day, early in the afternoon, a big-nosed, red-haired, slick English boy leaned on the bar and murmured such queer sweet things into the girl's ear, persisting until late in the night, that Brigitta's defenses collapsed. She allowed the young Englishman to see her home after closing time.

God only knows how things like this happen. That it was precisely this boy that the girl wanted. Was he her fate? Or was it the work of the predecessors which had matured the moment? Who knows? However it was, they went home together.

Brigitta lived in one of the side streets of Mariahilferstrasse, in an ugly tenement house, on the third floor. There was no

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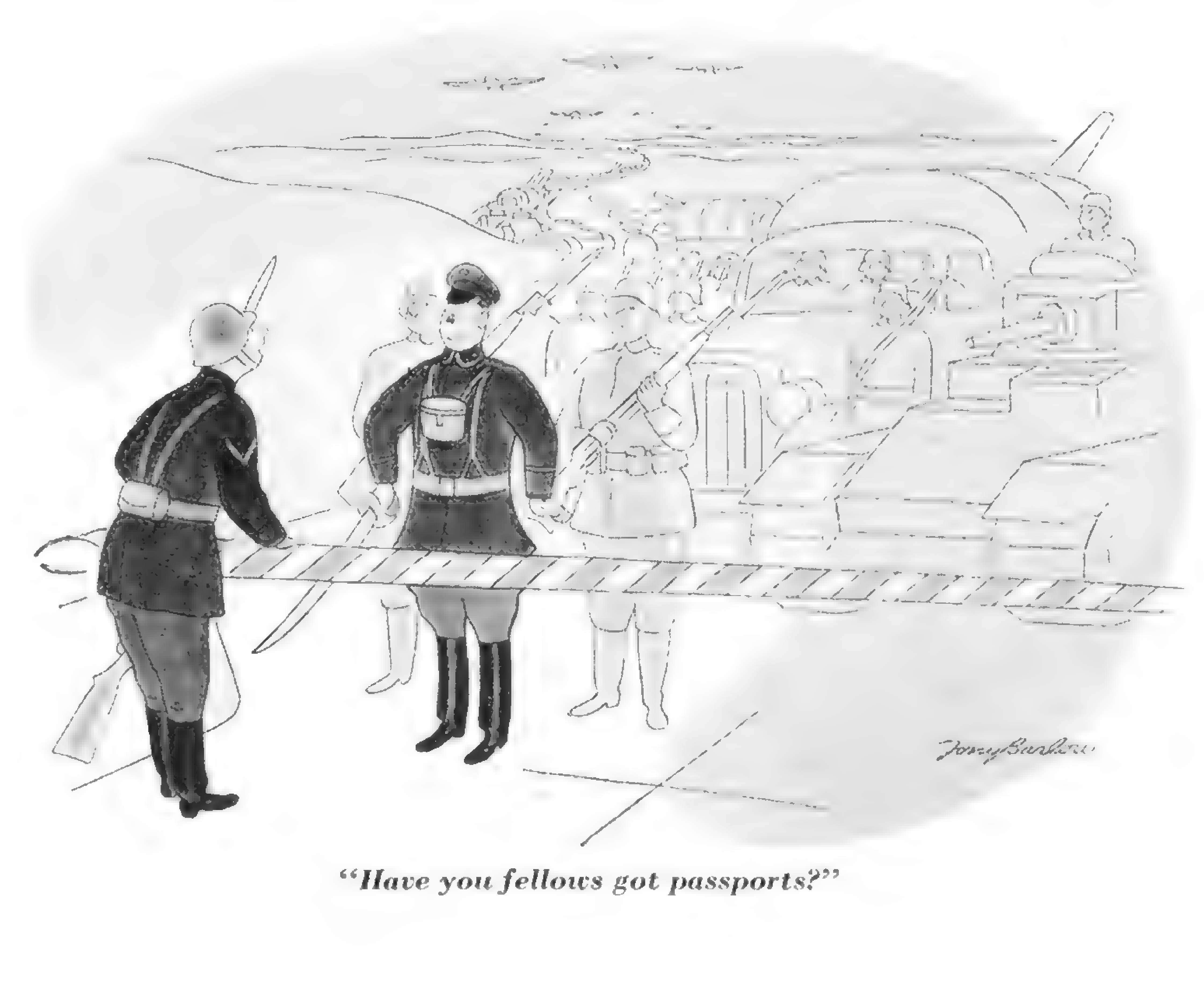

"Have you fellows got passports?"

The Eagle Screams in Africa

An old settler has a quiet laugh at those American "Explorers" who throng the not-so-dark Continent

by PATRICK CARTWRIGHT

• ARTICLE •

Not all the Americans who visit Africa are dumb. Quite a lot of them are shrewd business men who know that they are visiting one of the world's largest markets for refrigerators and motor cars.

Recently we had Negley ("Transgressor") Farson. He wore a grey flannel suit and made one crack we all remember.

"Southwest Africa is no sort of name for a country," he said, "I'm gonna call it the Land of the Bedside Rifle."

But, God help us, we're still getting the explorers, the people who don't know that the Dr. Livingstone-I-presume business is dead. They read Rosita Forbes and Richard Halliburton and the blood rushes to their heads. They sail for some British port in Africa and arrive armed to the teeth and determined to explore us. On an average some part of Africa gets explored by an American expedition once a month.

I cannot list them all but there have been expeditions to Explore the Kalahari Desert, to Bring the Bible to the Bushmen, to Capture a Real Gorilla, to Capture a Real Okapi, to Capture a Real Bongo, to Study the Bushmen Paintings, to Learn the Secret of the Drums, to Find the Graveyard of the Elephants and, greatest of them all, to Discover the Cradle of Mankind.

HOT DOGS
COLD DRINKS
500 Ft. AHEAD
Rodney de Sarro

But if you're really anxious to Bring the Bible to the Bushmen why not consult the man on the spot? Why spend thousands of dollars on an expedition when any district commissioner will tell you that for the price of a packet of cigarettes you can engage an interpreter who will read the Bible to the Bushmen in the only language they can understand? For the money that has been wasted on such expeditions we could have built an all-weather road from Cape Town to Cairo and a very fine road it would have been.

I remember encountering three abandoned trucks on a lonely road in Tanganyika Territory.

"What's going on?" I asked the District Officer when I reached his camp that evening.

"That, my boy," he said, "is what remains of the All-American Expedition to the Pygmies. They were nice chaps but their geography was wrong. They drew up their itinerary in Tennessee and shipped all their gear to Dar-es-Salaam and they're practically two thousand miles from the nearest pygmy."

The expedition which the newspapermen remember was the great expedition to prove that the Kalahari Desert was the Cradle of Mankind. This was financed and led by two gentlemen from Denver.

They made Cape Town their starting point. When the liner docked they appeared in breeches and boots with revolvers in the belts at their waists and for a fortnight they strode about in this costume.

Cape Town is the legislative capital of the Union of South Africa where people as a rule wear formal clothes. The sight of two middle-aged men dressed in riding breeches with pistols, in holsters, slapping well-developed posteriors never failed to attract a crowd.

"We're going to find the Cradle of Mankind in the Kalahari Desert," they chanted in unison. Finally they used the phrase so often that it became meaningless. It was the subject of a number of limericks.

I went to see them start and groaned aloud when I saw their truck. They had a huge box body loaded with tins and boxes of every description.

I dragged one of the pair aside after he had finished posing for a newsreel camera.

"You won't get five miles on a desert road with that load," I said. "Man alive, it's soft, desert sand you'll be traveling through. You must deflate your tires and travel light. All this stuff will have to go . . ."

I might have been talking to a deaf mute. He smiled that glassy smile which afflicts those who have faced a newsreel camera and said, "We're setting out to find the Cradle of Mankind in the Kalahari Desert . . ."

In the end it was probably the size of their load and the immobility of their truck that saved the lives of those gentlemen from Denver. They reached the fringes of the desert but, alas, they failed to find the Cradle. We're still looking for it!

Another expedition which arrived armed to the teeth was the Wanderwell International Peace Expedition. They had a papier-mâché armored car and everyone, even the lovelies who beamed at one from behind collecting boxes, packed a gun. "Captain" Wanderwell and his wife, after braving the perils of our macadamized roads, were afterwards both murdered in the United States.

We can forgive a good deal in a good-looking girl and Mrs. Wanderwell was a fizzer so the expedition wandered harmlessly about Africa with only an occasional prosecution for carrying firearms without a license.

After the two gentlemen from Denver there was yet another American expedition to the Kalahari Desert. They set out to do some serious exploring and map making in the course of a search for the Lost City of the Kalahari. In the heart of the trackless desert they came upon a dried up river bed where obviously no man had ever trod before. They pushed on—on to the unknown North, following the river bed and mapping and taking notes as they went. After two days of exhausting work they rounded a bend and found a sign erected by the Automobile Association of South Africa pointing the way to the nearest town.

After that members of the expedition quarreled, bitter things were said and they returned to civilization.

The United States also sends us a fair number of missionaries. Of most of them it is possible to say that they are good chaps and that their stations are perhaps the most efficient in Africa. But there are some weird sects represented and some curious characters among those who serve them. No greater mistake could possibly be made than to

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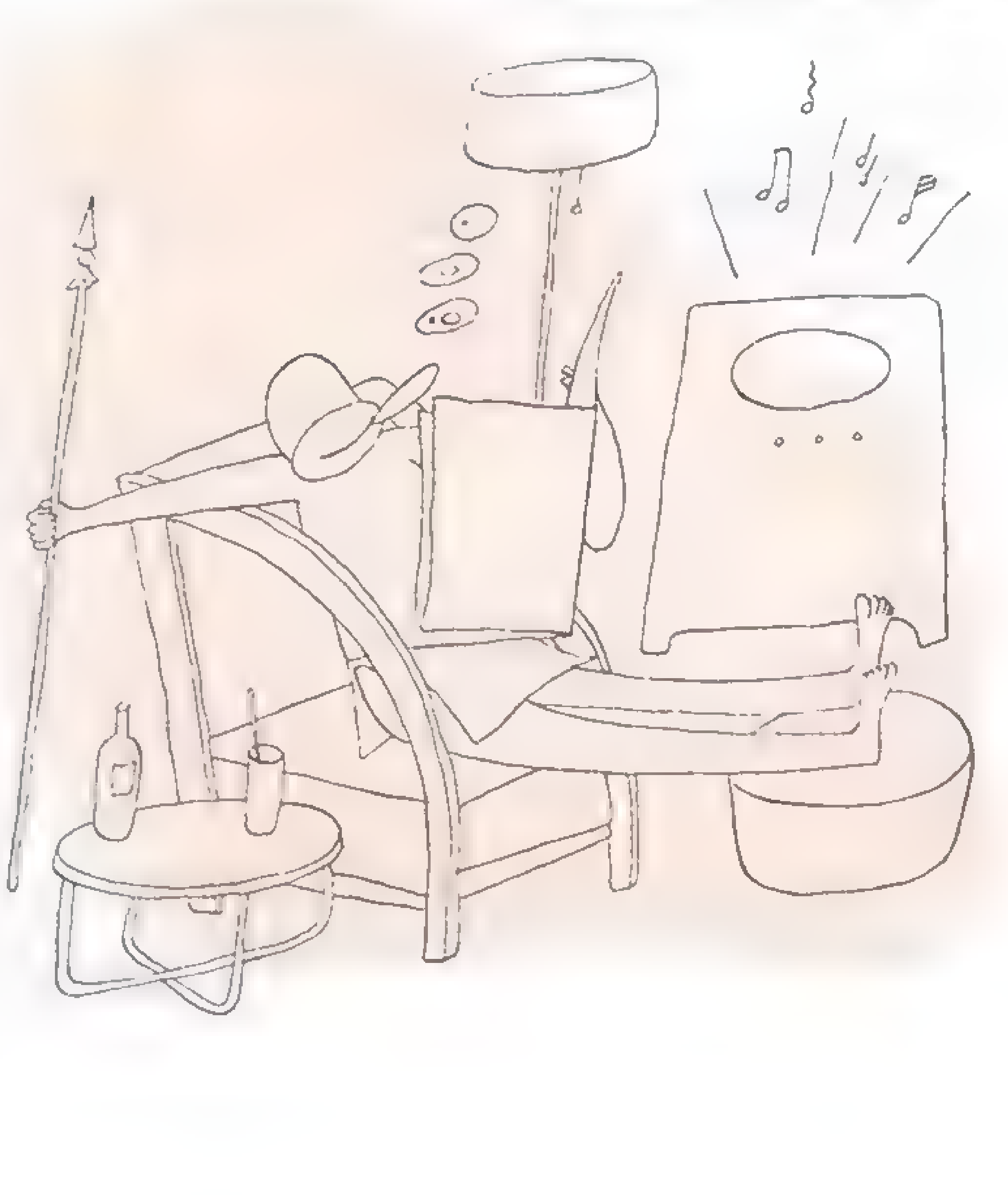
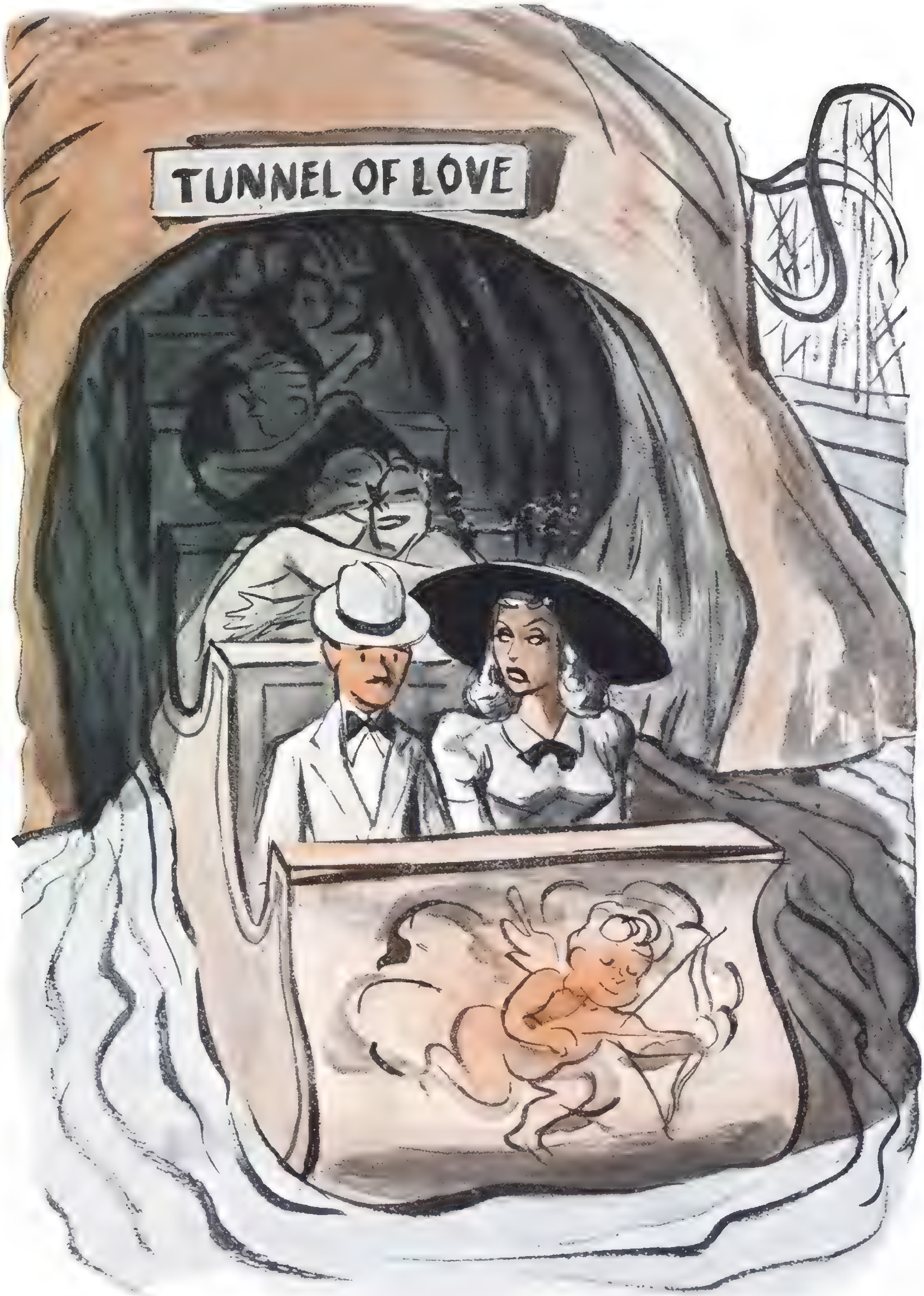



TUNNEL OF LOVE

"I'm a little disappointed in you, Cedric"

Black Elves at Twilight

The woodcock looks like an easy target for the first ten feet or so, and then he starts twisting

by BEN EAST

• SPORTS •

It's illegal now. But back in the days before the waterfowl and other migratory birds of the North American continent had traveled too far along the road that took them to the brink of extinction, before the United States Biological Survey finally got alarmed and hard-boiled and clamped the lid down in sober fashion, there was no law against it.

It was good fun. In fact it was about as exciting, thrill-packed, laugh-producing a sport as anything I ever found to do with a shotgun. And as for the kill of birds, it was never heavy enough to require mention and there was no danger it ever would be. I don't know any other brand of hunting certain to turn in a lighter kill in proportion to the number of rounds shot, and as far as game conservation is concerned we could still be doing it today if it weren't for "uniform regulations" and setting a bad example and all that sort of thing.

What I'm talking about is shooting woodcock on the evening flight. Along after sundown, just as dusk is really thickening in the timber.

If you've ever hunted timber doodles much, you know they're hard enough to hit in full daylight, laying to a good dog, giving you a chance to get set before they flush. The woodcock flutters weakly up into the tag alder tops, and his flight is slow and uncertain and he looks to the novice like an easy target. That is, he does for the first ten feet or so.

Then he starts twisting. His heart is in it and from then on he's just a corkscrew with wings. He zigzags and dodges and just as you finally get the sixteen-gauge lined on his elusive tail he does a falling leaf that drops him like a plummet and you throw your charge of chilled nines three yards over his back.

Oh, he's a great game bird, the woodcock, one of the greatest on the continent, and his place in the hearts of gunners is secure and has been since the days when Frank Forester, hunting with a friend, shot 125 timber doodles in one day and 70 the next day before noon, using muzzle-loading guns. There was woodcock shooting in those times!

If you've hunted this hermit of the alder thickets you know something about him, what sport he offers, how hard he is to hit. If you haven't there's no way for me or anyone else to tell you.

But even if you've shot woodcock by daylight, over dogs or without dogs, you still don't know 'em at their best. Give yourself the added handicap of dusk, of not knowing where your bird will appear or when, of darkness so thick that finally you can't see the black barrel of your gun against the brush—that's woodcock shooting! But only for those willing to give odds, to tramp home with light game pockets in the gathering dark.

Maybe you've heard about the evening flights of woodcock, but unless you've spent a lot of days afield the chances are you never saw one. It happens when the fall migration is on, when the northern birds come tumbling down the flyways, settling in our woods and bogs for a few days of warm October sunshine before they drift on into the south.

During the day these migrants rest on the uplands. In the oak grubs, among the sparse aspen thickets, on a birch-covered hillside. Just before dark they move in to a chosen feeding ground for the night. It may be a small swale, an alder bog or in lowland thickets along a swampy creek. Evening after evening, while they linger in the neighborhood, the woodcock gather at the same feeding place. In years when the flight is heavy they come by the scores and hundreds, fluttering in like black bats through the autumn twilight.

"If the shooter knows of such a place where the birds are fairly plentiful he can station himself there about sunset and feel reasonably sure of a few shots while they are coming in," comments A. C. Bent, ace of game bird writers, in his *Life Histories of North American Shorebirds.* "But increasing darkness soon makes shooting difficult," he adds.

That last sentence I would term a masterpiece of understatement. The shooting on a woodcock expedition of that brand is difficult enough to begin with. As the evening wears along it gets a great deal more so.

I recall an October evening some years back, in the grouse country along the Boardman River in northern Michigan.

I landed at the camp late in the season for a two-day fling at grouse. Four shooting partners were waiting for me, and over our pipes the first evening they poured out an excited tale of a strange woodcock flight at dusk the night before. It was the first time any of them had seen it, and nobody gave a thought to shooting.

There was a patch of aspen—popple in that part of the country—and alders along the river, at the foot of an old abandoned field a short distance below the camp. The birds had gathered there to feed. The flight had been heavy. It had got under way just after sundown and bird after bird had come whistling in to the thickets. They kept coming until it was too dark to see 'em.

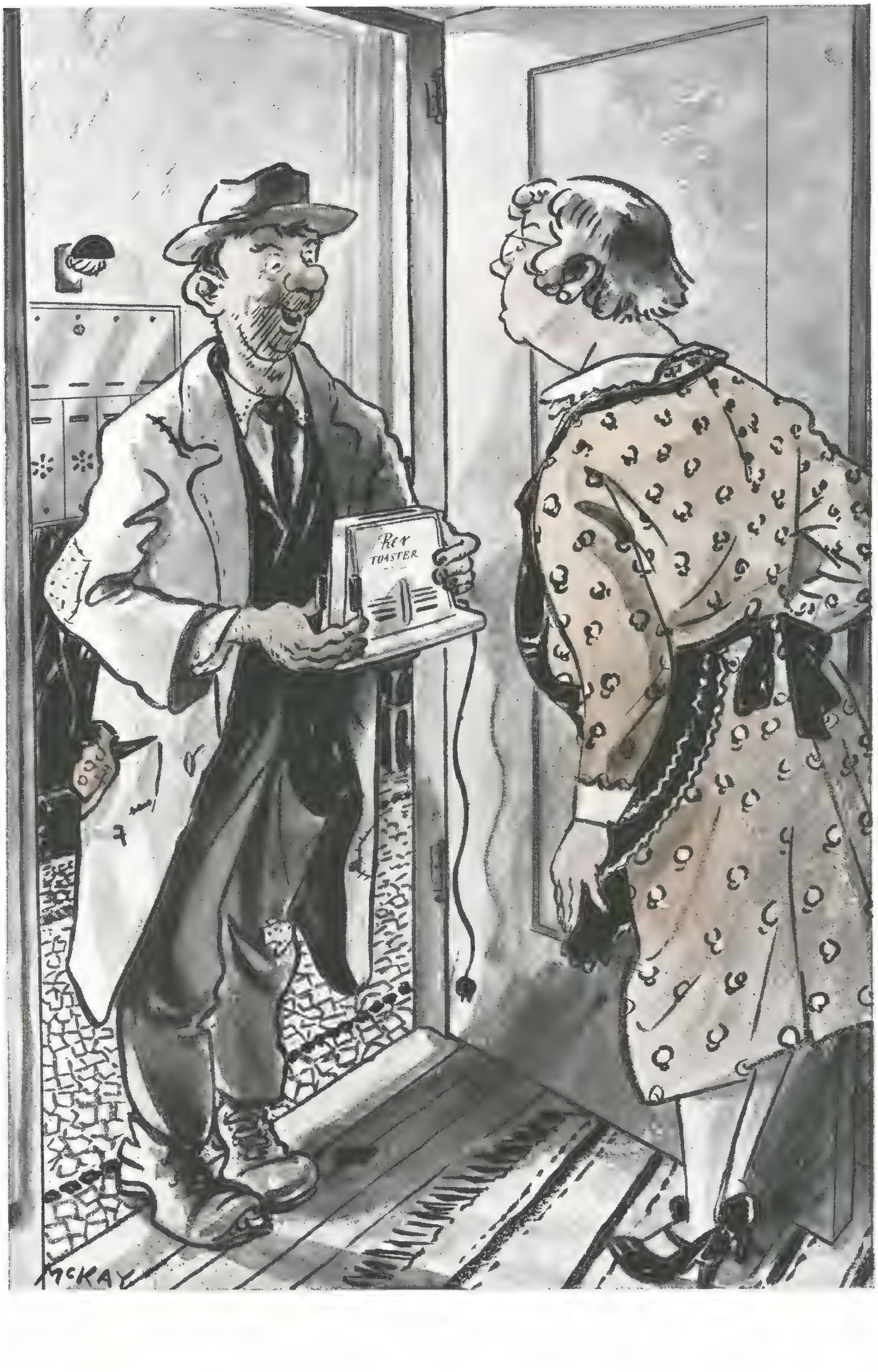
I suggested some shooting, and the idea took hold. We'd have a try at it the next evening if the weather was right.

We knocked off grouse hunting early that next afternoon, brought the dogs back to camp and shut them in. At sundown four of us wandered down into the old field. We picked four pine stumps for shooting stands, lined in a row the proper distance from the alder bog, and sat down to wait.

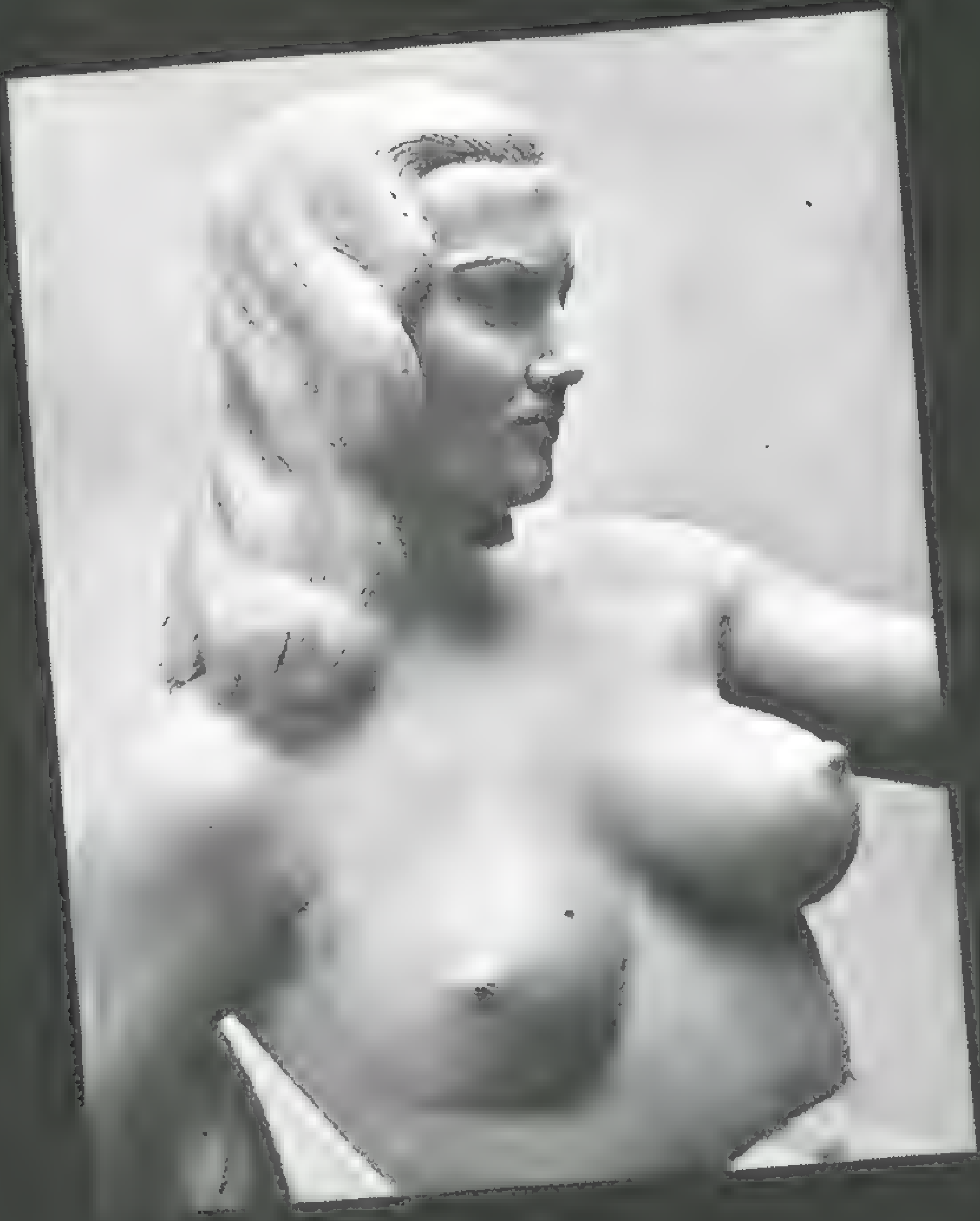
The woodcock has always been a bird of mystery to me. You never know where to look for him or when he'll be there. The flight

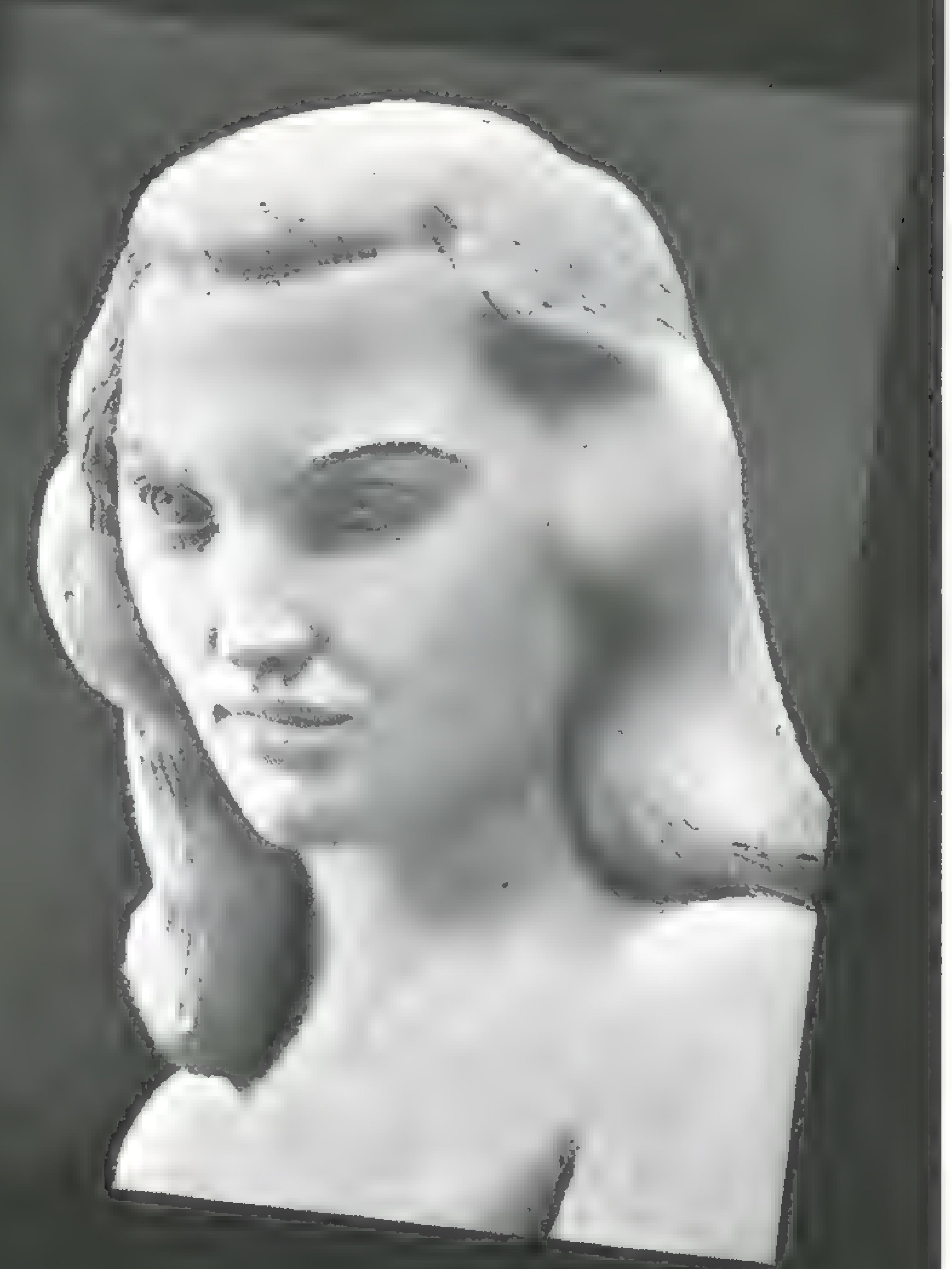
Continued on page 170

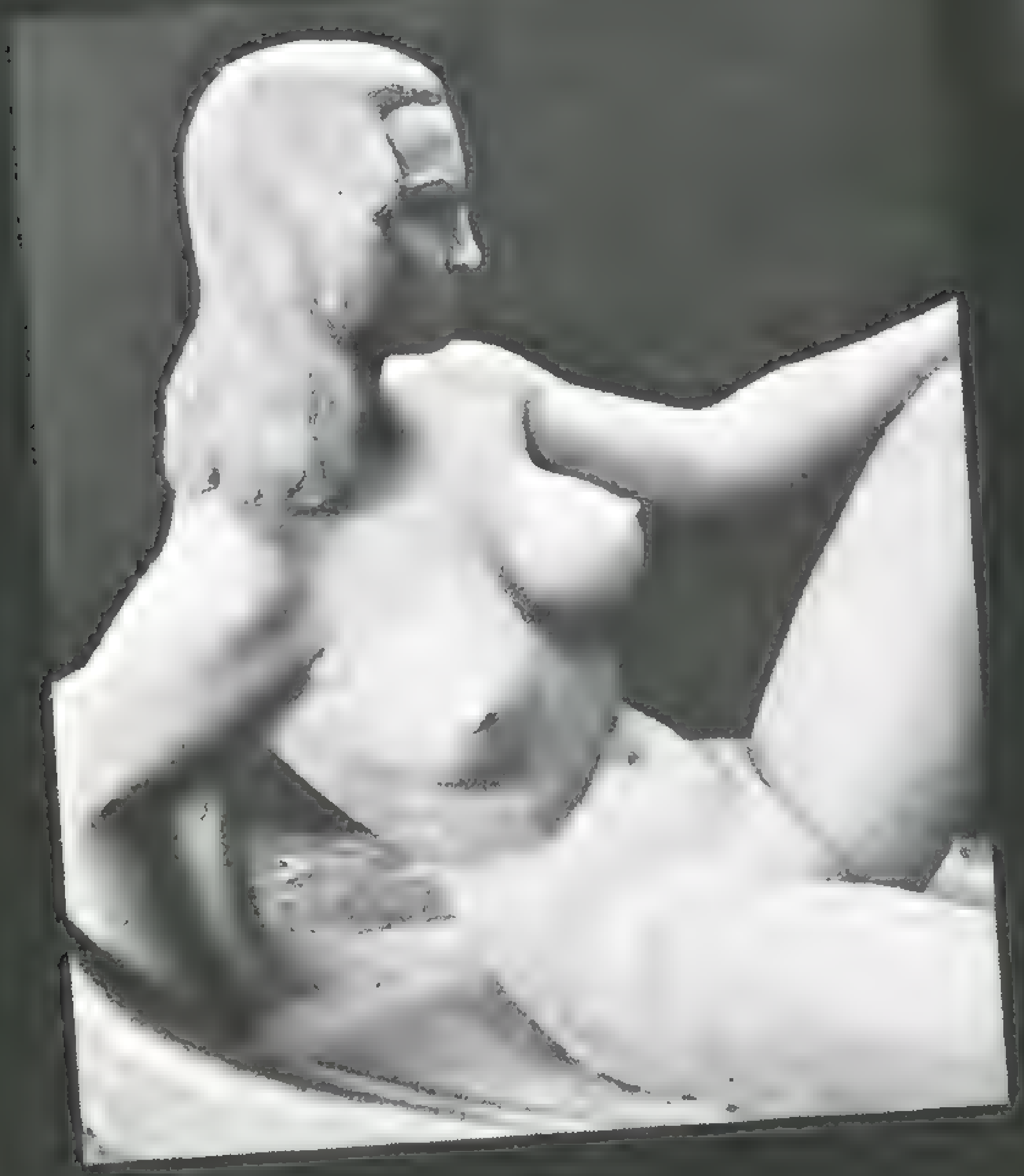
"We're looking for an escaped bloodhound"

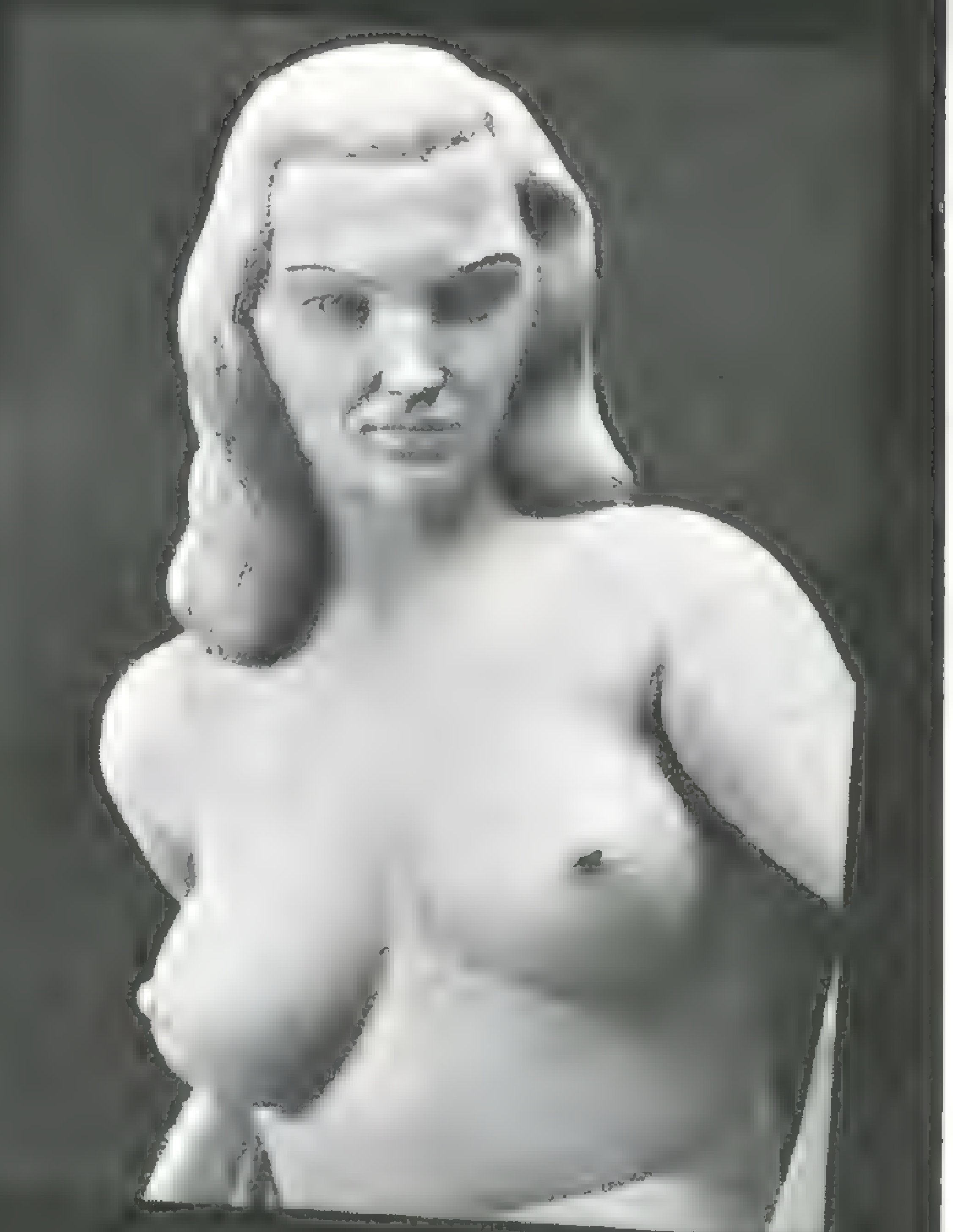

Rex TOASTER
McKAY

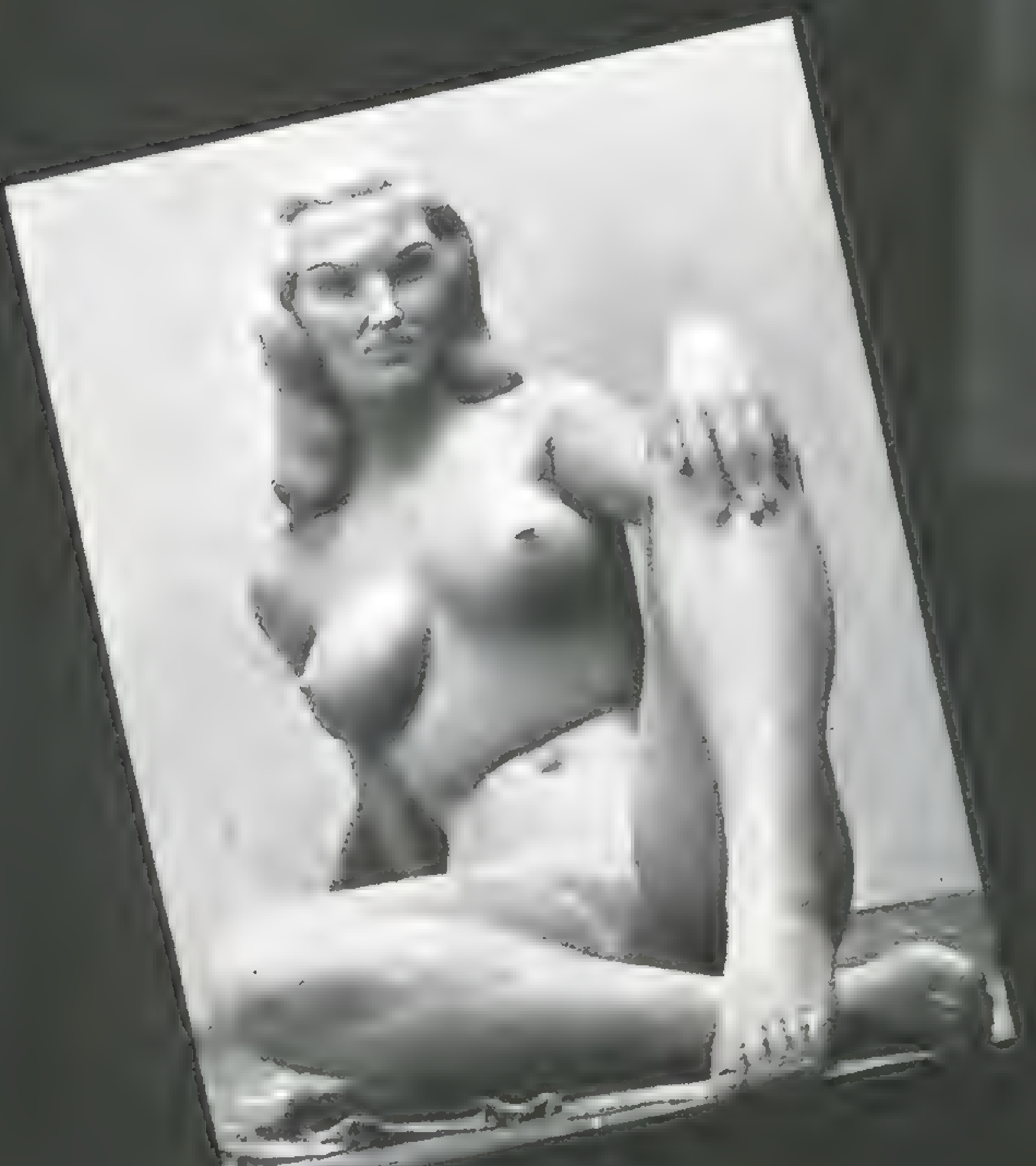
"Could you spare a slice of bread, madam, and a few amperes of your electrical current?"











The Types of American Beauty

in sculpture by

FRANK NAGY

as photographed by

ANDRÉ DE DIENES

NUMBER 7: *Pomona*

LONG limbed, but well proportioned, somewhat oversized girl of a type one would associate with the heroes of Nordic saga; the spouse of a Norse warrior and the mother of future Vikings. Everything is generous about her, from the mass of wavy hair to the solid bony structure, the powerful muscles, well covered with ample layers of softer material, and the well developed round breasts. The ensemble results in generous curves of almost heroic proportions.

Functionally, an almost perfect specimen of feminine physique; her pituitary gland, perhaps, close to the upper limit of normality: viz, the powerful prognath chin, the slight bulge over the roof of the nose indicative of a large frontal sinus, the strong nose, the somewhat thicker lips and the shapely, though large hands and feet.

This is the girl one looks at with awe on the beaches. One admires her from a distance but does not date her, unless oneself is a six footer. She is the more attractive to athletic outdoor men who do not cherish illusions about the "little wife." Serious, competent, full of motherly kindliness which would make her feel attracted to the nursing profession. Teaching of physical culture might offer another outlet for her gifts and inclinations. She is endowed with a healthy appetite and not meant by nature to chastise her flesh. Her full maturity, especially in the emotional field, may be somewhat delayed but she will make up for lost opportunities if given a second chance. If disappointed in the gratification of her lusty natural impulses or if widowed prematurely, she is bound to turn into a pillar of the church.

"Mulier formosa heroica."

—Nostradamus, M.D.

The types of American Beauty is a series of characteristic figures, the concept of the sculptor Frank Nagy, working in collaboration with the photographer André de Dienes and the psycho-physical "analyst" Nostradamus, the latter serving as a check on the creative fantasies of the sculpture.

The series was born of Frank Nagy's belief that "character is recognizable in every part of the human body." To implement this dictum, Nagy has created this series of figures especially for Esquire, for whose readers they are interpreted, in words, by the analysis of "Nostradamus," and in light and shadow by the camera of André de Dienes.

"Nostradamus" is the pseudonym of a prominent New York specialist, author of many medical texts and treatises, who has never before written for nonscientific publications. Although he has made the above "reading" of the anatomy in the light of his experience and judgment as a man of science, against the background of countless case histories studied in the clinic which he conducts in Manhattan, he has nevertheless made this analysis purely as a lay interpretation of a work of art—it is offered, in other words, simply as an informed appraisal and is not meant to be regarded as a diagnosis. He points out that while physical conformations are an index to character they are by no means its entire text, revealing truths but not necessarily the whole truth. In fact, "figures may lie."

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FAITHFUL AND TRUE
1847
1812
1775
1861
1898
1851

THE FIFTH FIELD ARTILLERY, U. S. A.

"Men die . . . but the regiment lives on"

1917
1900
1775
1888
1898
1917
S. A.
1898

The Fifth Field Artillery, U. S. A.

This regiment has fought from the Battle of Long Island to the Meuse-Argonne, its blood has flown from Pekin to Contreras

by JAMES WARNER BELLAH & COMPTON PAKENHAM

• ARTICLE •

THE only regiment on the lists of the Regular Army of the United States that can trace itself directly back to the Continental Army under General Washington is the 5th Field Artillery. Not only has it this signal distinction but what is now Battery D of the 5th has the added unique tradition of having been the entire Army of the United States in 1784, when the Continental Army was reduced to this one Battery stationed at West Point, New York, with twenty-five of its men on detached service guarding stores at Fort Pitt, Pennsylvania.

And yet, if one were to stop a section of the 5th Field as it rolls on down out of Georgia to the Sabine River in Texas, where the Regiment is on maneuvers as these lines are penned, about one man in ten would know anything about his Regimental history, for that is the way of the United States Army.

It is a pity perhaps that a greater emphasis is not placed on regimental tradition in this country, but the reason for this seeming omission is plain when the regimental system here is compared to the British—or in general—the European.

In the British Army the regiment is a permanent family. You enlist in England for a specific regiment, and go where it goes all your life. You are gazetted from Sandhurst to the regiment, once and for all, that will be your official family for the rest of your career as a regimental officer.

But in the United States Army, the regiment is merely a moribund framework, an impersonal organization through which living personnel flows continually. The regiment remains usually in one spot, but its officers and men change station, go to other regiments as their enlistments run out or their tours of duty come to an end.

Then again, in the United States Army, there is very little refinement of regimental living. Except in the field, few regular officers' messes are maintained and Sergeants' and Corporals' Messes are unheard of. The thought in this country is not that the regiment is a family with family tradition, manners and breeding, but rather that it is a team or an athletic club out to do a job and get it over with.

This does not pertain in the case of National Guard regiments, many of whose traditions are much older and more jealously guarded than the traditions of the Regular Army.

National Guard-regiments keep their personnel in the regimental family—a man enlists or is commissioned in the 7th, the 71st or the 69th New York—and there he very often stays for his soldiering lifetime. In the Regular Army, he is eternally moving on.

Hence no permanent loyalty can exist for any one regiment when an officer may serve in five or six in a lifetime, and yet it is hard to conceive of anyone serving in the 5th Field and failing to remember his service with a feeling of pride—for the 5th is a regiment whose history is the history of the United States, whose caissons have gone rolling along from the Battle of Long Island to the Meuse-Argonne and whose dead and wounded have bled from Pekin to the Heights of Contreras and heard the shrill war cries of the Seminoles and the Cherokee and of the Miami Indians, who once scalped all of its officers.

To ride with the 5th is to ride with the ghosts of great soldiers—Major General John C. Pemberton, Confederate States Army, once commanded D Battery—and the memories of high deeds.

The 5th has been a fighting regiment from the beginning. European regiments may point with pride to their regimental privileges as a result of honors won in the field, and to special peacetime duties as a result of these privileges. The 5th Field can't—for it is as workaday as any other artillery regiment in this country—but it can point to the record and the record is fabulous. From its pages a Nation rises slowly and stands four-square before you.

It was Captain Alexander Hamilton, later Major General, and still later Secretary of the Treasury, who commanded what is now "D" Battery of the 5th at the Battle of Princeton during the Revolution. The story of his motive differs, but the fact is that Hamilton was a Kings College man—now Columbia College—and the D Battery which he had raised himself as "The Provincial Company of the Artillery of the Colony of New York," was composed, in large part, of Kings College undergraduates. To them, Princeton was even then, merely Princeton, one supposes. With Hamilton, there is a hint of an early rebuff at the hands of the Regents of Princeton to intensify his natural boyish animosity toward a rival institution of learning.

Whatever the reason, Hamilton during the Battle of Princeton unlimbered D Battery on the Princeton campus, en passant, and lobbed a six-pound shot at the chapel, which, legend has it, penetrated that building and passed through the head of the portrait of King George the Second.

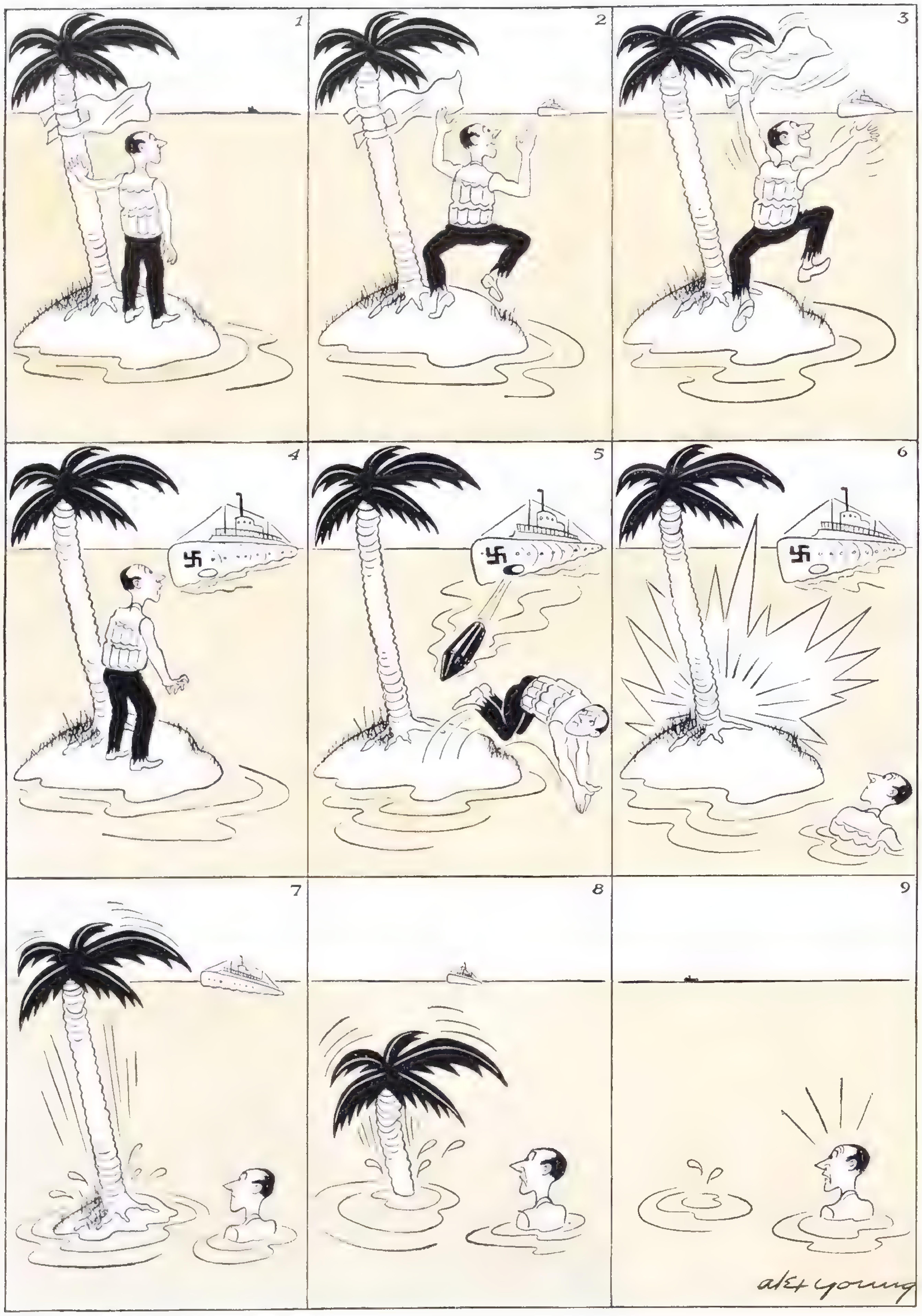
At any rate, you can still see the portrait.

The first shots ever fired in anger by the guns of the 5th were fired on July 12th, 1776, from Fort George, New York City—the site of which is now called The Battery—at two British ships lying off Governor's Island.

The Regiment's honors in the Revolution are "Long Island," "Trenton," "Princeton," "Brandywine," "Germantown," "Monmouth," and "Yorktown." Its last shots of the Revolution were again fired from The Battery in New York in salute to the raising

Continued in center of page 174

"I knew something was up when they served us spinach this morning!"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alex young

34-55-76—and Zowie!

The Labouchère roulette system by Earl V. Weller or any other name would still smell as bad

by EASLEY BLACKWOOD

▪ ARTICLE ▪

When you bet $1.00 on a roulette wheel of the American type you are entitled to $.9473684 in return. You can juggle the amount of each bet as much as you choose; you can allow your winnings to double; you can use some Martingale system which increases your bets when you are losing; you can do anything you like but if the wheel has an "0" and "00" you are entitled to a little less than $.95 for every $1.00 you bet. Notice that this is $.95 for every $1.00 you bet and not for every $1.00 you have. If you go to a roulette game with $100 in your pocket and place 100 bets of $5.00 each, you will bet $500. Despite the fact that you have only $100 to begin with, you might be able to place 100 bets of $5.00 each, for you will win some bets and lose some, and may actually bet much more money than you ever have at one time. You will receive in return for your bets of $500, on the average $473.68, so you will lose $26.32 of your original $100; in this case more than ¼ of your original capital. It might be interesting to note in passing that your chances to place 500 bets of $1.00 each, and not to lose money in doing so, are about 1 in 8. Such are the results of betting with the odds against you!

In last January's Esquire Mr. Earl V. Weller had an article telling newspaper men how to beat these odds. Why he picked on the gentlemen of the press I do not know. Many of my friends are newspaper men, and while they are on the whole a pretty decent lot, I am afraid that the idea of getting money for nothing will appeal to them far too well. What Mr. Weller has done has been to revive an old and a murderous variation of the Martingale roulette system known as the Labouchère. This system has been recommended time and again by tipsters, and up to now no mathematician has gone to the trouble of driving a stake through this vampire. Unfortunately experimental work in this system will prove expensive, so if the subject interests you, I recommend that a perusal of the balance of this article will offer a much more economical method of testing this system than any other which might occur to you.

Using the Labouchère you write on a slip of paper a series of numbers, say for example, 1-2-3. You add together the first and the last figure in this row and bet the number of chips represented by this total. This bet is placed on one of the so-called even chances, black or red, odd or even, etc. In this case this bet would be 4 chips. If you lose this bet, you write the number of chips lost, 4, at the end of the series. The next bet again represents the sum of the first and last figures in the row, or 5 chips. Whenever a bet is won you cross out the 2 numbers represented by this bet. If you lose the first and win the second bet, the figures now are ~~1~~ 2 3 ~~4~~, and the next bet is again 5 chips. You continue this process, always betting an amount equal to the sum of the first and last figures remaining in the row, striking out these two figures if you win, and if you lose writing down an additional figure in the row representing the number of chips bet on that coup until finally all of the figures are crossed out. Whenever this happy event occurs you have won an amount equal to the original figures written down; in this case 6 chips.

The argument that this system will work is based on the obvious fact that 1 successful coup will cancel 2 unsuccessful coups, so that when you have won just one-half as many times as you have lost, you are even. This argument is somewhat complicated by the fact that you start out by assuming that you have lost 3 bets of 1, 2, and 3 chips respectively, which bets you have not actually lost. The reason you do this is that when you have won one-half as many bets as you have actually lost, plus one-half of the bets you assumed lost, you have won back not only the chips you actually lost, but the chips you assumed lost as well. That is why, when you have canceled a series of numbers, you have in reality won 6 chips. The three losses of 1, 2, and 3 chips you assumed come to a total of 6 chips.

To complete a series under this particular version of the Labouchère, then, you must win one-half as many chips as you actually lose, plus one-half of the 3 bets assumed to have been lost. At first glance it seems that you should always be able to do this. While losing 9 coups, if you can win 6 (½ of 9 plus 3) you complete a series, and win 6 chips. If you are not successful in winning 6 out of 15 coups, you would figure that by the time you lost 20 coups, you would surely win 12, or that while losing 35, you would surely win 19, in either event winning enough to equal (or exceed by ½) one-half as many bets as those lost added to the 3 assumed to have been lost. It would seem that somewhere along the line you would catch up, complete the series, and win 6 chips.

Because this system seems to be such a cinch, and because mathematicians haven't taken the trouble to point out the fallacies of it, you are almost sure at some time or other to have it, or some variation of it, offered to you as a sure thing. Thousands of roulette players have tried the Labouchère, and will continue to do so, in spite of this article. As a matter of fact, no one has ever won with this system if he played it very long, and no one ever will, as will be shown. But before we go into an examination of this variation of the Labouchère, let us take a look at another factor in betting that is generally overlooked.

It is not true that you win and lose alter-

Continued in center of page 144

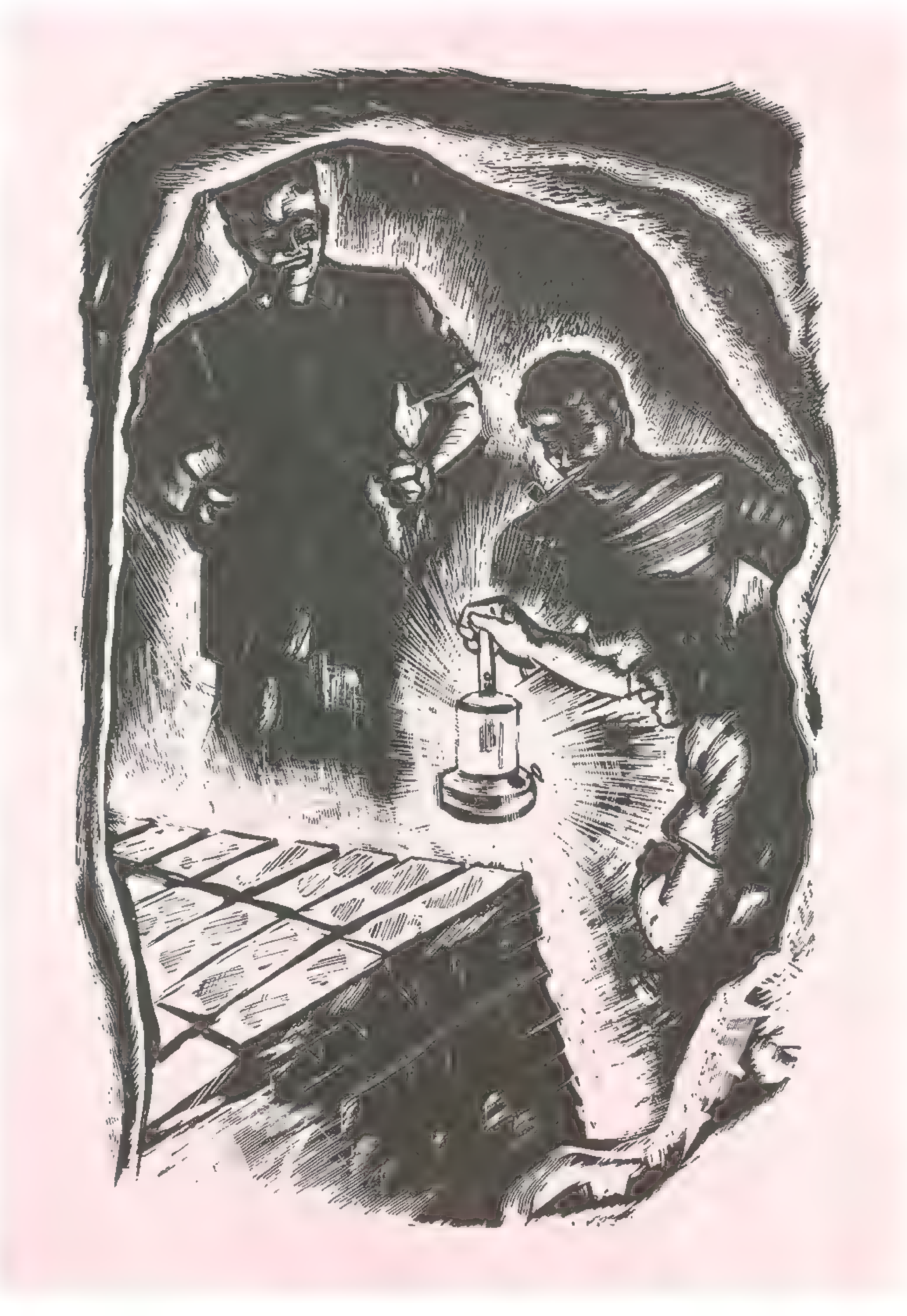
"Awfully sorry, Mr. Banks, you're washed up"

Time Was a Thing It Scorned

Hired by a shady promoter for a fake treasure hunt, the three had disliked one another at the start

by DONALD BARR CHIDSEY

■ FICTION ■



ARCHER sat down on the million dollars and roared. The pressure lamp brightened the cave, which was not an ordinary one but the upper end of a lava tube. A lava tube is a corridor or tunnel in volcanic rock, originally caused by a column of steam or a series of hot air bubbles forcing a way up through hardening lava. It might be vertical or it might slant, as this did, opening upon the side of the mountain. It might be the size of your fist or as big as a bungalow. This one was about four feet across.

"I haven't had such a good laugh since I read the proofs of the autobiography that newspaperman wrote for me!"

"What's so funny about it?"

Archer spread his hands. Back in the days when he was famous, immediately after his trans-Atlantic hop, when he spoke often at dinners and gave not a few lectures, he had been in the habit of spreading his hands like this while telling a story.

"We'd never even heard of it a few months ago. You suppose Emerson Fells believes in it? Certainly not! Nor do any of his salesmen, unless maybe in the frenzy of convincing a sucker. The Post Office Department does not believe it or else it wouldn't be watching Fells so closely. The officials at Papeete kept straight faces when we went over the treasure trove business with them and got permission to transport the dynamite; but they were really laughing at us all the time. The man who owns this island didn't care whether we offered him twenty per cent or two for the privilege of blowing his mountain to bits. All he wanted was to make us promise to buy supplies at his shop.

"We came here on a treasure hunt with no more idea of finding treasure than the man in the moon. All we were supposed to do was make a show. We were to look as if we were really searching for something. We were to set off a lot of explosions and get a lot of pictures taken, so's there'd be something to come back at the Post Office people with in case they tried to get out a fraud order, and also so's there'd be something impressive to show people who might be thinking of investing. And then—what do we do?" He leaned back, putting his hands on the gold behind him, and threw his head high while he roared with laughter. "*We find the stuff!*"

Bightry walked to the edge of the tube, where the slope started, where the rubble stopped. It was dark there; and the tube dived into the very heart of the mountain. Bightry kicked a stone and it went clack-clack-clack, down and down: they could hear it for a long time.

"Swell to have a sense of humor," he said.

He was a large man, physically and morally loose, a man whose skin hung from his bones as though discouraged. He had china blue eyes, in themselves fine, but he was not otherwise attractive. Years ago, before Harry Pigeon and Alain Gerbault and others had made the feat of following Slocum comparatively common, Harry Bightry started around the world alone in a homemade 30-foot cutter. He was within a few hundred miles of making it, too, when a Greek tramp found him clinging to wreckage in the north Atlantic. There had been a lot of publicity.

"The question is," he said now, "what are we going to do?"

Archer cried "Why, report it, of course!"

Bightry looked at Leach, who was looking at Archer.

"Is there any particular hurry about that?" asked Leach.

These three men had not liked one another, from the very beginning. On the freighter coming down from Frisco they were scarcely polite. In Tahiti, where they lingered as long as possible, in fact until Emerson Fells wirelessed a demand that they get moving, they saw one another only from time to time on business. In the ketch coming out here to Tuturahonui there was snarling. They had been here three weeks.

The worst of it was that each man despised himself. Broke, they had been hired by a shady promoter because of their names—and because they came cheap.

They did not like what they were doing; and Tuturahonui was a very small island not otherwise inhabited.

"Why, we've got to report it! That's the law!"

"Don't try to tell me you never broke the law before?"

"I'm not saying that, but—" Archer looked from one to the other, and he could see that they were sore. "Anyway that's our agreement with Fells. He's our boss. He's paying us."

"He's not paying us to find a fortune in solid gold. That's the last thing in the world he expected."

This was true; but still Archer shook his head.

"Now look," said Bightry. "Come to life. You're not worrying about cheating the people Fells has sold stock to, are you?"

"Well, they own this gold, after the colonial government's taken out its split and the owner of the island's taken out his."

"You don't mean to tell me you think they'll ever get it? With a man like Fells at the head of the company? He'd be flabbergasted to learn that we found something, but don't worry, he'd think fast! He'd devise some way to get all that stock back into his own hands, or else he'd form a holding company or a managing company or something that'd skim off the cream and keep most of the milk too. Trust Fells! When it was all settled, the suckers would still have nothing but pretty pieces of paper, and we'd be out of a job, and Fells would be rich."

Archer rose, picking up the lamp.

"Let's get out. I don't like the air in this place."

"I don't like the air on this whole island," said Bightry.

That night, relentless, they brought it up again. Archer had been cook and he prolonged the dish washing, simple process though it was, as much as possible. But the others did not go to sleep. They sat waiting for him, Leach smoking his pipe. Leach really did smoke a pipe, by habit. He was the youngest, in his lower thirties, and though when you looked closely you saw that he was soft, at first glance he seemed firm and well set-up. He had a strong-silent face, a granite jaw, unwavering eyes, a toothbrush mustache. He had been a mining engineer in Mexico and sundry other wild countries, and seven years ago he'd written a book about his experiences. Mining engineers, and especially those who had ever worked with Edgar Leach, shouted that the thing was a tissue of lies, that he did not know what he was talking about, that he had not even been to half the places he mentioned and certainly hadn't done a tenth of the things he said he had done. Be that as it may—and a certain amount of it was doubtless plain common ordinary jealousy—the book sold. It headed non-fiction lists for many months. It had verve and dash; assuredly it had color; and if it did not give a true picture of the life of an adventurous mining engineer, it did give a picture of what the public had always supposed to be the life of an adventurous mining engineer. Leach, with his pipe and mustache and rocklike jaw, was luncheoned and tea-ed and dined and cocktailed. He gave lectures. He granted autographs. He endorsed things. He made a lot of money.

Since then Leach had written three other books. Three flops. Likely enough, as the old-timers asserted, he never had been a good mining engineer. Anyway he found it hard to make a living once his fame had faded; and when Emerson Fells approached him he had been prepared to snap at anything.

"Look, Archer—"

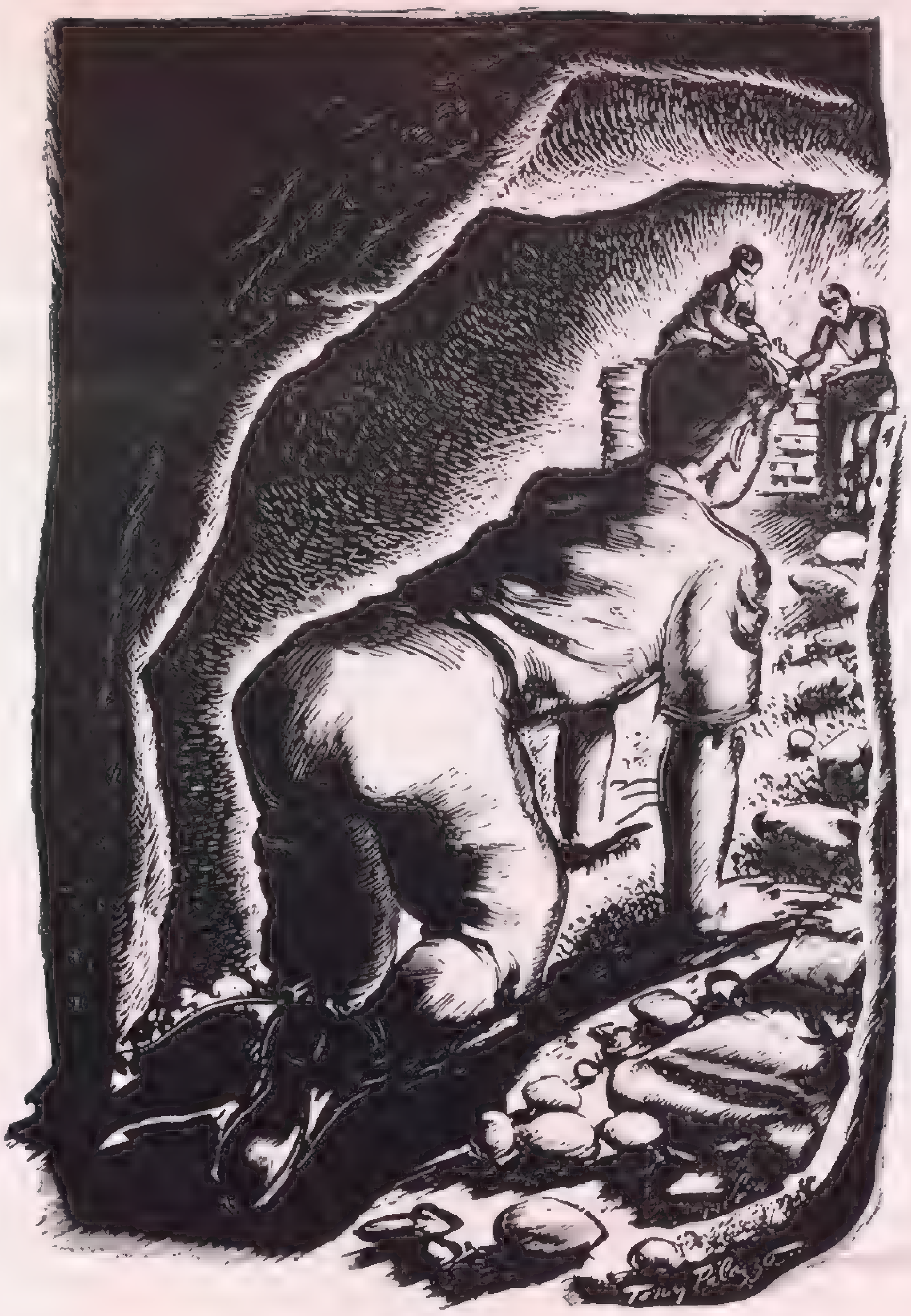
"Now in the first place, even if we all agreed to try to get away with the stuff ourselves, it wouldn't be possible. There must be more than three thousand pounds of gold there. You can't just stick that into a vest pocket and walk past two sets of customs officials with it."

He was nervous, a trifle scared, and spoke jerkily. He very definitely did not like the manner in which they were looking at him.

"Maybe we can think of a way," Leach said.

"A million dollars," said Bightry, "is a hell of a lot of money."

It was. And Archer, being human, had been reflecting upon this fact ever since the dynamite explosion that morning exposed the lava tube and the dirt-strewn, criss-crossed ingots of gold. It *was* a hell of a lot of money; and you could do a hell of a lot with it. You could buy things the way you used to do, without first asking the price. You could get yourself a decent place to live, decent clothes to wear. You could eat and you could drink practically anything your fancy presented and your stomach would stand. Yes, you could drink.



"Have a slug," said Bightry, handing him the bottle.

"Not right now."

"Go ahead!"

"Oh, all right."

He sighed a little and took a drink.

"I'm going to turn in," he announced.

"Wait till I tell you the plan first."

"I'm tired."

"This won't take long." Leach leaned forward, waggling the stem of his pipe. He still wore his toupee, and squatting there at the edge of the lagoon, in his khaki shorts and khaki bush shirt, he was very picturesque. "Now look, this is only a rough outline, but after all we've got plenty of time, and it's worth taking a little trouble about."

Wavelets slip-slapped the shore, and far out the other side of a muttering reef the moon was rising. Facing that way, you saw only orthodox South Sea loveliness, a contrast to the island itself, behind them, which had been pocked and lacerated by generations of treasure seekers.

"We make a few trips back to Tahiti and very quietly stock up. Then I'm sick, and I write Fells my resignation and catch a ship for the coast. You two come back here, still stocking up. You load the ketch with gold, set off a charge to cover up the entrance of the tube up there, and sail for California."

"In that tub?"

"It'll do it. The trades will be against you and you'll have to take a lot of beating, but you'll get there. Bightry will see to that. And the longer the voyage, the better. Eventually you'll be put down as lost at sea. Nobody'll think of looking for you in the direction of California. If you were really in distress you'd head the other way, towards Samoa or Suva."

"All right. So the two of us sail 3,500 miles against the prevailing winds in a 35-foot boat carrying more than a ton and a half of raw metal. And after we get to California, what do we do? Put the stuff on our shoulders and wade ashore?"

"Now if you'll let me finish—" said Leach. "You're going to land in California, in a place I know, and I'll be waiting there for you—don't worry about that—and we'll get the stuff ashore somehow. That part of it's up to me. But I'll have plenty of time, and I'll fix it. All right. Now I'll have leased, through somebody else, an old worked-out gold mine. I've still got connections in that business, and it shouldn't be hard. There are hundreds of such claims left. We'll move the stuff up there, and then you two will go back and wreck the cutter and get yourselves nicely cast ashore. Haggard, half-starved—all that. Your story is that you started from here to Tahiti and were blown out of your course by unprecedented winds. Meant to sail a few hundred miles and had to sail several thousand instead. You'll be heroes, naturally. And Fells isn't going to complain about a little publicity like that. He'll probably award you each a ten-dollar bonus.

"All right. Meanwhile our dummy promoter begins to find gold. Not much, at first. A little at a time. But sooner or later we can get the whole lot turned in, and the United States Government will pay us for it. It'll take years, but don't you figure a million is worth it?"

Archer was silent. He would have liked to tell them that what he objected to was not the physical hardships involved but—it sounded so silly and old-fashioned!—the moral angle. He would have liked to explain that while he'd done some pretty low things, such as taking a job like this, he had never before literally stolen anything; and he did not propose to start. He had plenty to be ashamed of, but he had not yet been and wasn't going to be an out-and-out crook. But

Continued in center of page 186

Nobody Wanted Seabiscuit

Thrilling yarn of a horse, a stable and a jockey overcoming mountainous obstacles, routing a nine-year jinx

by CHARLES B. PARMER

• SPORTS •

He was a hard-luck horse who never quit trying to win until world fame met him at the finish line—the little bay, Seabiscuit; son of Hard Tack (he by Man o' War) and Swing On, by Whisk Broom II.

His first start was at Hialeah in Florida January 19, 1935—in a trivial allowance affair for two-year-olds. Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons saddled him, and Jimmy Stout rode him that day in the Wheatley Stable colors—yellow and purple.

He wasn't handsome. Built like a battleship—a pocket battleship—he was all ruggedness. But he had an air about him. Stepped with determination, as if he knew what it was about—even though it was his first start.

Seabiscuit finished fourth in that skirmish—won all of $30 for his stable. The official chart of the race says he made a "good effort." . . . Five years later—after the most dramatic career in turf annals—Seabiscuit went to the post for the last time: in the red and white colors of Charles S. Howard—the taciturn Tom Smith now being trainer; and Jockey John ("Red") Pollard riding. It was the $100,000 Santa Anita Handicap, the world's richest race, with $86,650 waiting for the winner.

The horse had everything against him in this race: old age—seven is ancient for a race horse. He had been lame for a year—and an old, limping nag seldom makes a comeback; practically never in stake company. He was toting top weight—the terrific impost of 130 pounds. A jinx seemed to hang over him every time he went out for a hundred grand. Twice in this same race—two years in succession—he had been beaten by the shortest of noses. Last year he had gone lame—just before this race. And in 1938 he went lame while training for a proposed hundred thousand match race. If you believed in jinxes—well, he was number 13 at post; on the extreme outside, where he had to run the farthest.

Seabiscuit won that race—and smashed the track record. In 2:01 1/5 he became the world's greatest money-winning horse, making his grand total winnings $437,730—earned in five years' time—which is $60,986 ahead of Sun Beau, previous holder of the record. He had gone to the post eighty-nine times; had won thirty-three races, had finished second fifteen times, and third thirteen times. Again he demonstrated that he was one of the fastest horses ever foaled—yet once he was a crippled cast-off, offered for $2,500 with no takers.

Behind all this is as thrilling a yarn as ever was told—of a horse and a stable and a jockey overcoming mountainous obstacles, withstanding the worst of bad luck, and routing a jinx which for nine years seemed to attack all horses that tried to topple Sun Beau from his throne.

For some reason the smart Wheatley Stable—his first owner—did not fancy this fellow: possibly because of bad legs, which caused trouble. In his second start they dropped him into cheap company—a $2,500 claiming race. Any authorized person could take him by paying the price—but nobody wanted the colt. Yet he was a bang-up second in a twelve-horse field. The chart says, "Finished fast." Third time out—again in a $2,500 claimer—he finished sixth among eleven starters. Nobody wanted him. Again, and again he was entered in claiming races—the way a rich stable sometimes disposes of unlikely plugs—but none would touch the fellow. Why, he wasn't even good looking! They said he wasn't worth the price Mr. Fitz put on him—usually $2,500, and once $4,000.

Five times he started at Hialeah—and didn't win. He was sent to the post at Bowie and Havre de Gras in Maryland—the best he could do was run second or third. They even tried him in mud. He couldn't mud—just floundered in eighth, and third another time, covered with slop kicked up by victors.

Yet he never quit. And he was always running his strongest at the finish—no matter how far behind the first horse.

The eighteenth time Seabiscuit went to the post—this was the second race of the day at Narragansett Park, Rhode Island, June 22, 1935—the colt ran away from eight others, winning easily over the five furlongs distance. Jimmy Stout rode him. Eight days later—same track—he won a claiming stakes. "Easily."

The colt was started 35 times in his two-year-old season—more times than his grandpappy, Man o' War, ran in his entire career. He won five races, ran second seven times, ran third five times—and took down $12,510. That would be a lot of money in a gypsy stable—one which depends on race earnings for subsistence. It's small change in a millionaire's barn—that's where Seabiscuit munched hay.

The fellow was regarded—by the Wheatley crowd—as a so-so runner. He was entered in none of the rich stakes for three-year-olds, but was sent out among the cripples and plugs that race in the lower brackets. Even here he was a hard luck horse. (He was a hard luck horse all his racing life.) Once he stumbled—again he was badly bumped around, and he was pocketed in large fields. But he was always trying—and he did win: once at Narragansett Park in Rhode Island, once at Suffolk Downs near Boston, and twice in a row at Saratoga.

Along came a bright young chap from California—who had noted Seabiscuit's fighting spirit: Charles S. Howard, who had made money in automobiles at 1601 Van Ness Avenue, San Francisco. A keen judge of men, he is a better judge of horses. From Georgia himself, he had as trainer another Georgian

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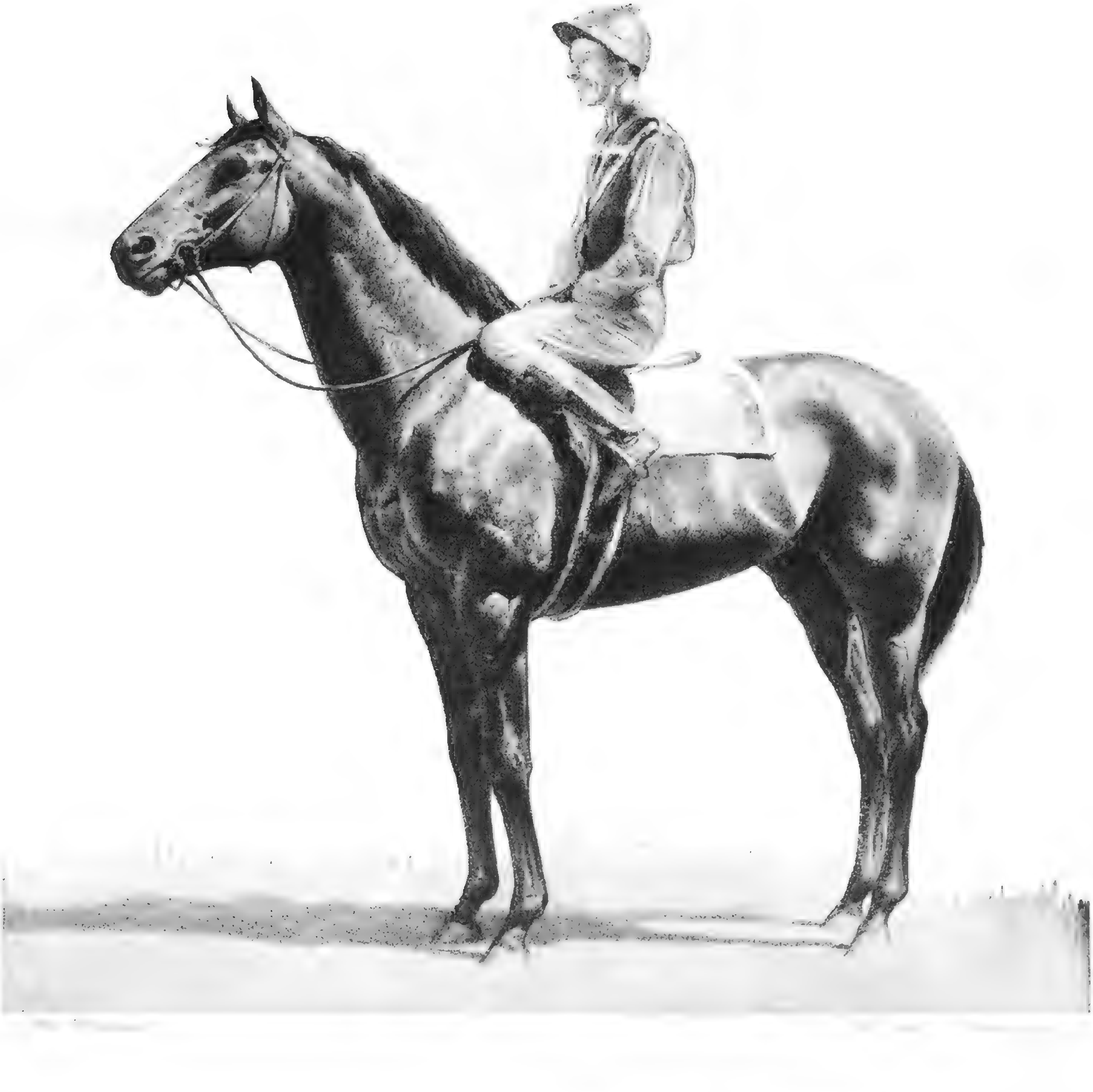
"Let's take the short cut"



SEABISCUIT: A LITHOGRAPH BY C. W. ANDERSON

COURTESY OF ABERCROMBIE & FITCH, N. Y. C.

Henry Strater: Extrovert Artist

He is husband, father and provider, traveler, tuna fisherman and public-spirited citizen as well as painter

by HARRY SALPETER

• ARTICLE •

HENRY STRATER is as American as a silo. If that comparison has been appropriated for anyone else, it is still no less true for Strater. There are several differences. One is that a silo doesn't paint pictures. Or let us say that he is as American as a Cape Cod fisherman, except that he knows how to wear a necktie. Henry Strater is American, lives American and paints American not through conscious intention, but because he couldn't do otherwise, even if you put him in the middle of a perfumed Persian garden or a smelly bazaar in Algiers.

He has American dirt under his fingernails, the American way of speech in his slow drawl, the free American's way of looking at you and laughing with you, at telling stories and expressing his mind, an American way of loping in his walk, the typical American's long gangling figure. Listen to the laughter cracking the flow of his speech, look at his sun-browned face bursting in a sudden smile, and you would know, wherever you saw or heard him, that this man came from the open spaces. Put him in a cage in the Natural History Museum and the bronze marker need say no more than *Homo Americanus.* His wife says that he looks like a Kentucky hick, which is as good a description as any.

All this only means that he is typical; it does not mean or imply that he is a great artist, or a painter of individuality. To be an artist, to want to be an artist, is a quality that does not yet make an integral part of what we know as the American spirit; that spirit is extrovert; art is introvert, and Strater is pure extrovert, his painting taking up only a small fraction of his time and a small section of his emotional output.

He is an artist, yes; it is upon his pictures that he is building what cosmopolitan reputation he has or will ever acquire. But he is many other things. He is husband and father, provider and citizen, fisherman and traveler (only within the United States), a friend of lobstermen in Maine and of Navajo Indians in Arizona, in which two states he divides his year. He is Maine's leading big tuna fisherman; photographs of Strater have been used in the state's poster campaign to attract summer visitors. His face is an invitation anywhere. There are no problems or passions concealed in it. The same is true of his paintings. You see what you see. There is nothing beyond the surface. If the great world remains the same for Strater's having lived in it, at least the small town of Ogunquit, Maine, will have profited from his having been around the place. Henry Strater is an unashamed provincial. He has seen France and Spain, lived in them and worked in them, and he found no savor there. Give him Ogunquit. Is everybody happy? You may bet on it.

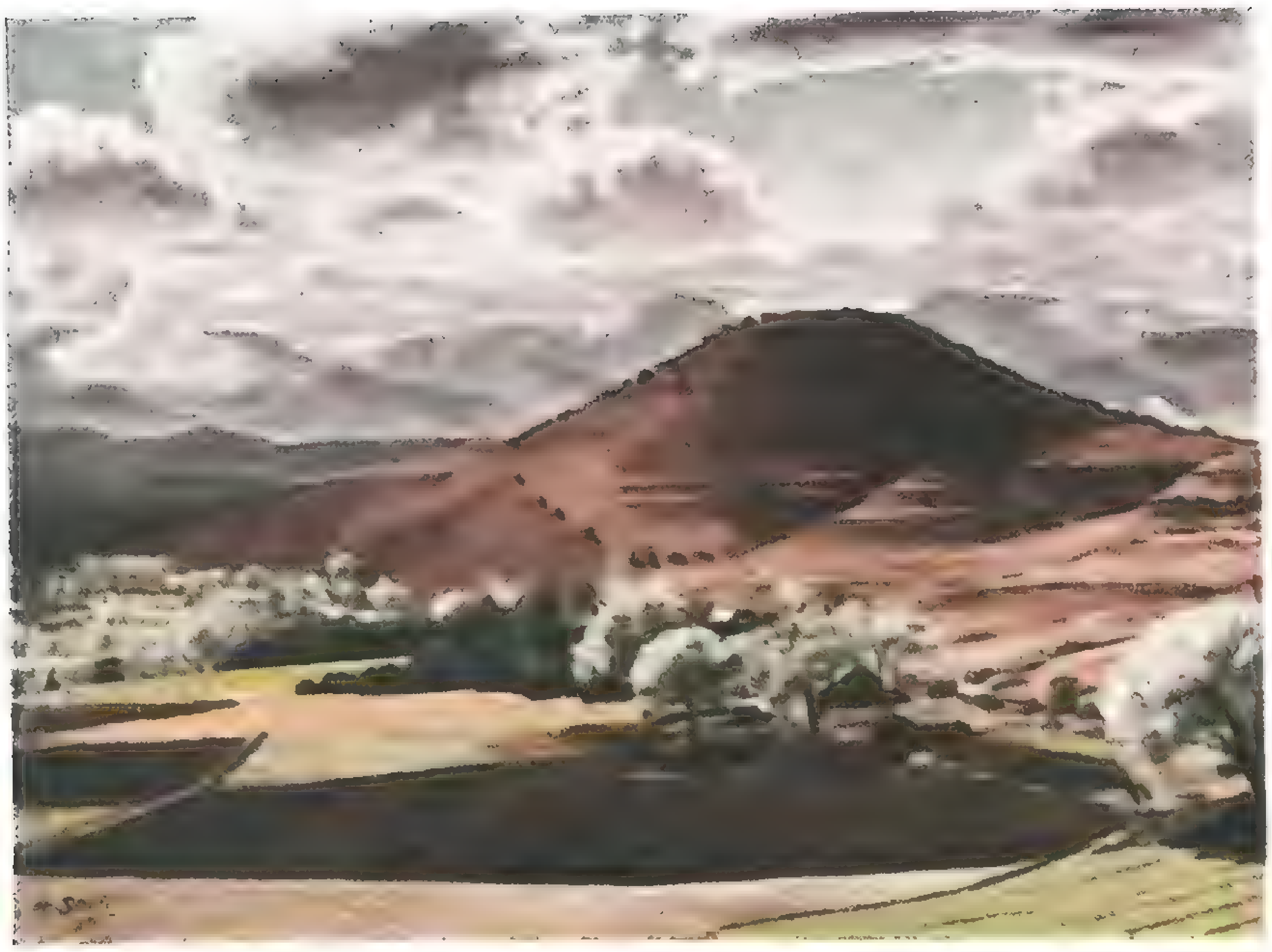
No man born forty-four years ago could look so lithe, so bronzed, so youthful, so much an invitation to summer visitors as does Strater and have a canker gnawing at his vitals. He came into the world at Louisville, Kentucky, son of a family that made its substance out of chewing tobacco. One set of grandparents came from New Orleans, the other from Ohio. He studied first at Louisville and then at Lawrenceville and Princeton, which imply substance, swank and social status. At Lawrenceville his classmates included Reginald Marsh, the artist, and Joseph Moncure March, the poet. Ever since 1924 Maine has been his home; since 1933 he and his family have spent at least six months of each year in the Verde Valley of Northern Arizona, from which he has drawn subject matter for most of his painting since that year.

At home in Maine he is chiefly the socially conscious citizen. He has been drawn even into political activities. A nod of his head could have sent him to the Maine legislature, but he refused to make that committing gesture. The Ogunquit Fire Company, of which he is an honorary member, recently put him on its committee to choose a new fire engine and during its deliberations he learned more about human nature than the most profound meditation in solitude could have given him. His inclination is to get upon terms of intimacy with human affairs rather than regard them in perspective at respectful distances. He is a member of the budget committee of the town of York, of which Ogunquit is a part, and he is also a trustee of the York Hospital and treasurer of the Ogunquit Library. In the state legislature and even as an amateur lobbyist in Washington, he has bespoken the cause of Maine's lobster fishermen, in their battles against foreign imports and for changes in the ratings which govern the cash values of their catches.

He is probably the state's most capable big tuna fisherman, the first man to capture that fish (they also call it the horse mackerel) in New England waters. His founding of the Maine Tuna Club made him a statewide figure, for the existence of this organization stimulated Maine's leading industry—summer visitors. Strater has fished also off Florida and in Caribbean waters, but his loyalty to Maine inclines him to soft-pedal these fishing forays away from home. All of these interests help keep him alive and resilient and constantly aware of people as people and not primarily as problems in figure composition.

The cream of the jest is that this man, warp and woof of his community as he is, began his artistic life under the influence of the Italian painters of the 15th century, was a member of the American expatriate colony in Paris during the hectic post-war years, even illustrating a volume of Ezra Pound's *Cantos*, and passed through the School of Paris in painting. That is, he passed through

Continued on page 167

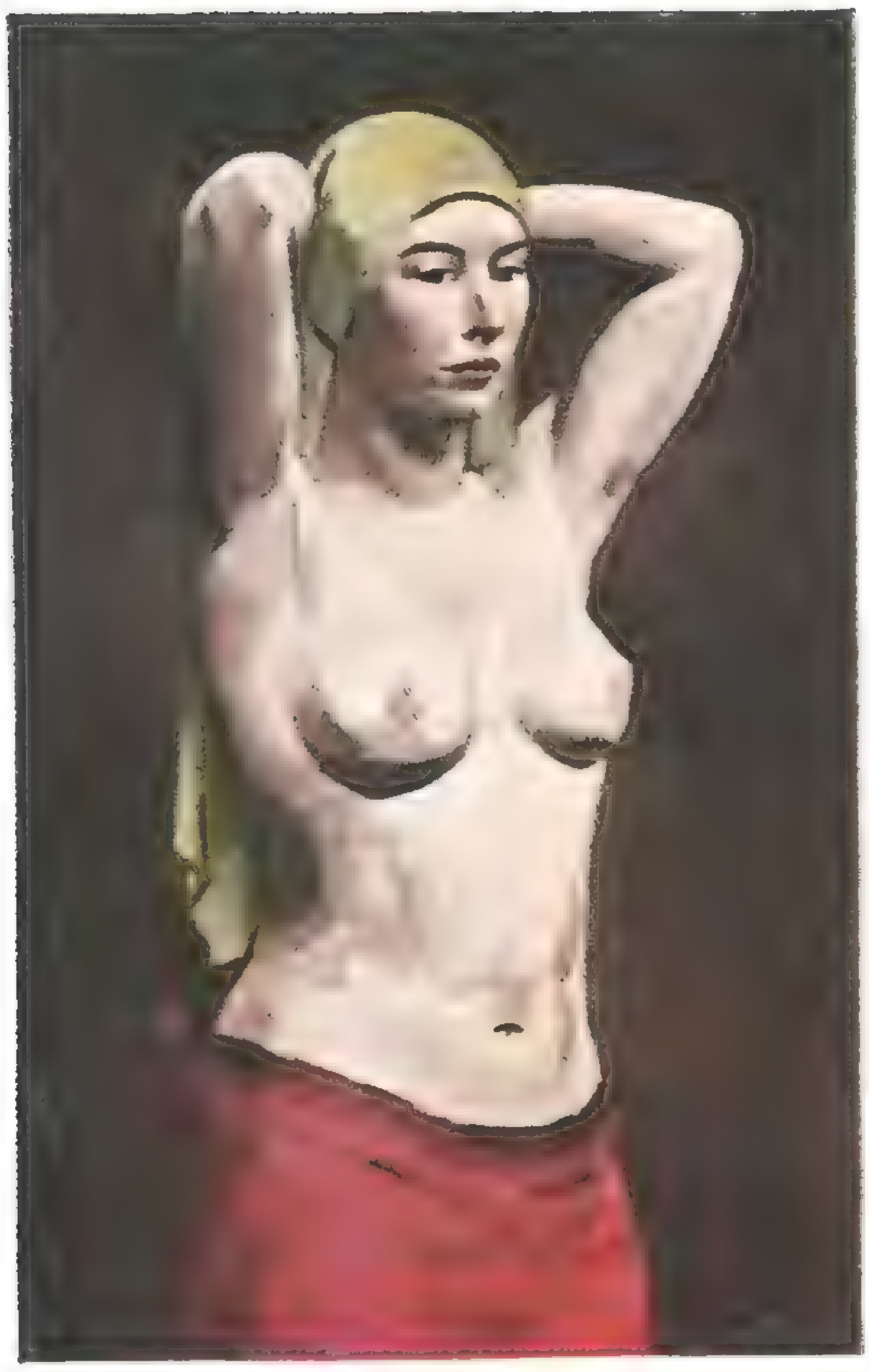


© HENRY STRATER

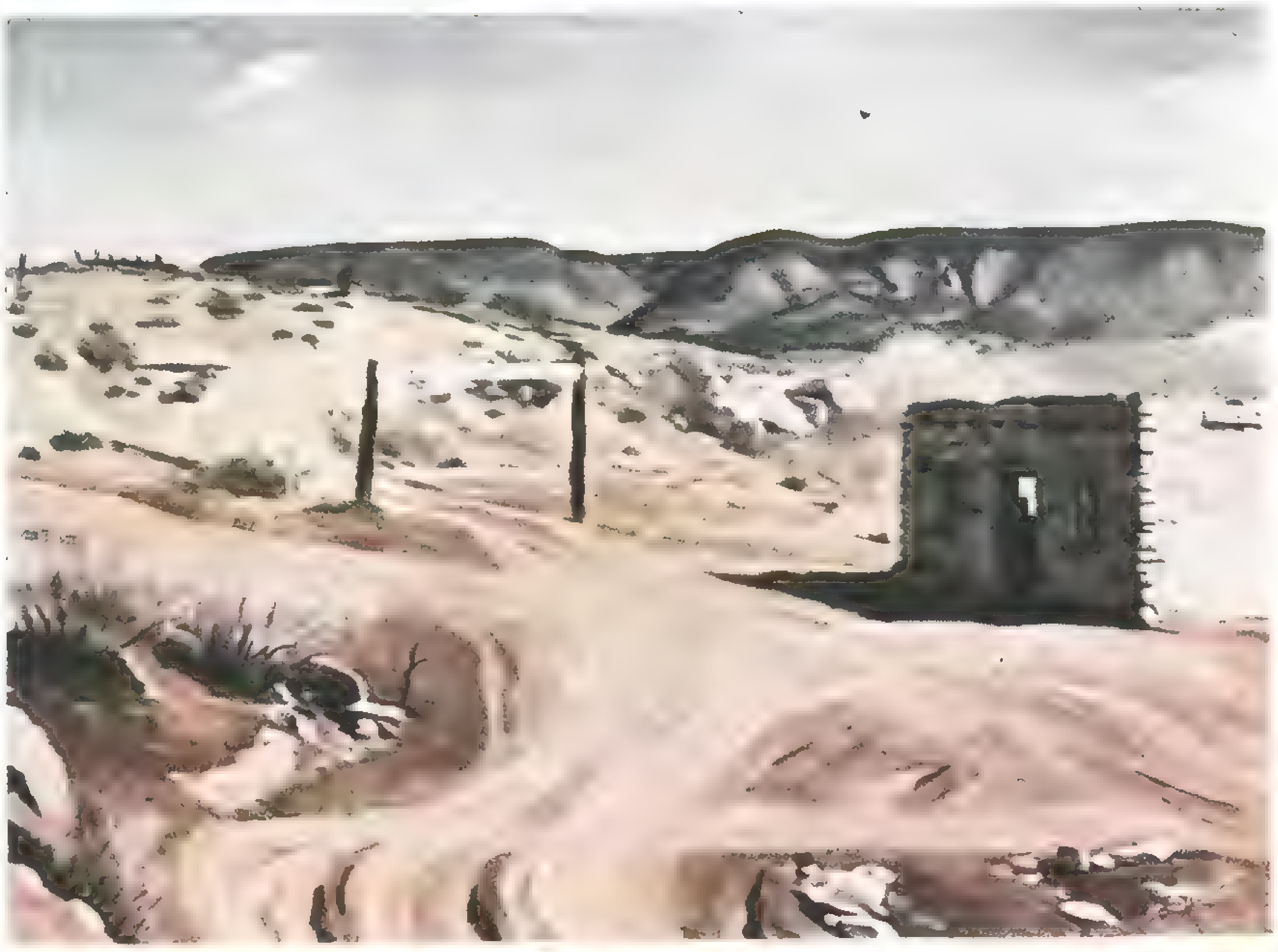
STORM ALONG THE VERDE

A Group of Paintings

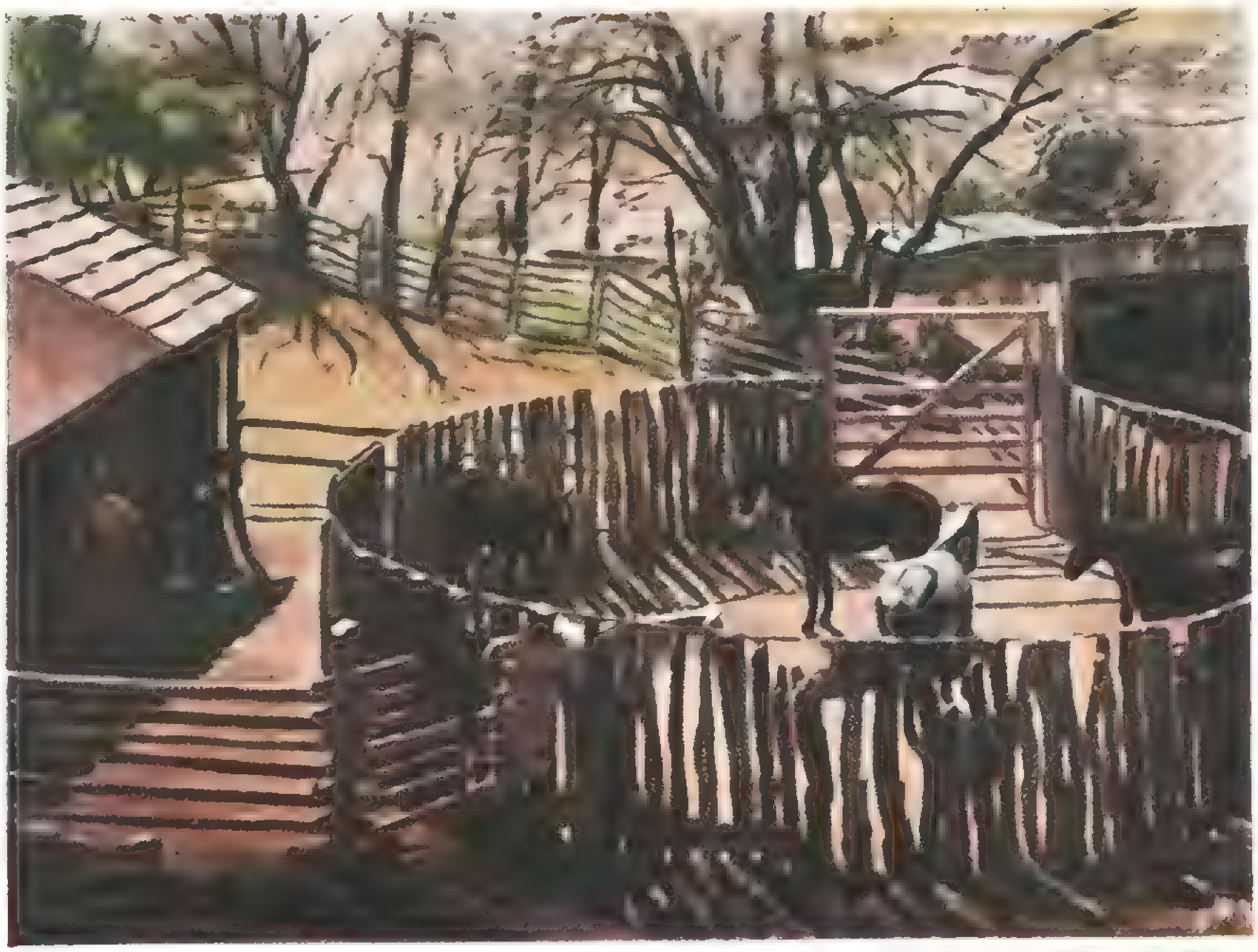
by HENRY STRATER



FIGURE



MUSEUM



STRANGER IN THE CORRAL

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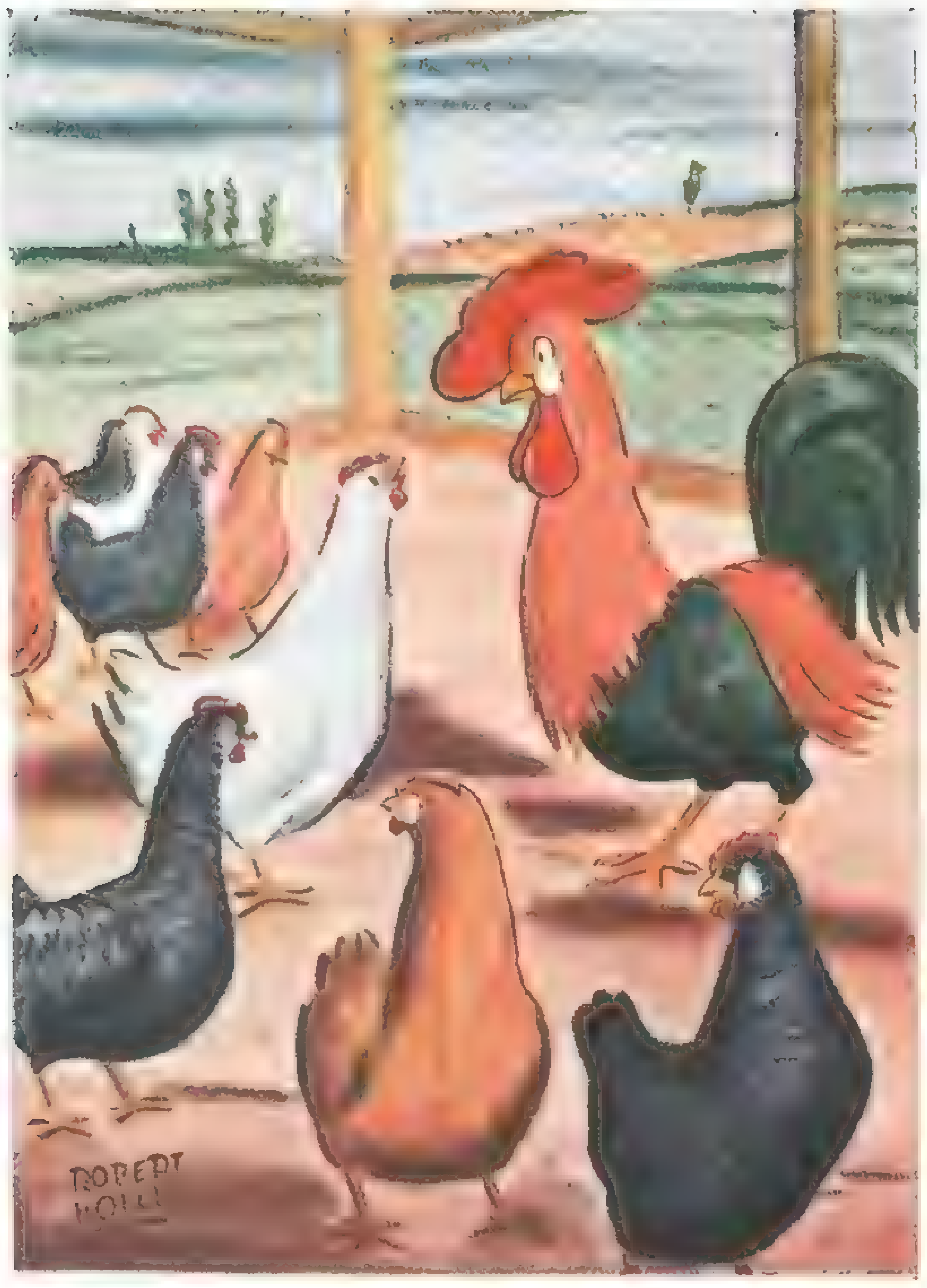
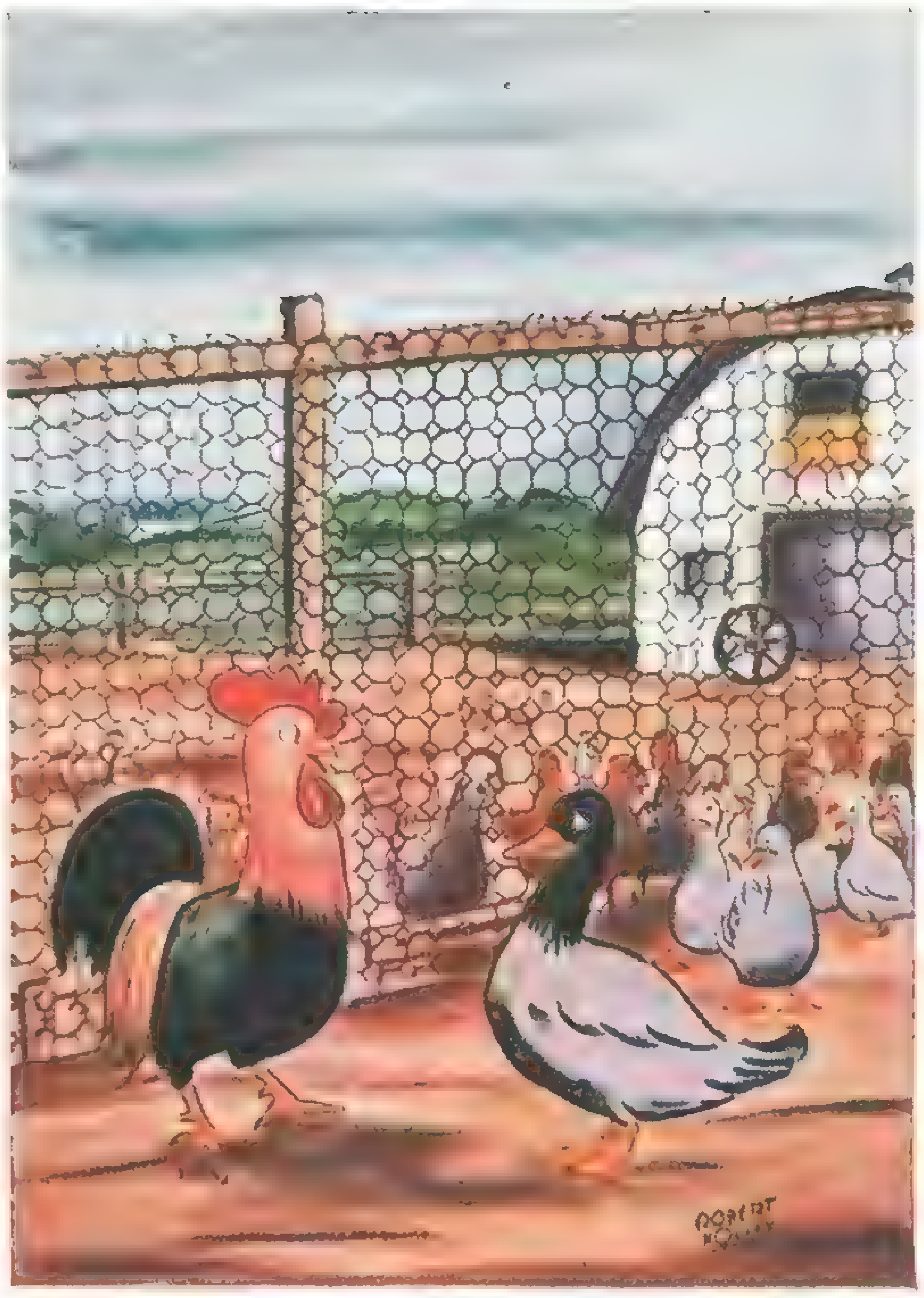
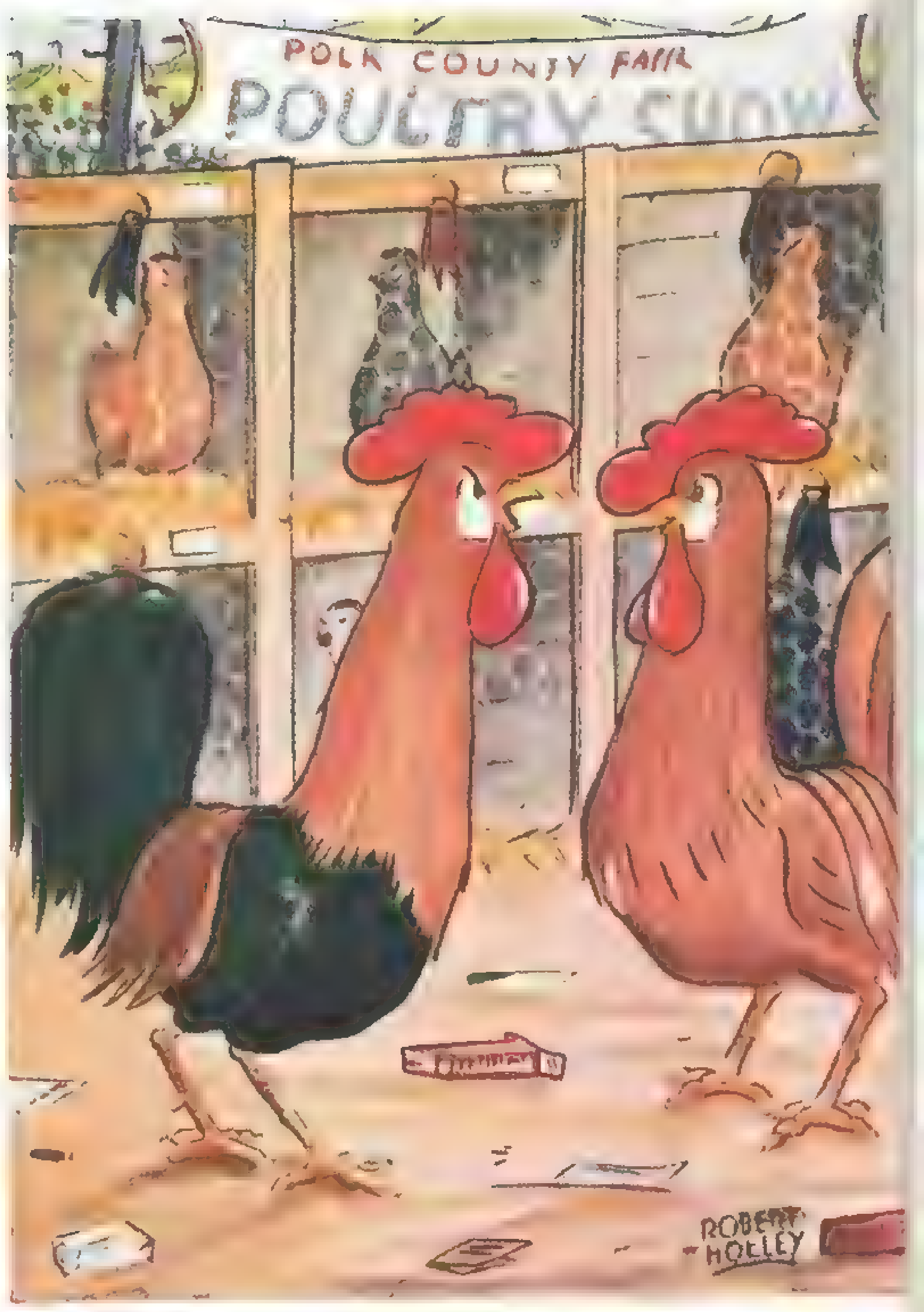

ROBERT HOLLEY

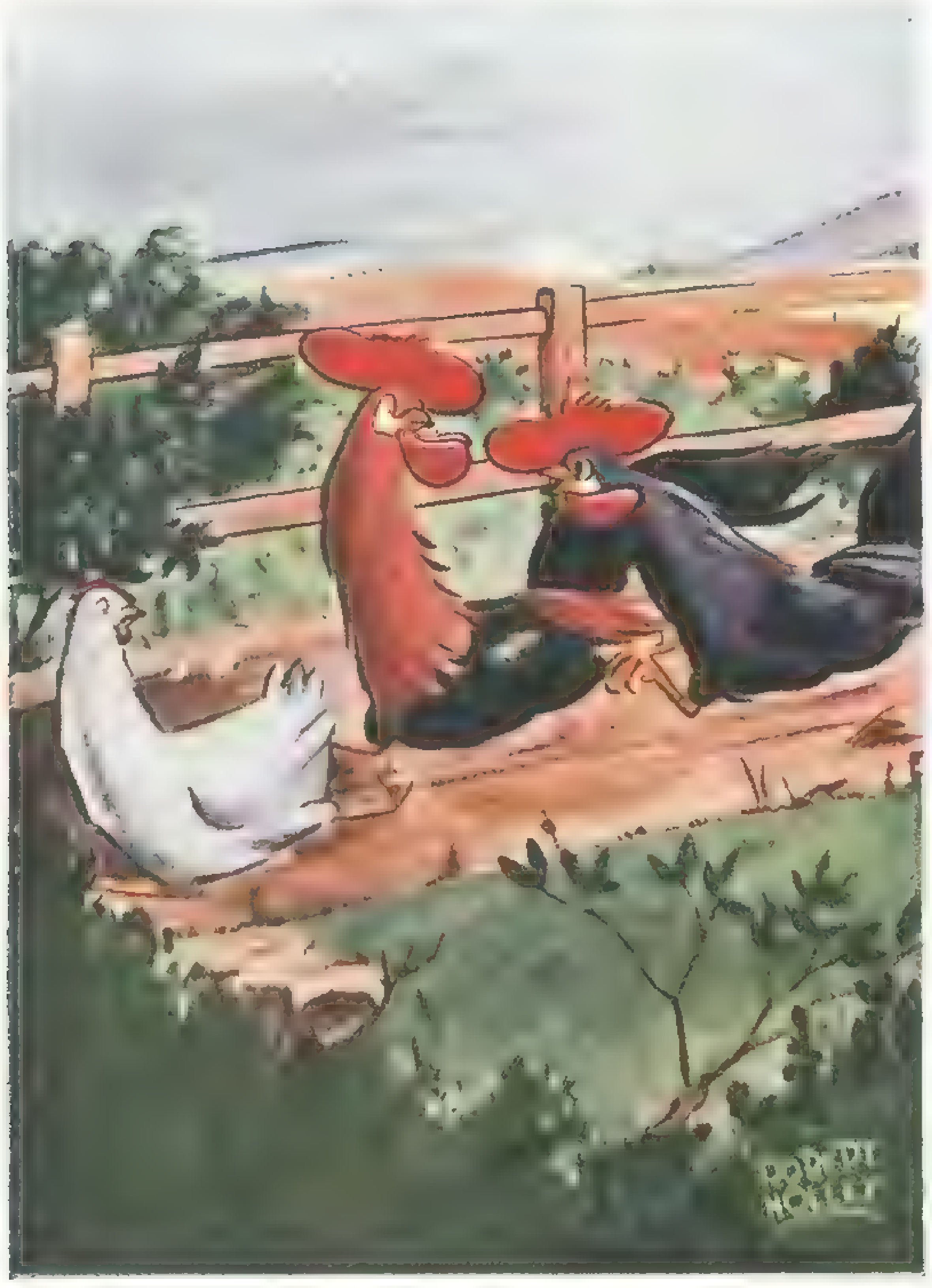
"I'm new here—can you tell me what I'm supposed to do?"


ROBERT HOLLEY

"I got fed up with the same old grind"


POLK COUNTY FAIR
POULTRY SHOW
ROBERT HOLLEY

"We do all the work and they take all the credit"


ROBERT HOLLEY

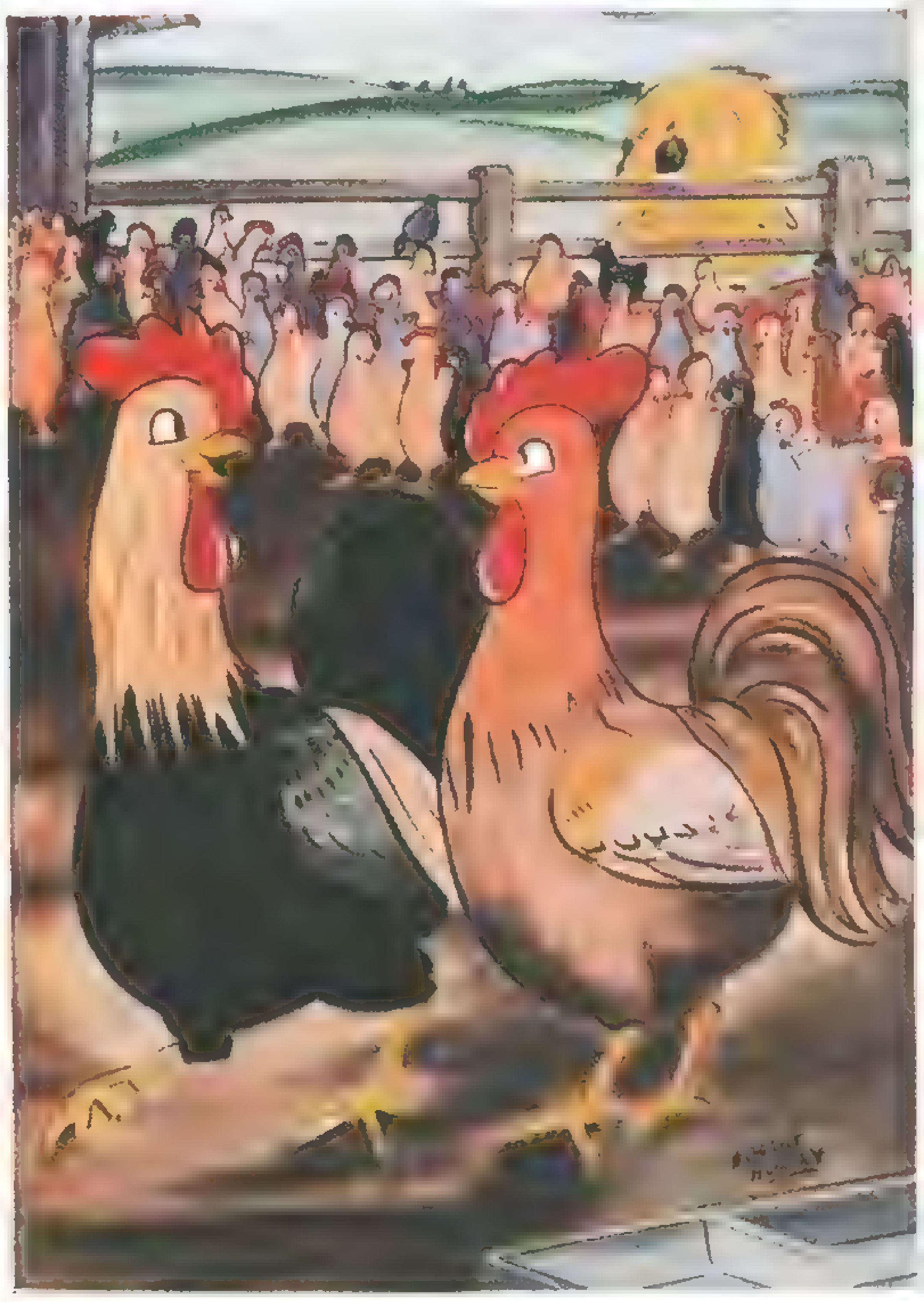
"What's up?"

Treading the Flocks with the Holleycocks
or
Love Among the Leghorns

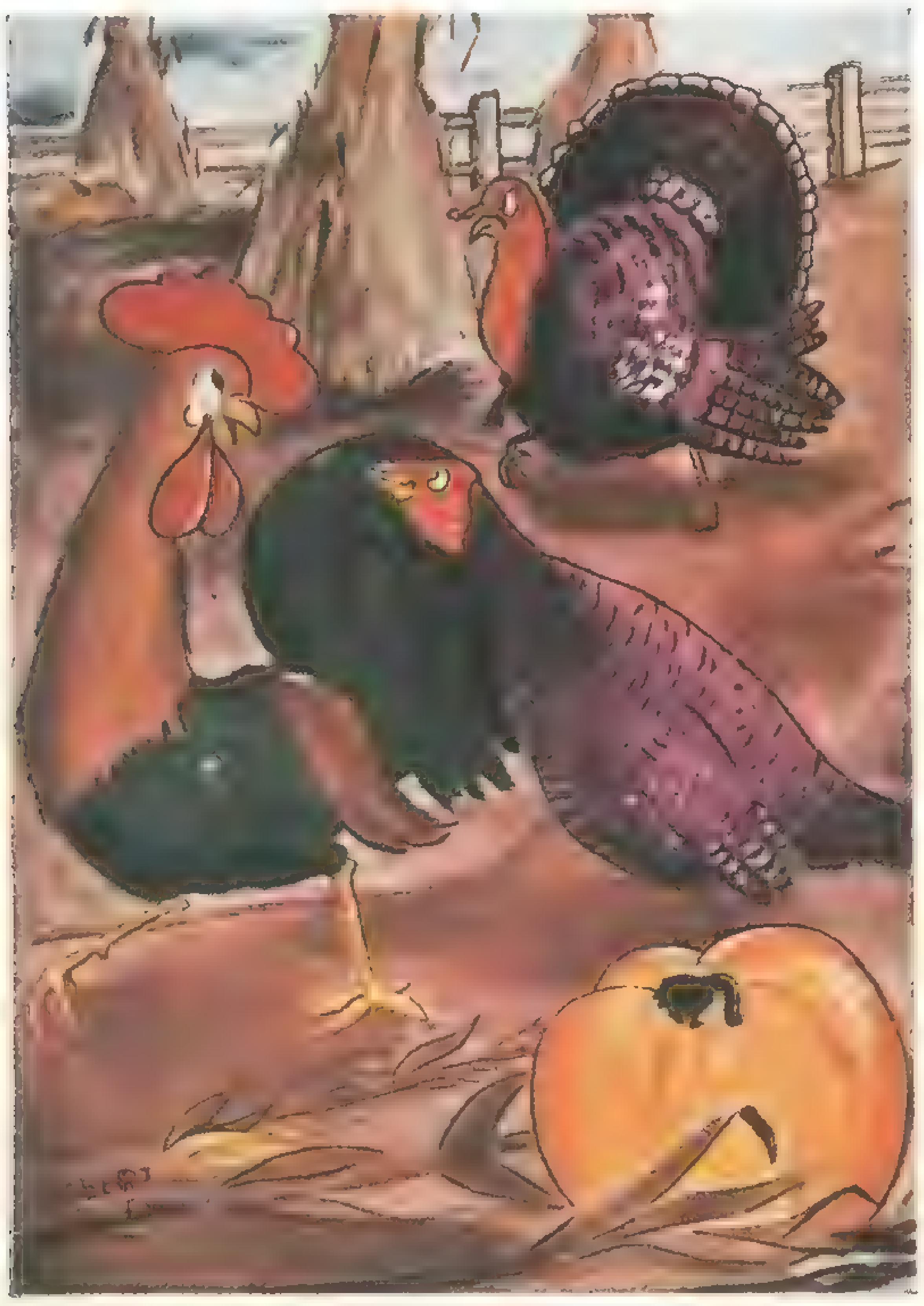
A Portfolio of Remembered Cartoons

by

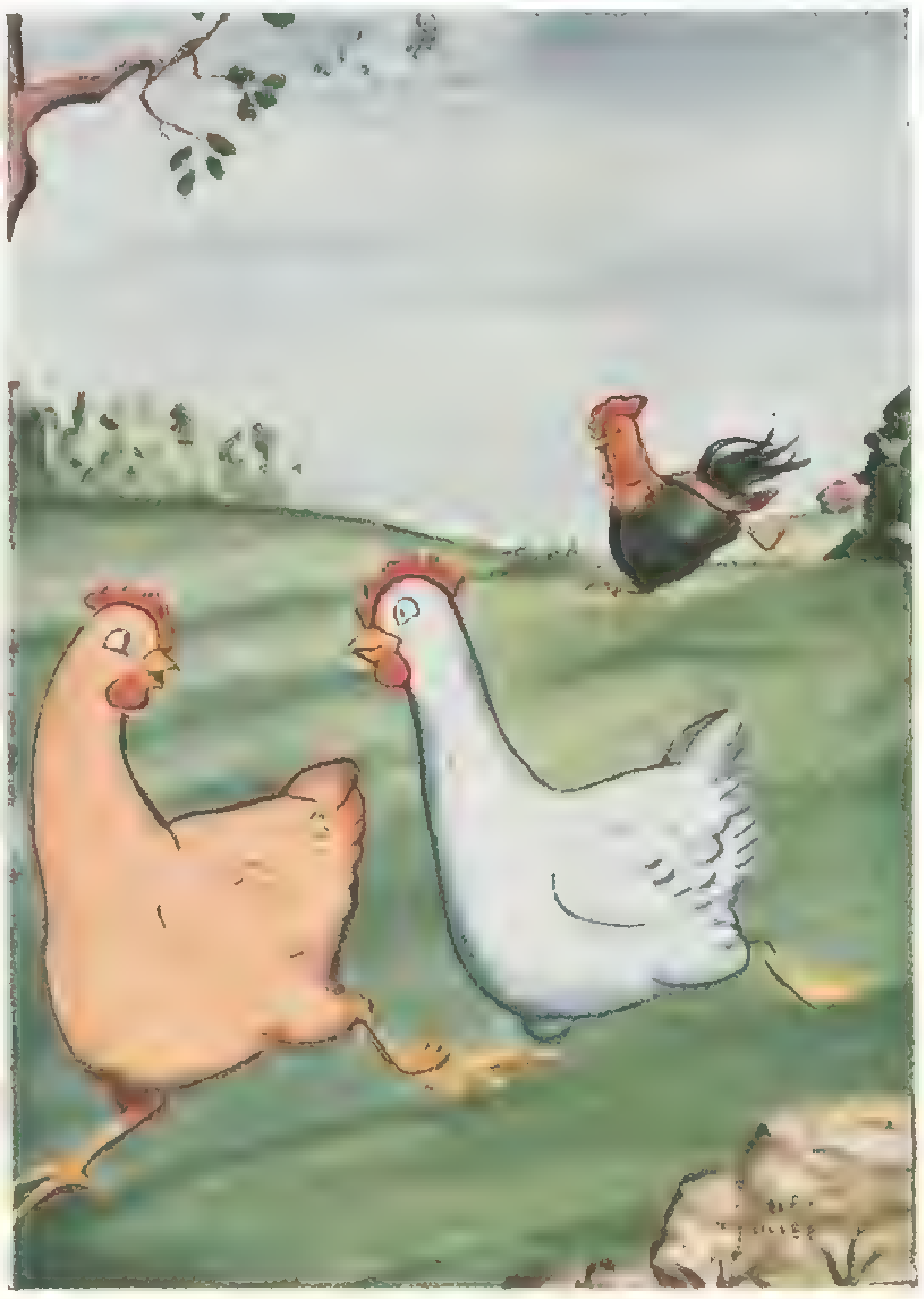
ROBERT HOLLEY


ROBERT HOLLEY

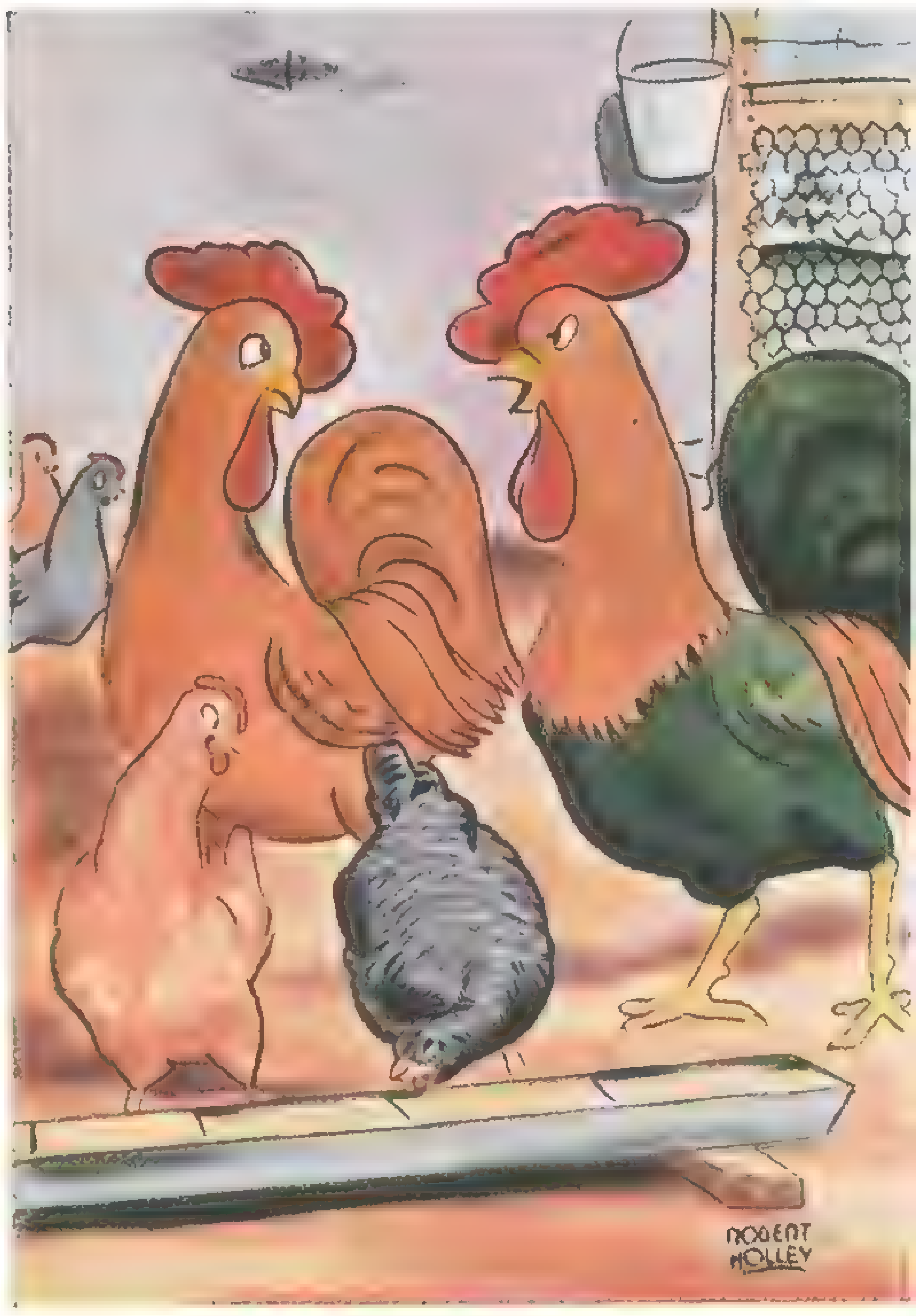
"Now, if you think you've got the hang of it, you can start in where I left off


ROBERT HOLLEY

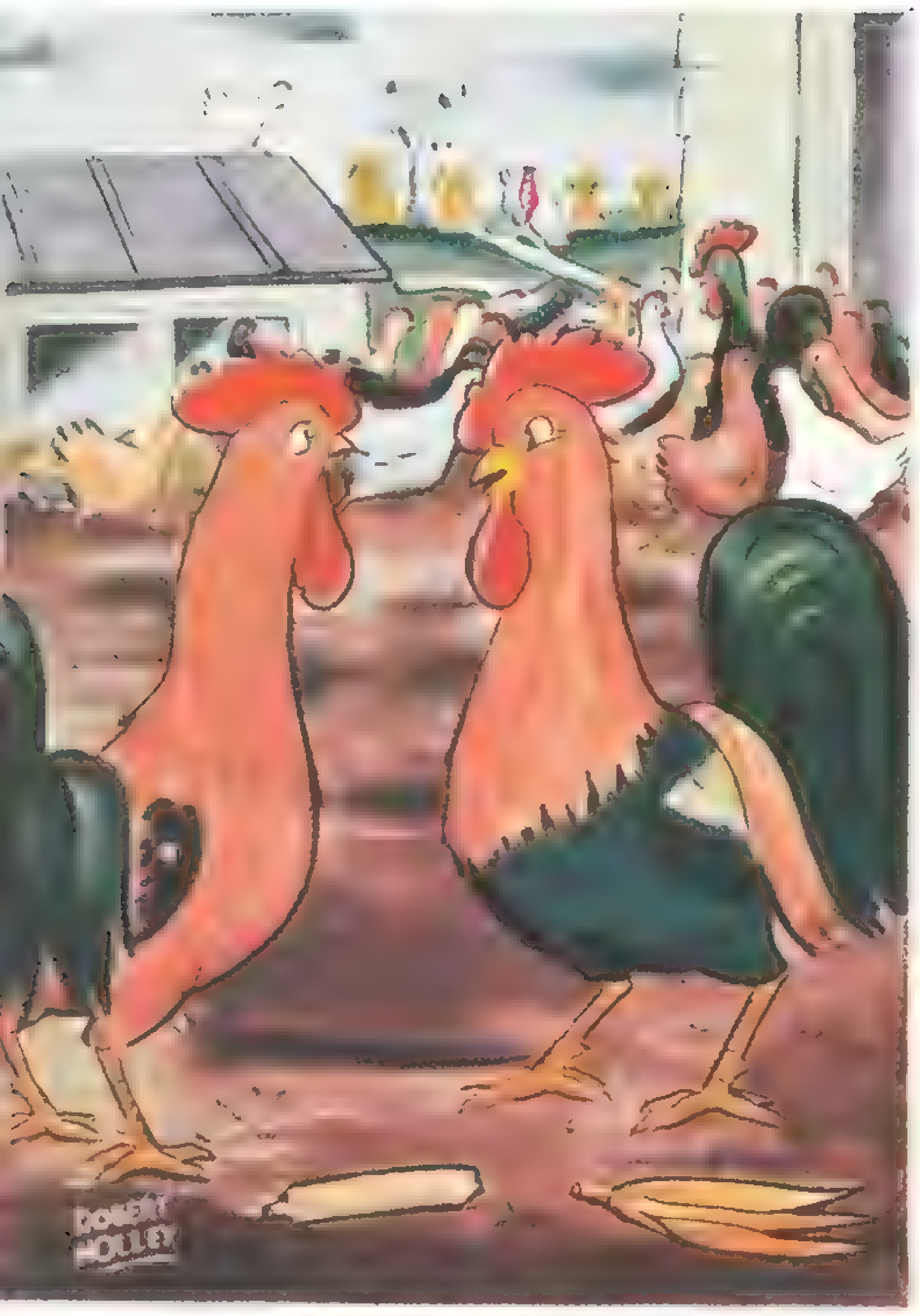
"O. K., Sweet! Guess we'll have to wait till after Thanksgiving"


ROBERT HOLLEY

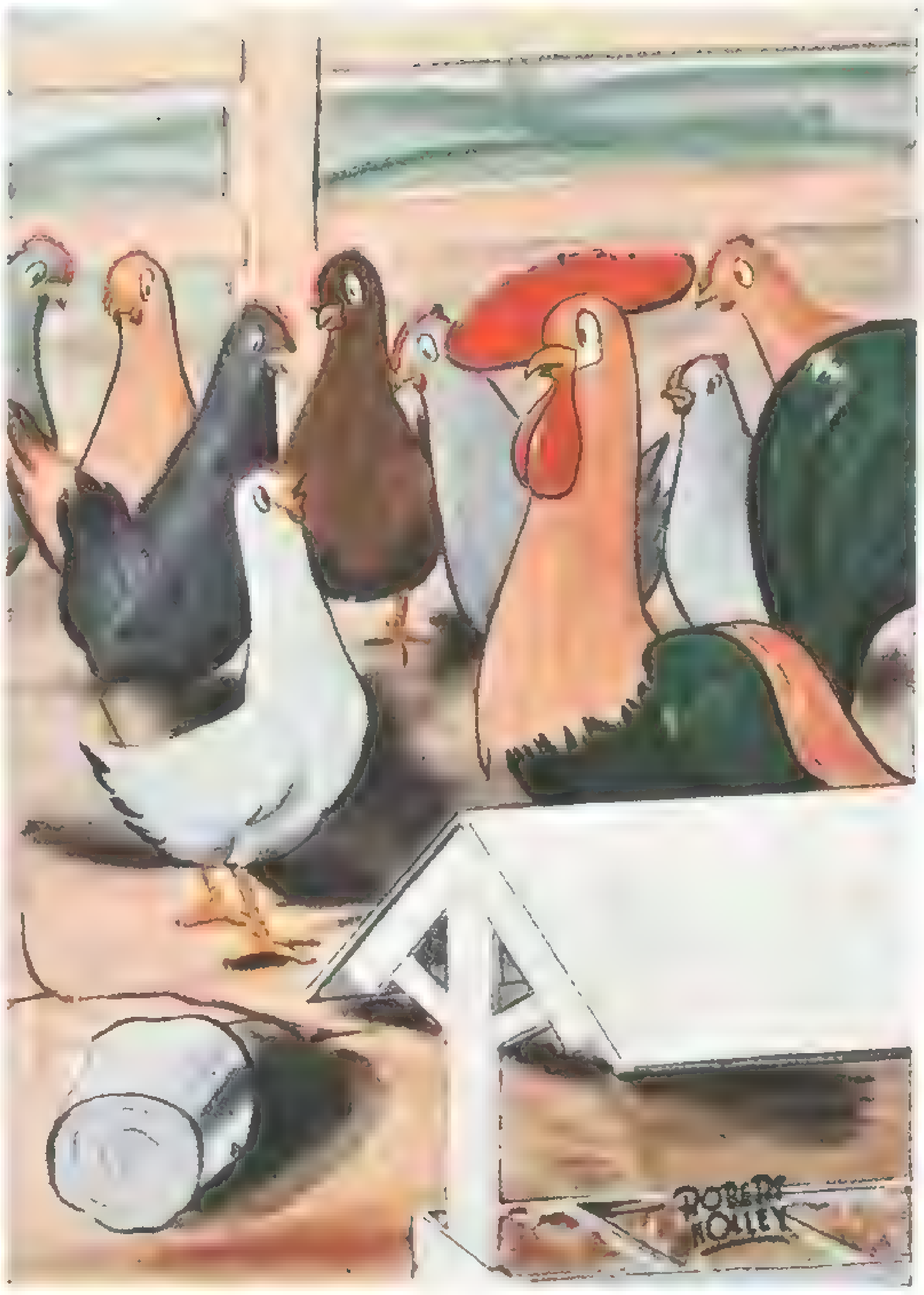
"Maybe we're running too fast"


ROBERT HOLLEY

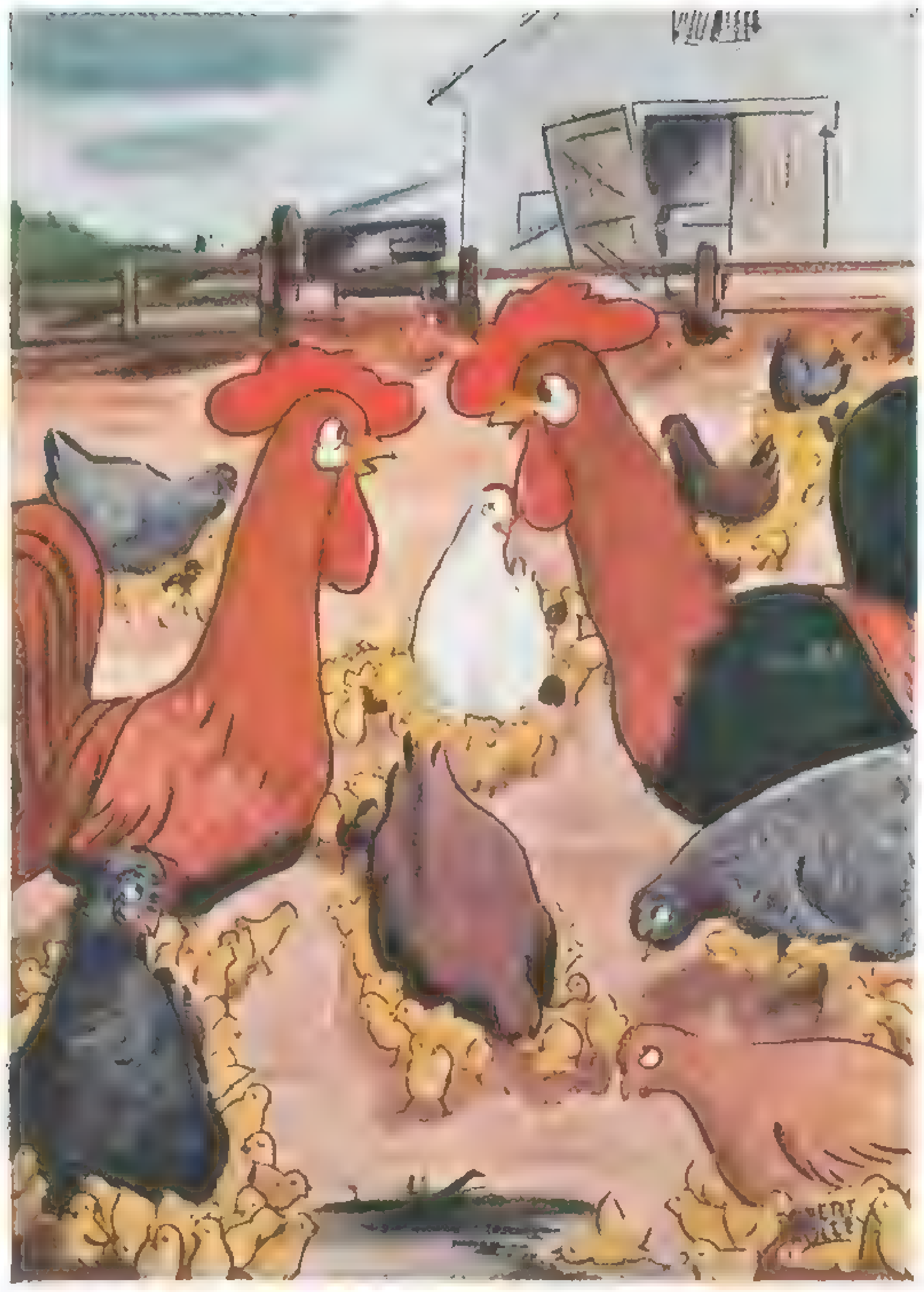
"What's this I hear about you playing favorites again?"


ROBERT HOLLEY

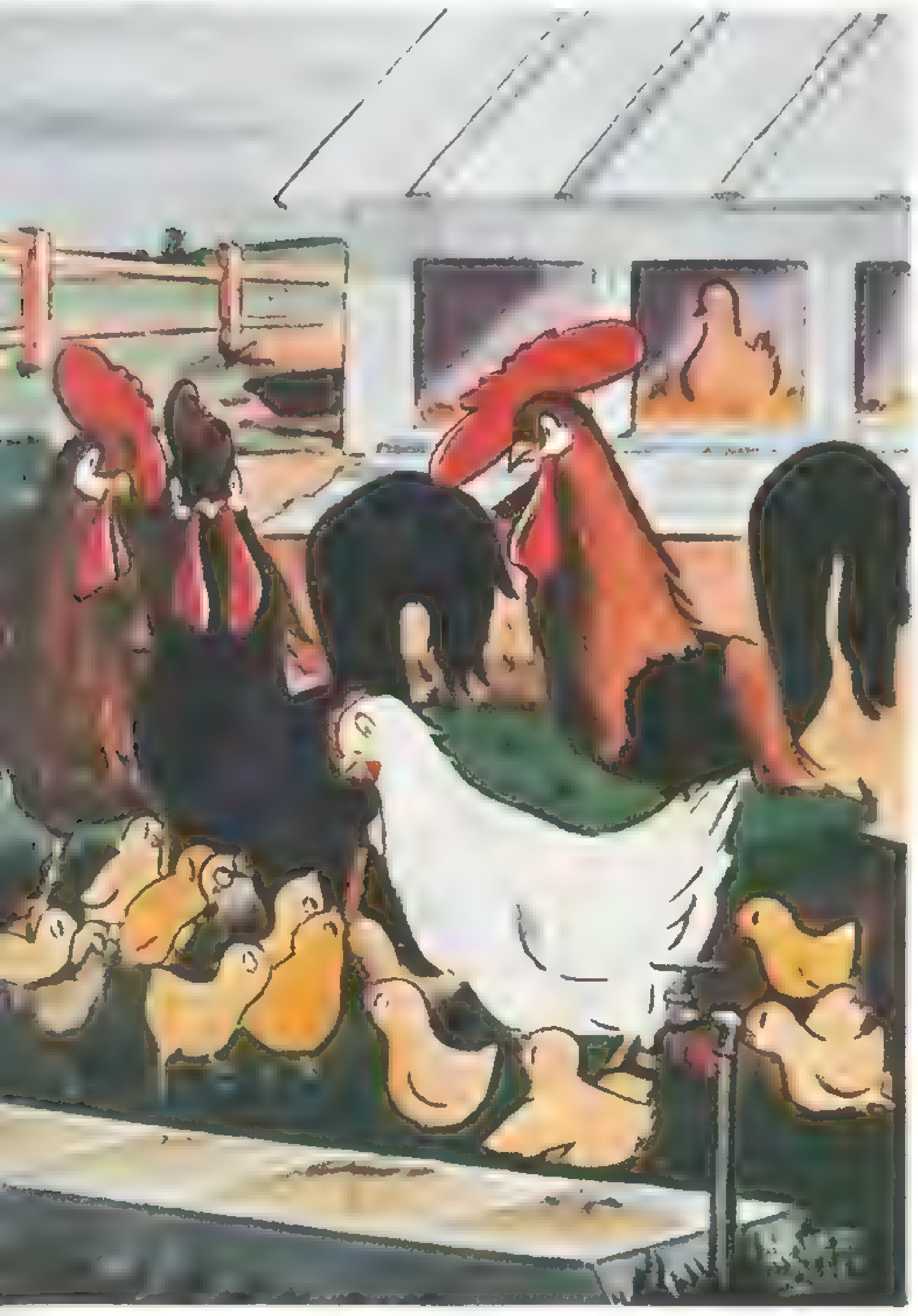
"That new man is fast—but how thorough, remains to be seen"


ROBERT HOLLEY

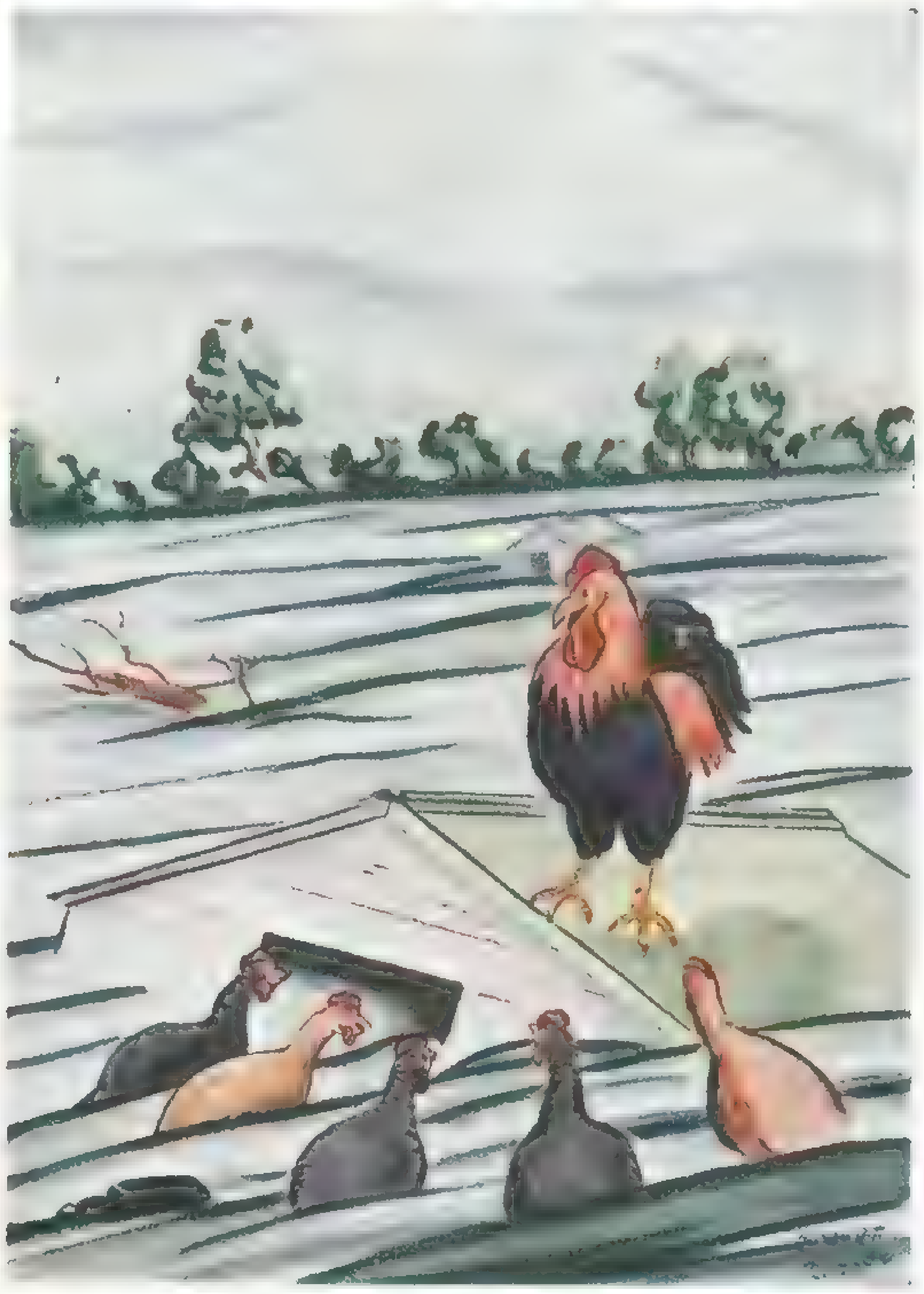
"Haven't I any choice in the matter?"


ROBERT HOLLEY

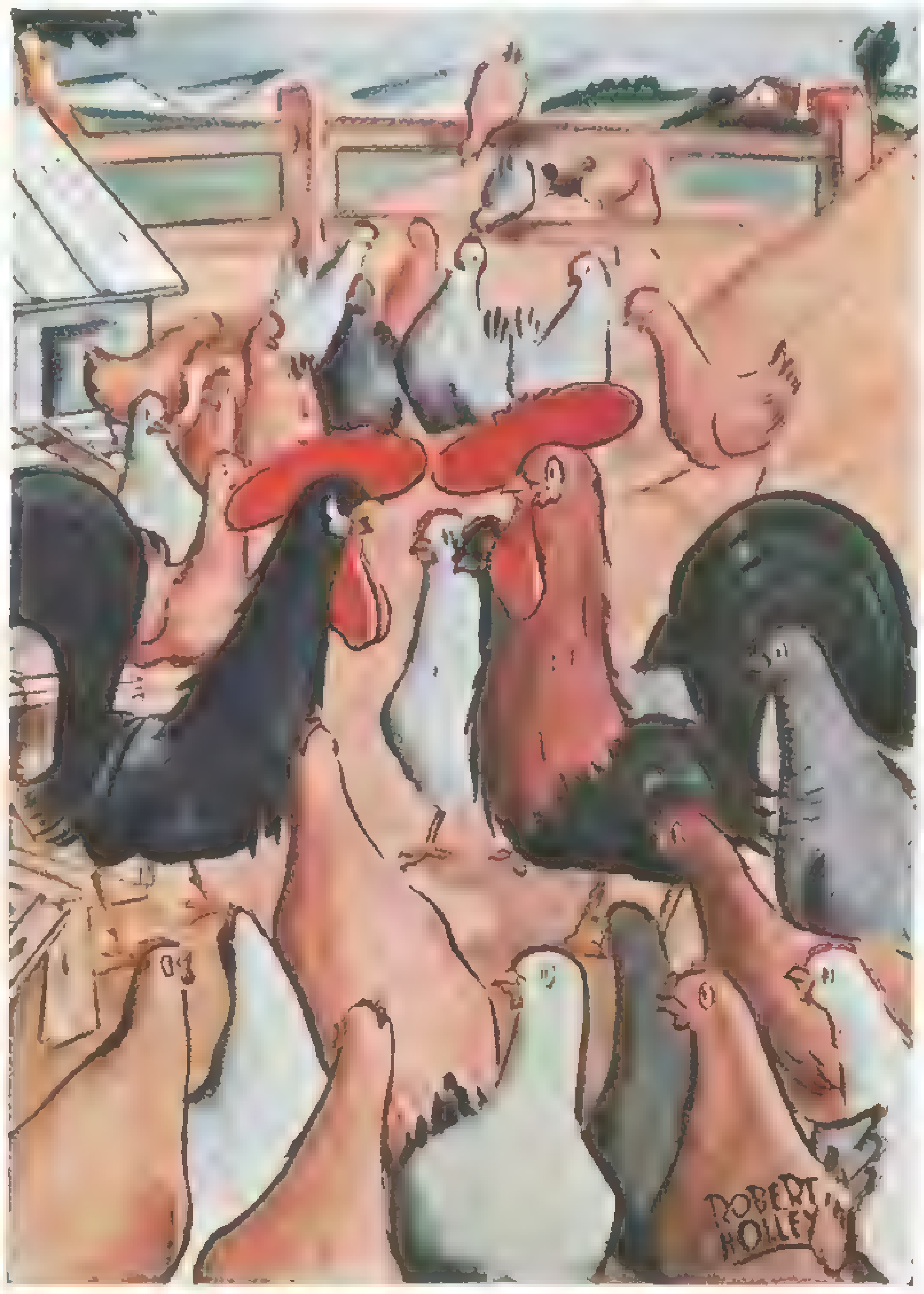
"You know, sometimes I wish we had it all to do over again"



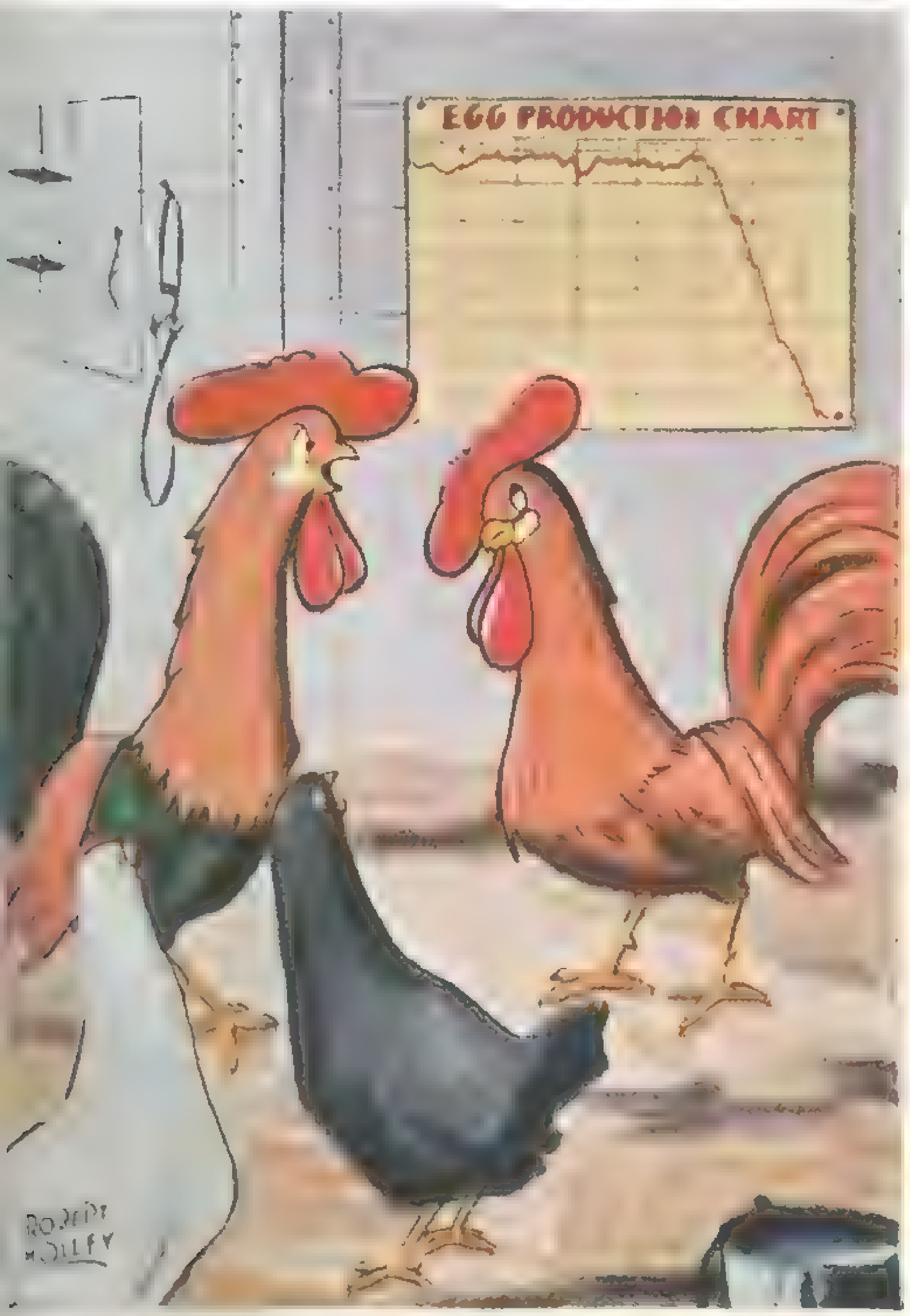
"Which one is Pop, we want to surprise him for Father's Day"



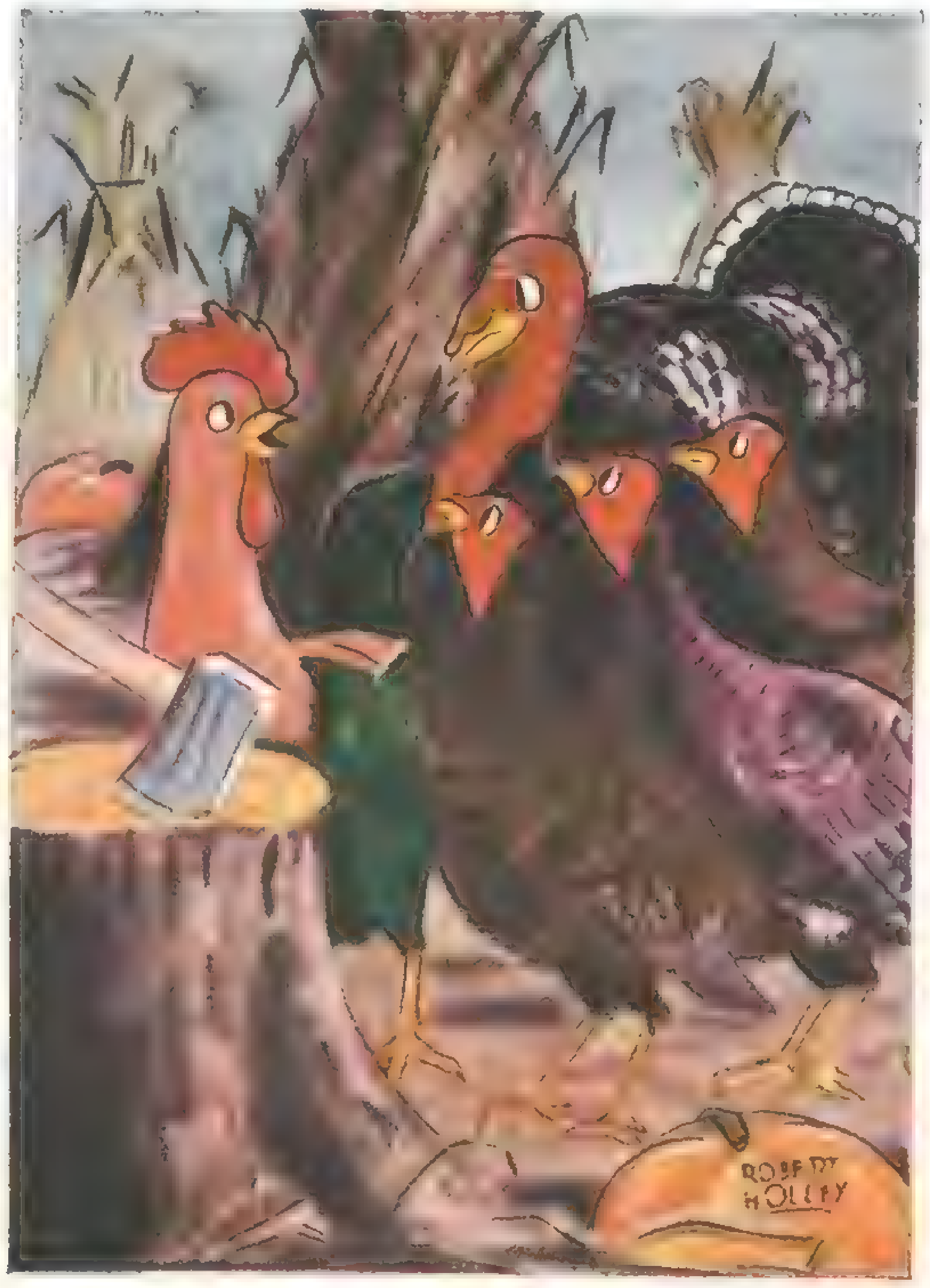
"All right—if any of you girls have changed your minds you can come back up"


ROBERT HOLLEY

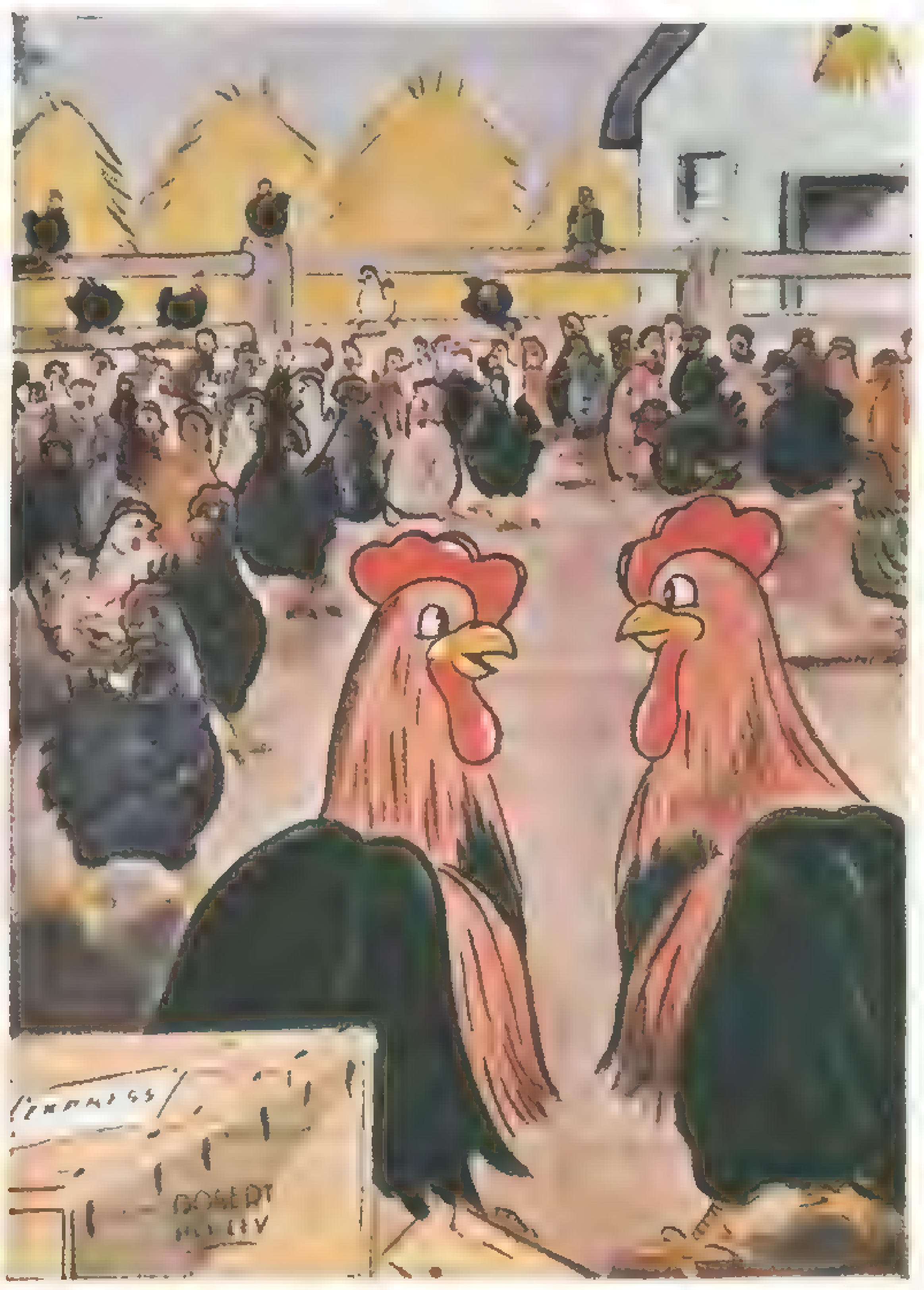
"You mean—you and I are the only roosters on the whole farm"


EGG PRODUCTION CHART
ROBERT HOLLEY

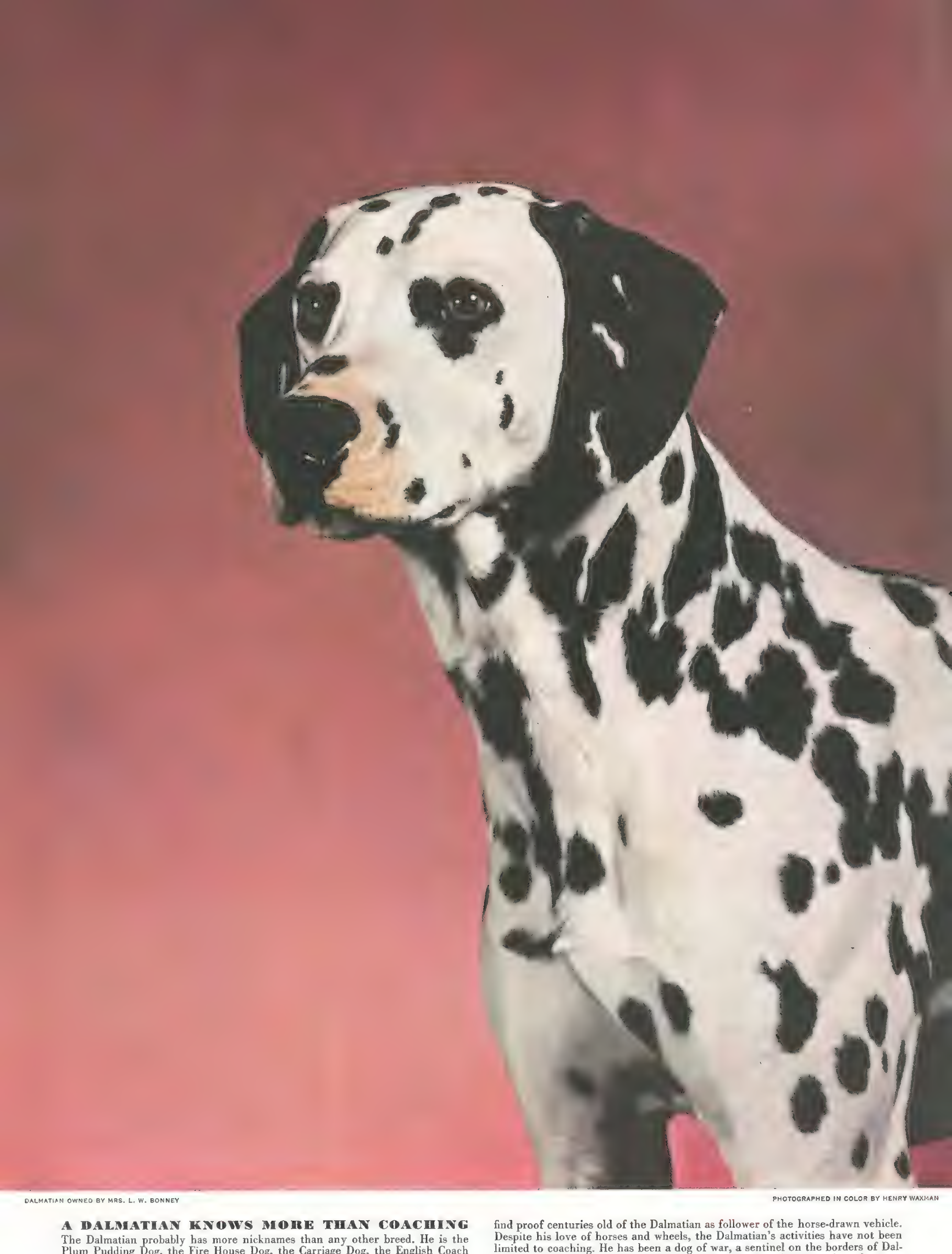
"So that's the way you take care of things while I'm away!"


ROBERT HOLLEY

"Don't worry—I'll take care of things for you, after you're gone"


ROBERT HOLLEY

"Well, well! It looks like we've got a job on our hands!"



DALMATIAN OWNED BY MRS. L. W. BONNEY

PHOTOGRAPHED IN COLOR BY HENRY WAXMAN

A DALMATIAN KNOWS MORE THAN COACHING

The Dalmatian probably has more nicknames than any other breed. He is the Plum Pudding Dog, the Fire House Dog, the Carriage Dog, the English Coach Dog, and the Spotted Dick. But he takes all his names in his stride—the same stride that for centuries kept him safe mile after mile in that difficult position under the pole between the leaders and the wheelers. The highly imaginative might say the Dalmatian's coaching days go back to the engraving of a spotted dog following an Egyptian chariot! But even the more conservatively imaginative will find proof centuries old of the Dalmatian as follower of the horse-drawn vehicle. Despite his love of horses and wheels, the Dalmatian's activities have not been limited to coaching. He has been a dog of war, a sentinel on the borders of Dalmatia and Croatia. And as a sporting dog he has been used in a number of ways—both as bird dog and retriever. His career has even included the circus. His retentive faculties and sense of the ridiculous have made him a popular clown. The Dalmatian is blessed with an enviable humor which enables him to fulfill his many obligations with both responsibility and lightness.—Chase Herendeen

Curfew in Hebron

There was an unmistakable sound of camel bells, but why hadn't the sentries raised an alarm?

by LOUIS ZARA

• FICTION •

The early night, deep indigo and tense, pressed down firmly upon Hebron, and a soft, warm wind blew from the hilly plains of Mamre. From the corners of the town the long, blue-white lances of the military searchlights slipped over the flat roofs of the houses, over the twisted candelabra of the olive trees and the cypresses, and knitted casually in the sky.

Occasionally a returning plane was caught in the crossing beams: it hung there like a frightened bat and then spiraled broadly to the landing field. On the road to the fortified camp blacked-out lorries, carrying petrol, ammunition and provisions, inched forward, only the throat coughs of the engines betraying their approach.

Doctor Beecham, chaplain of the Rifles Battalion, sat on a folding stool outside his tent and enjoyed the night air. The nebulous fragrance of vineyards and trees in blossom mingled with the acrid odors of exhaust gas; so, he thought wistfully, did the everlasting past meet the fleeting present. He inhaled deeply and wished that he dared light his pipe. But Captain Arbuthnot's orders were strict: Out there in the dark where the great oaks stood, snipers might be lying in wait and even the glint from a live coal of tobacco would bring the inquisitive whine of a steel-jacketed bullet.

A bell tolled, the peals colliding sweetly with each other and rebounding across the plain. That would be the seven o'clock curfew ringing in the town. He heard the sentries calling softly to each other: "Curfew hour! All's well now! Curfew hour, and all's well!" In the crooked streets of Hebron the patrols would be marching cautiously, flashing their electric torches into the casements, the vaulted bazaars and up the bluish stairways, speaking gruffly to the beggars and the loiterers.

Tiny particles of sand stung at the chaplain's eyes as the wind swept the camp, whistled through the guy ropes and tatted at the stands of muskets between the rows of tents. One by one the lances of the searchlights dipped and were sheathed in darkness. The last of the lorries arrived, and the road became silent. In the sky brilliant points pricked out the immemorial patterns of the constellations. Doctor Beecham rubbed at his smoothly-shaven chin and observed them with friendly awe: they had seen so much during their long vigil.

"The nights are beautiful. Eh, Doctor?"

The chaplain started at the dark, lean figure that had appeared beside him. He sat up and crossed his legs. "Deceptively so, Captain Arbuthnot," he murmured, wondering on the variety of deep shades that made the Judean night. "Deceptively so, I'm afraid."

"You've been here since Allenby's day, haven't you now? One of my service heroes, old Allenby. Was it always this peaceful on the surface?"

"Yes, more or less, Captain . . . The stars haven't changed."

The other chuckled appreciatively. "There is something in this air. Deceptive perhaps, as you say. Nothing like it in my last station. Calcutta . . . Even I, Doctor, whose religious education is not all that it should be, am in some ways affected. I believe it's making me too thoughtful for a simple soldier. Now hardly a quarter-hour ago I would have taken my oath that I heard camel bells."

Doctor Beecham smiled to himself in the dark. Like so many of his quasi-heathen countrymen, particularly those who had been in the Far East, the Captain was ready to be trapped by surface mysticism. "It's been some time since I've heard camel bells here," he declared. "Don't see many camels either. With factional bitterness on every side I doubt whether anyone who knows the country would invest in the outfitting of a caravan. It's lorries or the rails that carry the trade nowadays."

He was on the verge of launching into reminiscences of the caravans, sinuous trains of traders and pilgrims and their beasts and goods, he had seen long ago, and of those he had accompanied himself, when familiar sounds jolted him. He was certain he had heard . . . But there was a cordon of sentries about the camp. The men, alert to every noise of the night, would surely have raised the alarm . . . So even old residents of the country were caught in a web of wishful emotions.

"I remember—" he began but stopped short again. Once more he had heard it. He dug his little fingers at the triggers of his ears.

"Doctor!" the Captain whispered at his shoulder.

The chaplain rose and stared ahead thoughtfully. No, this was no hallucination or mirage. It was there. Across the plain came the soft tinkling of camel bells, the scuffling of sandaled feet—even the braying of an ass and all the diminished susurrus of a stealthy caravan. The procession of men and beasts was moving toward the dirt road.

"Doctor!"

"I hear it." But where were the sentries? "They must have come through the barbed wire and the farthest outposts."

Captain Arbuthnot nudged him and stepped forward. Doctor Beecham caught the glistening of the whites of his eyes; he made out the rocket pistol clutched in his hand. For a moment the Captain's profile, the pinched nostrils, the military mustache and the strong chin, was outlined in the grayness from the nearest tents.

Softly Doctor Beecham followed him. An attack? he pondered. But surely not by re-

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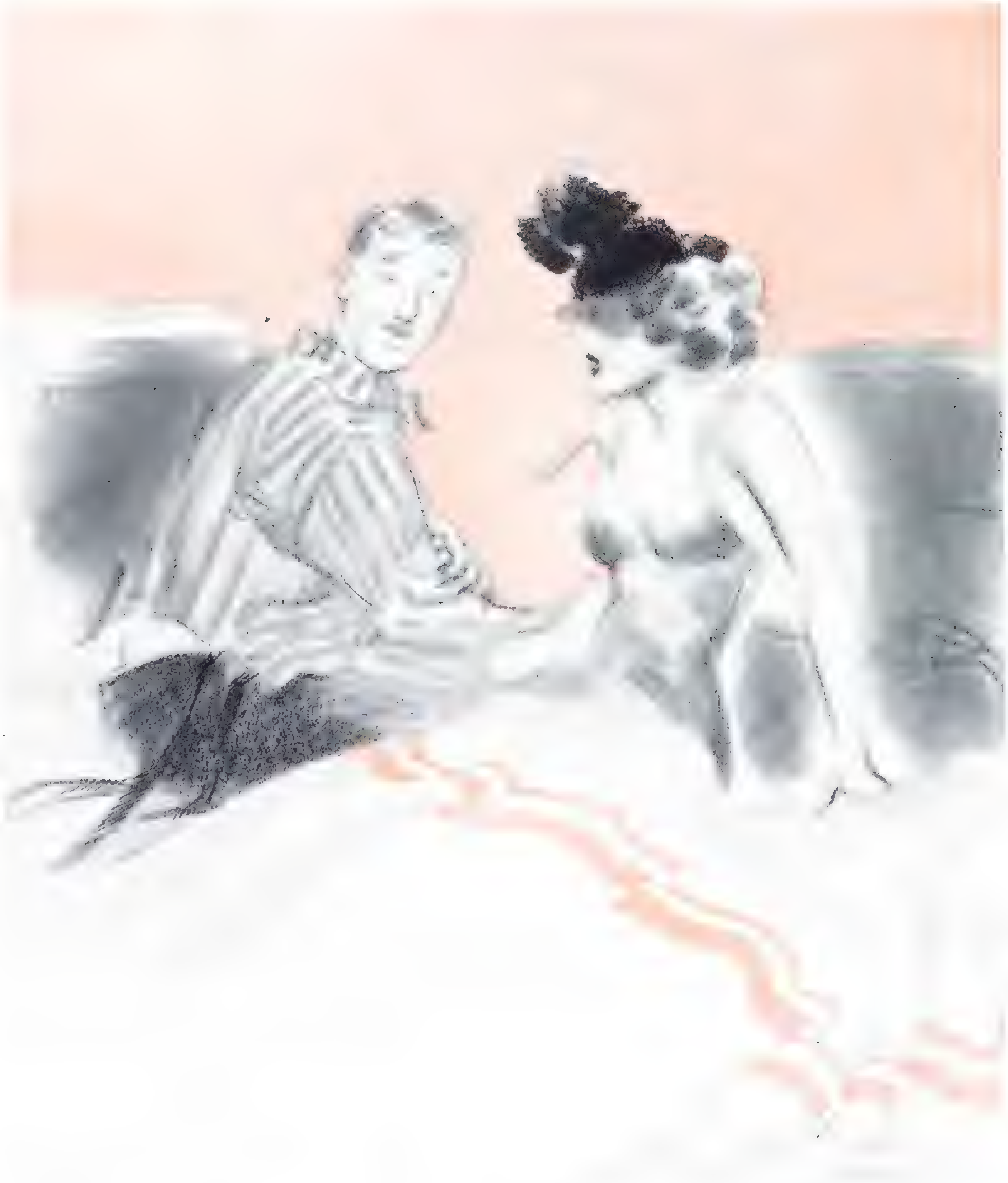
"The people I belong to just have to be different"



"I just thought I'd keep it on until you noticed I'd bought a new hat!"

Not As Bad As They're Pictured

Theda Bara reduced her men to hulks of their former selves while Scarlet Sister Watling is the sympathetic pal

by MARVIN LEWIS

▪ ARTICLE ▪

WHEN Mr. David O. Selznick, many many movie years ago, was engaged in casting what he was determined should prove to be the world's most profitable motion picture, a great deal of furore, it will be remembered, took place in the press over the selection of an actress to play the part of lady Scarlett. But without benefit of publicity, a search of equal difficulty was taking place at the studio, for someone to portray the scarlet lady. Belle Watling, the public need scarcely be reminded, is the long-time friend and confidante of hero Rhett Butler; any time Rhett is wanted, folks just go whistle under the windows of Belle's second story establishment.

There was no dearth of actresses who had performed scarlet lady roles. In fact, scarcely a feminine star has missed playing the professional female; many, from mouse-like Helen Hayes to house-like Mae West, made their first screen hits in such roles. "It pays good money on the screen, too," is the way the actress who finally played Belle Watling quips it.

Mr. Selznick's casting difficulty was caused by his desire to show the real thing, in GWTW. Belle was to be no sleazy, rouge-smeared upstairs toughie, nor was she to slop over into the fate-did-it-to-me mold of Madame X; nix, Belle was to be a woman of true sensibility, adjusted to her place in life: normal.

So Selznick cast and cast; the telephone numbers of all the players' agencies were used up, and even Scarlett O'Hara had been found, and still there was no scarlet lady. At one point the despairing maestro even attempted to cast from life. He secured the phone number of an agency of another variety—an exchange quite important and notorious in Hollywood. But the girls that were sent over, while guaranteed to be the genuine article, proved utterly too refined and modern for the role.

It was a true actress, who happened, offstage, to be a descendant of colonial aristocracy, graduate of an exclusive finishing school, star of musical comedy, play, and film, who finally got the role of Belle Watling. Ona Munson was cast, as they say in the theatre, "against type." Her amazingly vivid performance becomes even more interesting when thought of in its relationship to previous rendering of such parts. Not only the restrained style of acting is worthy of note; the frankness of the whole presentation reflects a significant development in the general social attitude toward the sex business. And, as will be noted later, this is the first film which shows how a "bad woman" can be something a great deal more than just a creature of the moment, to a man.

Flashback to 1920. The great evil-woman epic of all time, *A Fool There Was*, burst upon the public, just as motion pictures became, generally speaking, a part of life. The film had passed from the stage of the curiosity, through the stage of the circus, and now was established as the answer to a hunger. It supplied things missing in everyday life; it supplied escape and fulfillment.

One of the first things it brought was sexy adventure to the sedate. This material was presented in reverse, under the guise of moral advice on what to avoid. Timid males, sitting in the theatre dark, might safely peruse the wanton curves of Theda Bara, even as she destroyed the passion-fools on the screen.

Theda of the quivering nostrils was the first glamour girl of films, for the high, dark polish of evil was glamour, in those days. The same sultry oriental background against which Theda was posed, the East with its aura of *sex for sale*—either via the legitimate harem or the café-joint, has of course served to launch the more silken houris of the sophisticated era, including Dietrich and Hedy Lamarr. Theda was glamourized by being presented to the public, not as the wife of a munitions magnate, but as the daughter of an Arab sheik. Maybe the astute William Fox got the Arabian breed idea from the quivering nostrils; the name Bara came from Arab spelled backwards, and the girl was supposed to be unable to speak a word of English—an idea which would undoubtedly have stood her in good stead in the days of the talkies, as well.

The evil flower of the desert was, in actuality, the mere daughter of a Cincinnati tailor, and her name was Theodosia Goodman. What she introduced to the screen, in *A Fool There Was*, proved to be the vamp conception which served to shiver an entire generation. The vamp was not a simple *fille de joie*. Perhaps modern psychology would give her A for libido and adduce that she compensated for the prevalent sense of female inferiority through lust-power. But her power over man was evidenced only through destruction, and measured—putting her into the professional ranks—in gold, gold, gold. She sunk her fangs into the wallet and sucked it dry.

It may be well to point out the technical qualifications for the bad woman, in pictures. The mere man-stealer, the "other woman," who is a home-wrecker and general villainess, is not included. For this type—remember Helen Vinson—is just a nasty female acting up out of pique, or vanity, or wanton mood.

Only the ladies who are on a cash basis may truly be classed as bad women of the movies. A little sentiment and fun may be included, for films have their periods of realism, but the true sin is earning a living the easy way. Now, this category has wide boundaries. There are courtesans, such as Camille,

Continued in center of page 139

NIGHT OF LO
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BINGO
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LEO GAREL

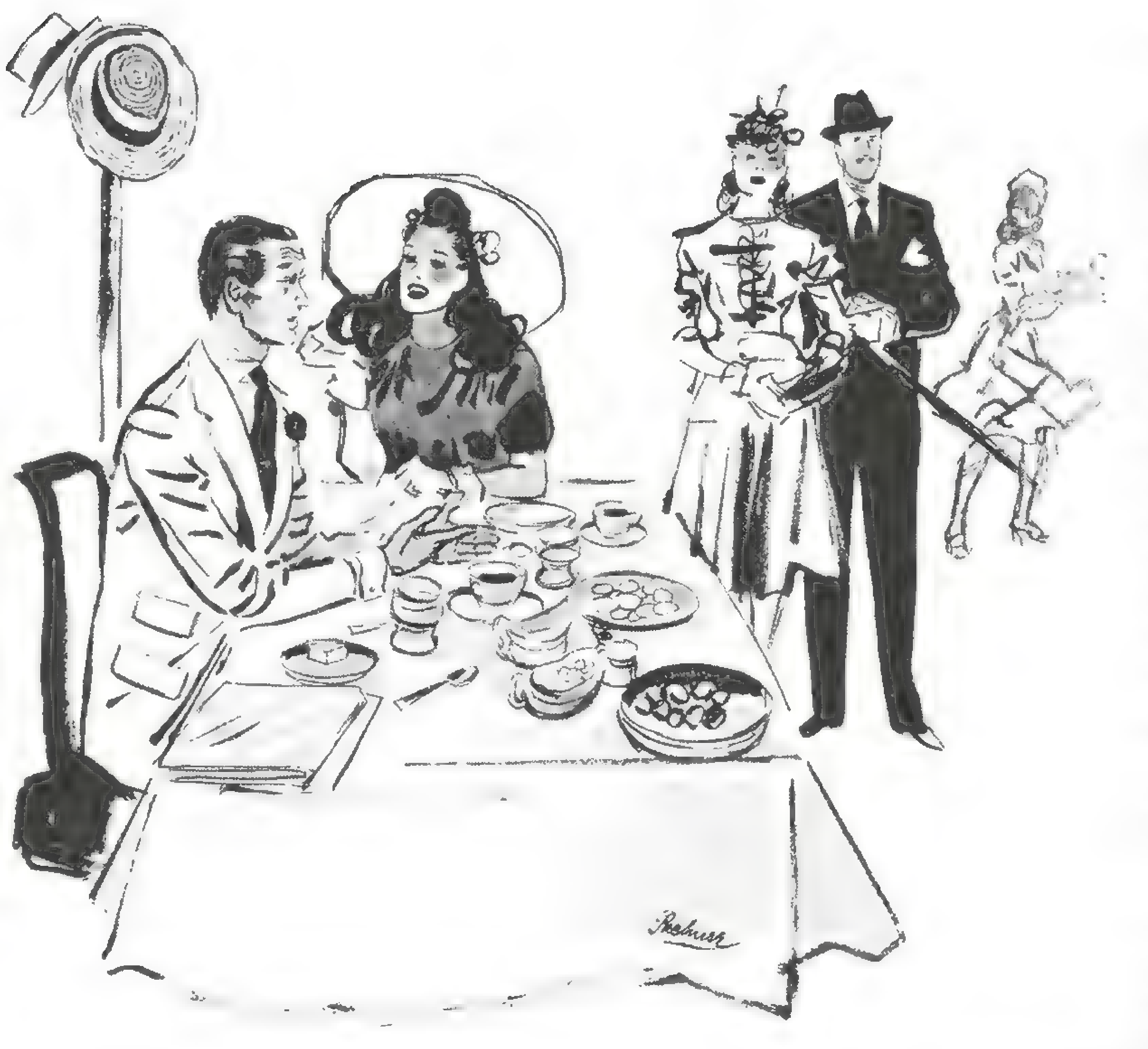
"All right, Jake, send up Hedy Lamarr"

And How Are You?

In these enlightened days there's no reason why two divorced people can't have a friendly little chat

by CHARLES BONNER

SATIRE



"How are you?"

"How are *you?*"

"Shall we sit here?" he asked.

"Yes, that one, near the hedge," she said. "I like sidewalk lunching if you can escape having telegraph boys watch your soufflé collapse."

"I remember," he said. "We've been here before."

"Of course. I keep thinking we've just met."

"That may be a sensible way to look at it. On the whole I think it is."

"This is lovely," she said. "Darling, you're so polite, pulling out my chair."

"I've always been polite. You just didn't notice. Well, how are you? I must say you don't look much different. But haven't you got a new hair fix? That one's a dead ringer for Garbo."

"Sweet of you, pet. I began fixing it this way three years ago, just before we went to Bermuda. Perhaps you will remember the fat man on the boat, the one who had the monkey."

"Distinctly. He was a card."

"Aren't you a little tired? Your eyes have lost that blue Atlantic sparkle, and do I see a silver thread among the copper?"

"They're bearing down on me at the office, but it's worth it. The ducats are beginning to roll in. You'll have eggs benedictine, of course."

"Of course. I'm so glad for your sake, darling. But weren't they always bearing down on you at the office? That was one of the reasons—"

"There's no need to go into that," he interrupted. "You said yourself that you wanted independence, that you'd never had any of it, that your father had kept you prisoner for nineteen years and I had for four."

"A woman can't stand a man spying on her every move like a French farce."

"A husband has a right to know how his wife spends her afternoons."

"*His* afternoons, you mean. You wanted me to sit by the fire and study my cuticle all day long."

"There might have been more interesting things—several of 'em—to study if I'd had my way. Dear me, what are you blushing for? After all, we were married. Quite properly."

"You might study the difference between a blush and a flush. That was a hateful thing to say and absolutely untrue. Could I help it if Nature was a gyp? Oh, you make me so mad, or have I told you that before?"

"If I annoy you, why did you solicit my company three minutes after you'd completed a six weeks' journey dedicated to the exclusive purpose of ridding yourself of it forever?"

"Darling, I adore that tie. The green and brown stripes are such good color. Didn't I give it to you for Christmas? Doesn't it bring back memories, of one sort or another?"

"Not at all. I never notice my neckties. Waiter, you have poured water into that glass exactly five times and I have yet to take a sip."

"The same old bear," she said. "I love it. Do people crunching toast still annoy you?"

"Your guess. After all it's only been six weeks."

"But there has been some subtle change. Now, why should that please you so?"

"You notice it, too?"

"Turn your head slowly. Is it the haircut?"

"Please don't be superficial. Believe it or not, I am a different man than you left."

"*I* left? Isn't that a little thick, darling? I have always admired your sense of fairness and the least you can do is to acknowledge that we agreed *equally* it was the best thing for all concerned."

"That's academic now. What isn't is that I'm still a business man, and I suggest you get to the point of this meeting."

"You never let me forget you were a business man for a second. But you were going to tell me about the great transformation."

"I shall," he said. "No, no dessert for me. A small coffee. It's simply this, I've decided that a man is just a piece of machinery, with someone else or something else working the controls. Sentiment is the bunk. There is no such thing as will power or free will. So I just go along without worrying. I work hard, but there's no credit to that. It's just the nature of my particular machine. I tell you it's a wonderful philosophy; takes a terrific load off you. Why do you stare like that? Is there a bug on me?"

"I think so, darling," she said. "A horrid little bug. Did I do that to you?"

"Nonsense."

"You mean, for example, you don't believe any longer in such a thing—well, I mean in such a thing as a decent love between a decent man and woman?"

"I mean I don't let myself think about it. It interferes with business. It is uneconomic. It has nothing to do with the kind of world we live in. Look around you. Look at Europe. Look at Asia. Look at—"

"But don't. Look at us."

"What are you trying to do? Break me down?"

"Maybe," she said. "Are you afraid?"

"Of what? Of course not."

"Then please look at us."

"All right. I do."

"You're smiling now, the crinkly smile. That's more like it. You know what I'm thinking?"

"What?"

"That you haven't changed at all."

"But I have, and I'm happy. Stop shaking your head. I have."

"It's superficial; it all appears on the surface."

"Save the surface and you save all," he said.

"Underneath, there's still the same old boy."

"Ridiculous. That's the sort of illogical sentimentality you women indulge yourselves in in order to preserve your illusions. A man is what he appears to be—a suit of clothes, a certain amount of skin and hair, acting in a certain way. That's all. There's no underneath."

"You're very sure of yourself, of your new

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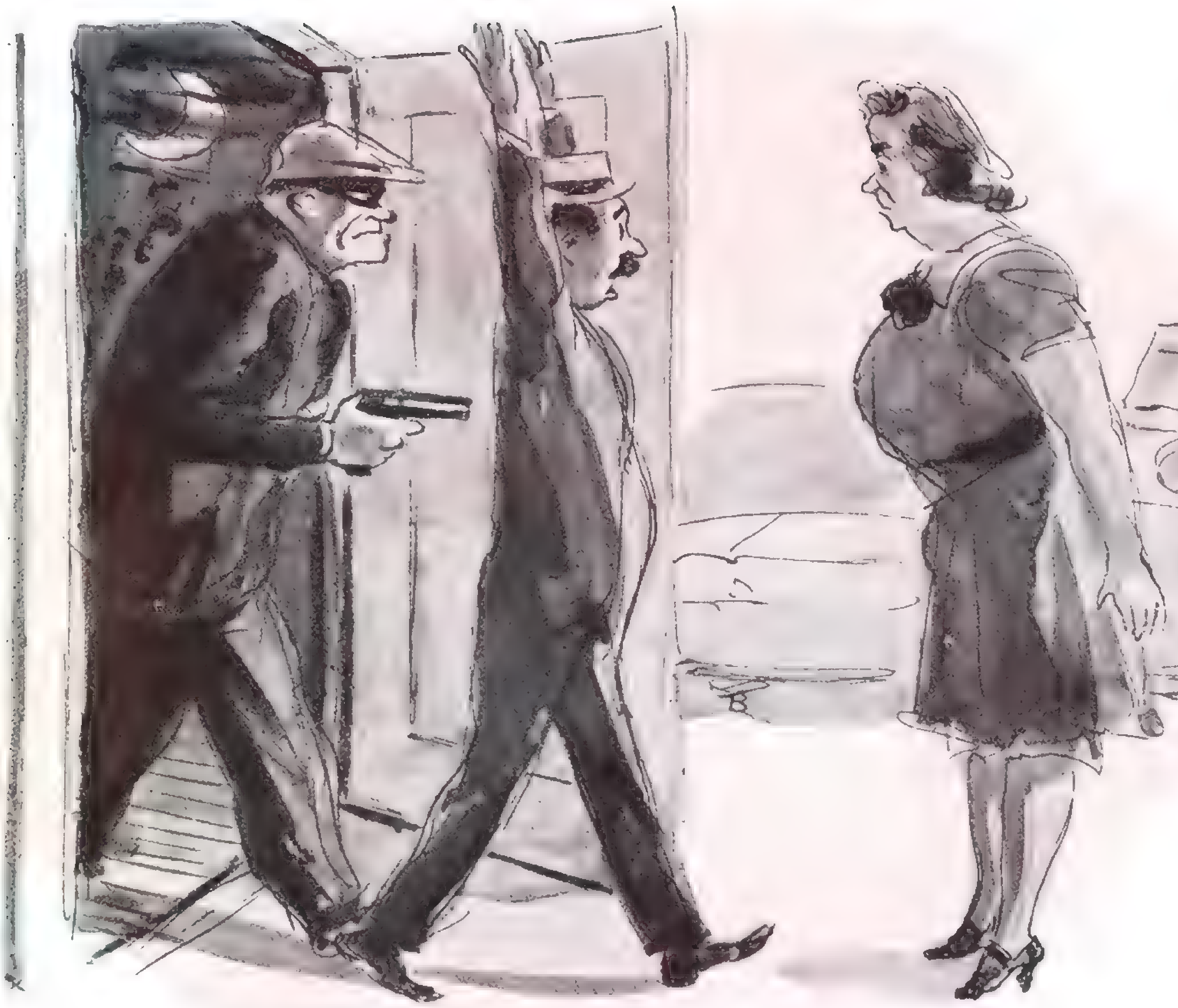
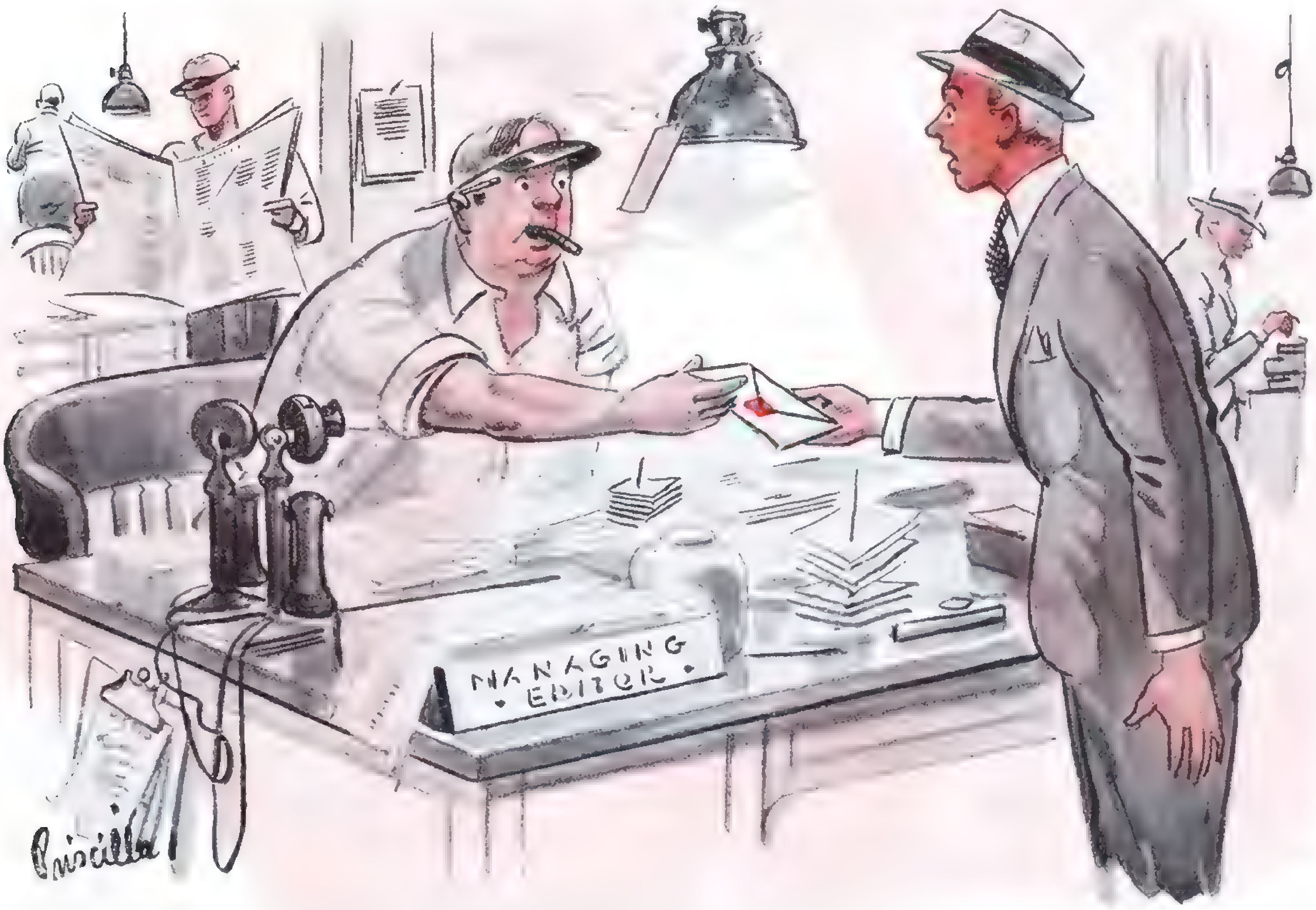
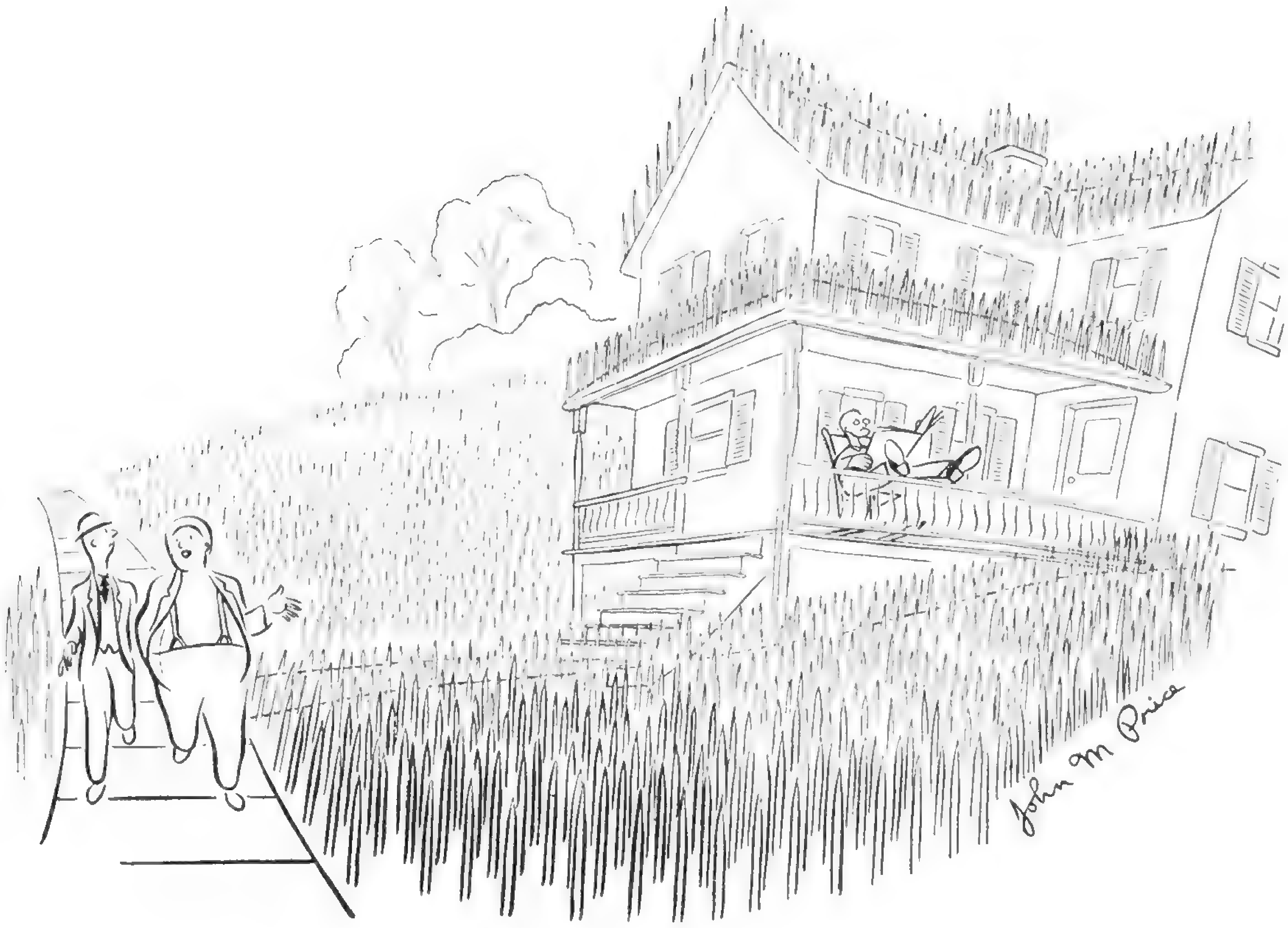


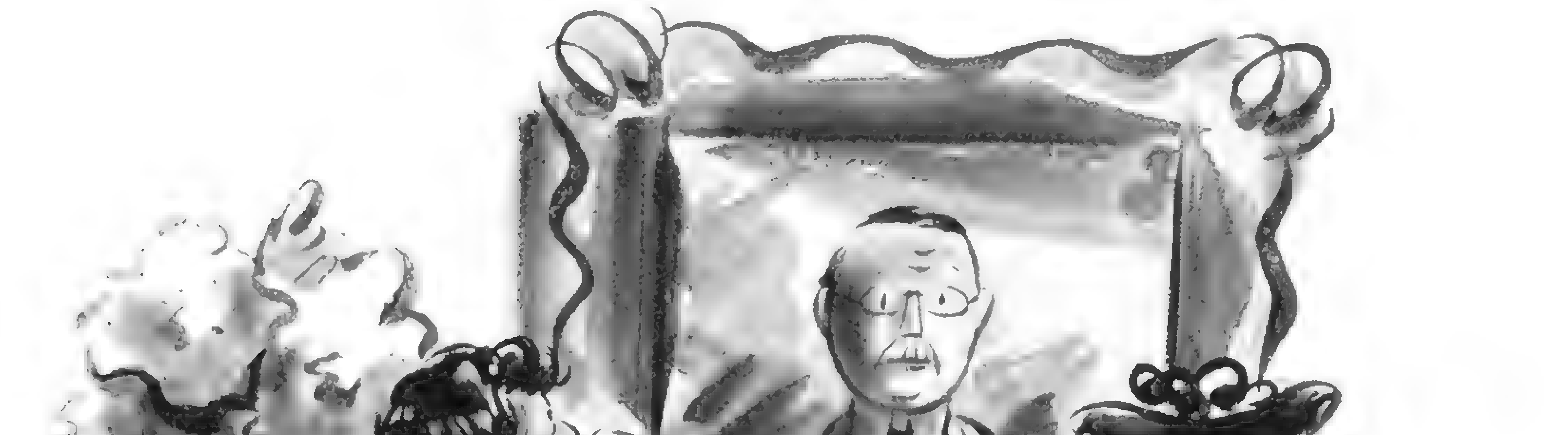
"Dear will you give this man some money? He held me up but I explained about your handling the money"


MANAGING EDITOR
Priscilla

"Here's your papers and money—fly out and get aboard that ship—a report came in she's going to be sunk!"


John M Price

"He says this country could be invaded by parachute troops"



"We were divinely happy for twenty years—then one day he contradicted me"

"We had three . . . but my husband has cu

stody of one since our divorce!"

"The idea is to teach this son-of-a-gun

there are other things in life besides romance!"

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Those were great days when Tony Pastor was King of Vaudeville, and Lillian Russell wore tights

by WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

• BOOKS •

LILLIAN RUSSELL, *the Era of Plush*, by Parker Morell, ought to interest readers who care about the theatre, and is certain to capture and hold in bondage every reader who saw the heroine. It can hardly be called a great biography and certainly does not pretend to be; but it is one of the most diverting books of the year, written with knowledge, wit, humor, and sagacity.

There are a few errors; one of them, coming in this season, is an addition to gayety. I will save that one for the last. The famous mayor of New York, who was a millionaire *before* he became mayor, was Abram not Abraham Hewitt (p. 7). The famous oratorical agnostic was Robert G. Ingersoll, not Robert W. (p. 19). And if Mr. Morell were only talking about the future instead of the past, the following statement (p. 26) might not be an error at all.

"*The Pirates of Penzance*, which was the title they finally selected, opened at the Fifth Avenue Theatre on September 31, 1879." This could not have been true in 1879, but while F. D. R. is President, . . .

The book opens with Tony Pastor, who was little only in height. He was the King of vaudeville, and his theatre was crowded at every performance. As our author says, "Tony, a strict and devout Catholic, refused to permit a line of off-color humor." He was universally popular, admired and loved by men, women, and children.

Many subsequently famous actors and singers began their career on his stage and under his instruction. The Four Cohans (today George is often called America's greatest living actor), Denman Thompson, Neil Burgess, Elsie Janis, Willie Collier, Montgomery and Stone. And on the evening of Nov. 22, 1880, "another lamb was about to be offered to the gallery gods. What would it be this time?" Tony came forward: "Ladies and gentlemen, I give you a vision of loveliness and a voice of gold—Miss Lillian Russell!"

The best imitation of Tony Pastor I ever saw was made by one who was herself a vision of loveliness. The place was Koster and Bial's, the impersonator was Cissy Loftus. She had very recently been married to young Justin McCarthy, then chiefly known as his father's son. She was one of the most beautiful girls I have seen on any stage. On that evening she gave imitations of Ada Rehan, Sara Bernhardt and, with a tall silk hat on her lovely head, she announced "Tony Pastor."

Tony Pastor was a forerunner of the mighty pair, Weber and Fields, in giving burlesques of popular shows. While *The Pirates of Penzance* was on tour, Tony produced *The Pirates of Penn Yan*, with Lillian singing the role of Mabel. None enjoyed it more than Sir Arthur Sullivan and D'Oyly Carte.

Between pages 68 and 69 of this admirable book there are sixteen pages of excellent photographs of celebrities. Tony Pastor, Lillian's mother, the Four Cohans, Montgomery and Stone, Gilbert and Sullivan, Lillian in tights, Lillian as The Grand Duchess (remember the Sabre Song?) Lillian and her little daughter, Perugini, Weber and Fields, A Cozy Corner, Diamond Jim Brady, A Weber and Fields Rehearsal, Jesse Lewisohn, Lillian, Dave Warfield, Lew Fields, and "My Favorite Profile." I have never seen better photographs of these men and women, and the last one is worth the price of the book.

One of the best tributes to Lillian is quoted here at length from Clarence Day, in a reminiscence of his Yale undergraduate days, when he was one of the supes.

The account of her appearance in *The School for Scandal* reminds me of what I read in a New England daily paper some fifty years ago. "*The School for Scandal* is one of the nastiest plays that have ever," etc.

When reporters interviewed Lillian, she was either equal to the situation or created a new one. One of these occasions gives Mr. Morell a chance for a jest. " 'Marcus Aurelius is my constant companion,' she declared to the reporters, who, for a moment, tried vainly to place the gentleman among Lillian's admirers. 'I have all of his twelve little books in my room.' " And she did. I am proud of being a member of the Aurelian Society at Yale, and I wonder if the undergraduate members are aware of the above tribute.

I well remember (p. 84) the rumpus caused by the announcement that Lillian would appear in tights. My father was the Editor of a weekly religious paper called *The Christian Secretary*. In the same office was printed one day later, under another management, *The Religious Herald*. Under the column Ministers and Churches, where the migrations of pastors were recorded, some wag or some blunderer had inserted "Lillian Russell will wear tights this winter." My father told me that when the proof reader saw that, he made a big mark to call the attention of the maker-up and also added wearily on the margin, *Such is life*. When the *Herald* appeared, in the midst of the column Ministers and Churches, the following item greeted the eyes of the subscribers.

"The Rev. James B—— has been called to the church at W——.

Lillian Russell will wear tights this winter. Such is life."

I saw Lillian Russell in various performances but I wonder if she enjoyed anything more than being with Weber and Fields. At the turn of the century, when the American theatre had not developed as it did after the World War, Weber and Fields gave the sophisticated and unsophisticated public undiluted enjoyment. Readers who can remem-

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"Well, this is the way Lincoln done it, ain't it?"

Pie in the Sky

Fixed traditions don't exist for the flying fraternity and there's not a stuffed shirt in the crowd

by ROBERT W. MARKS

▪ MOTORS ▪

Schopenhauer, the gloomiest of wise guys, speaks of the civilized greeting you get in certain parts of the Orient. They say, in those parts not, "How do you do?" "*Bon jour*," "*Grüss Gott*," "*Wie Gehts?*" or "How's tricks?" . . . but simply and considerately, "Have you eaten?"

Well, thanks to the amazing strides transport aviation has made in this country and this hemisphere, we have begun to take over some of that technique. We have reached the point where old-timers of the air routes measure distances not in kilometers, versts, miles, or moons—but in meals. With New York as a starting point, for example, and breakfast as the starting marker, Chicago is lunch time away, Ft. Worth is dinner time away—Hollywood is a mere matter of a midnight snack.

Ask any airlines man about the distance to Barranquilla, in that Soldier-of-fortune Republic of Colombia. He will smack his lips and say: "If you have dinner in New York, you can breakfast over the Caribbean — and eat *frijitos* in Barranquilla for lunch. Thus, we come back to the biological basis of civilization—the hand that pats the stomach guides the world."

But all this is just a preamble to a general introduction to the marvels and metaphysics of air travel. For flying carpet transportation lulls to sleep your sense of time, compresses your senses of space, and makes the theory of Relativity as simple as the social philosophy of the late Calvin Coolidge.

"You ought to talk to Smith, out in Cleveland," an official says to you, one morning. "Are you free for lunch?"

You think for a moment, conclude that your morning's schedule is going to be pretty dull, anyway. "All right," you answer, "let's meet him."

Half an hour later you are high in the troposphere, contemplating the vanities of existence, and sipping coffee from the maternal hand of a delicate Titian-haired hostess. The whole business takes on the quality of a Greek myth—and the hostess, framed by a cloud bank, is, indeed, the tenth muse. Avion, we call her, patroness of Escape.

* * *

Air transport is perhaps the most unique and spectacular industry in the country. Where the automotive industry is a one-generation development, air transport is the offshoot of a fraction of a generation—and even that micro-interval has been spattered with broad problems, problems involving public resistence to travel out of the here and into the nowhere, problems of service maintenance where all books are in the red, problems of public safety, problems of organization.

The solution of these problems has been in the hands of a few far-sighted and dynamic transport personalities—particularly C. R. Smith of American, Patterson of United, Jack Frye of TWA, Captain Eddie Rickenbacker of Eastern, and Trippe of Pan-American.

Before looking at the genealogy of these problems, it is interesting to note some of the generalities that apply to the whole air transport field, and set it aside from any other kind of industry functioning today. (1) This is a field pioneered and controlled almost entirely by young men: there is scarcely a man in it over forty-five. (2) It is a field necessarily without tradition, the way Adam was; consequently it is uninhibited, progressive, experimental. (3) It is the one field today almost entirely exempt from stuffed shirts: the men in it fight formality, red tape, unction and ceremony as much as Abraham Lincoln did. The flying fraternity is marked by directness, friendliness, straight, technical talk, and as much genuine openness and honesty as the queasy laws of business permit.

Take the case of C. R. Smith. Smith is the king pin of American; and American is today the No. 1 Boy of the transcontinental airlines. But back in 1934, American was behind the eight-ball to the tune of $2,314,000—an unhappy record even in this then-red-inked industry. In came "C. R." with *Realpolitik* in his eye, high-octane drive in cylinders. He took off his coat—and kept it off, until American was carrying 30 per cent of the whole industry's passenger traffic.

"C. R." is a streamlined version of American homespun. "In this company," he says, "if anyone gets to be an executive, we fire him." "C. R." threw open his doors to the whole company.

Ruggedness, camaraderie, and frontier diplomacy was carried to a fine extreme. Take the case of the telephone secretary—now a legend in the company. Smith always answered his own phone. A new officer of the company, following usual procedures in such cases, had his secretary answer the phone. One day Smith called him. The secretary, not recognizing his voice, started the run around palaver. Smith boiled. "I told him," said Smith, "that maybe my job wasn't very important, but it was just as important as his—and that if I could answer my telephone he ought to be able to."

From that time on, inter-office communication was carried on as smoothly as a blitzkrieg.

Smith is a native of Minerva, Texas; by trade he is a public accountant. He climbed into American's presidency in three steps: (1) via Texas Air Transport which was absorbed by (2) Southern Air Transport, which was absorbed by (3) the Aviation Corporation (later to give birth to American Airways). Esquire has never pretended to be

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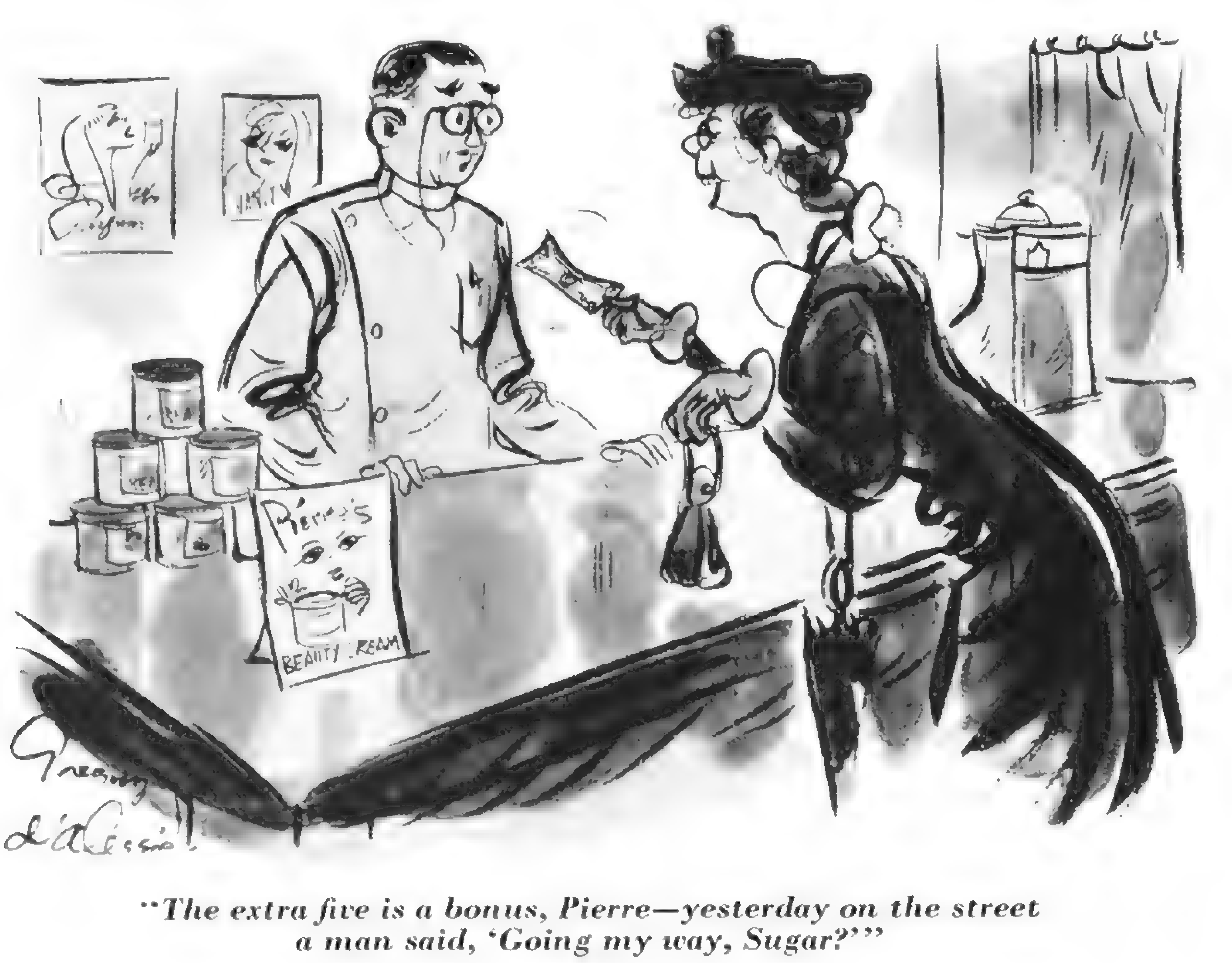
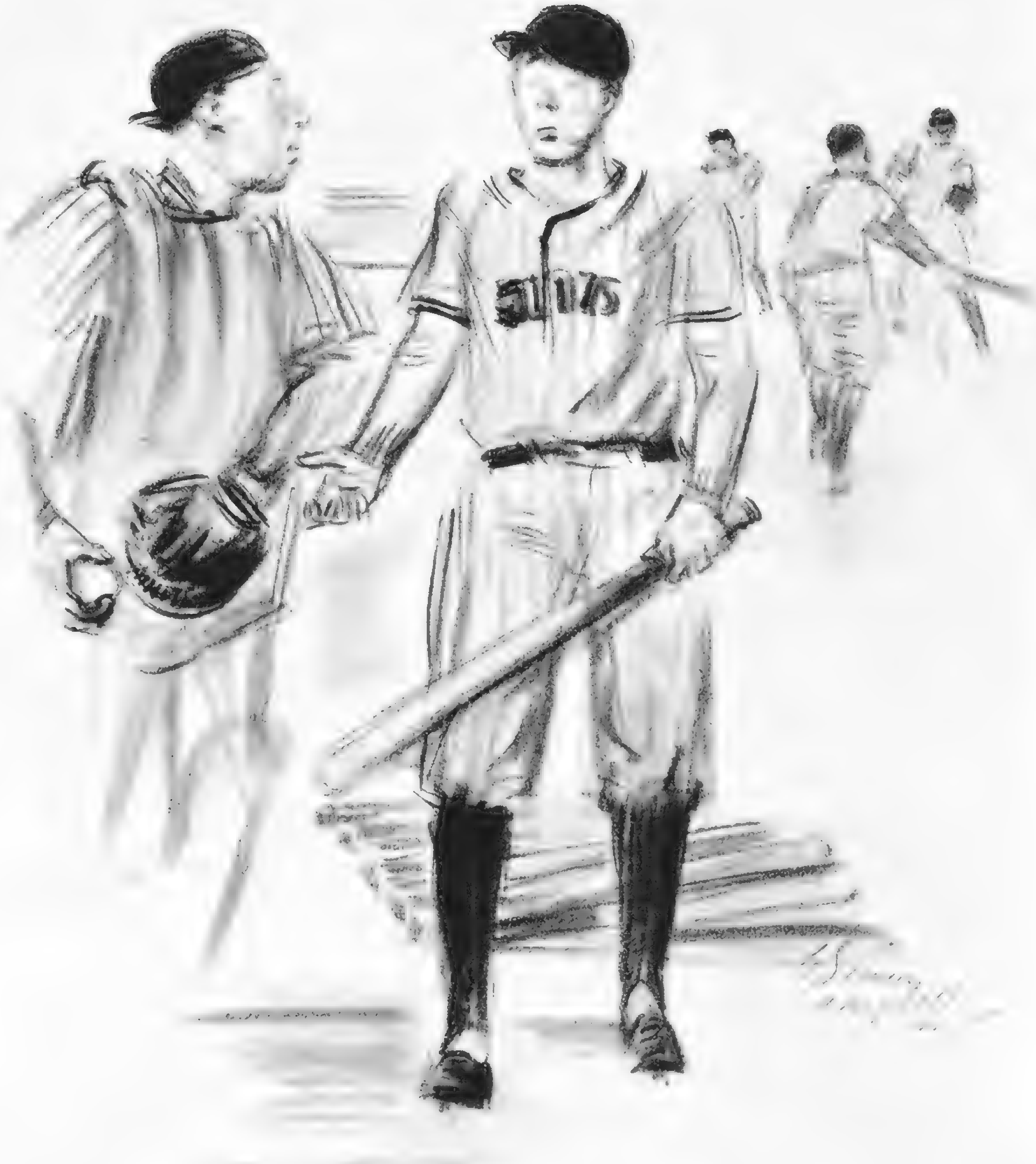
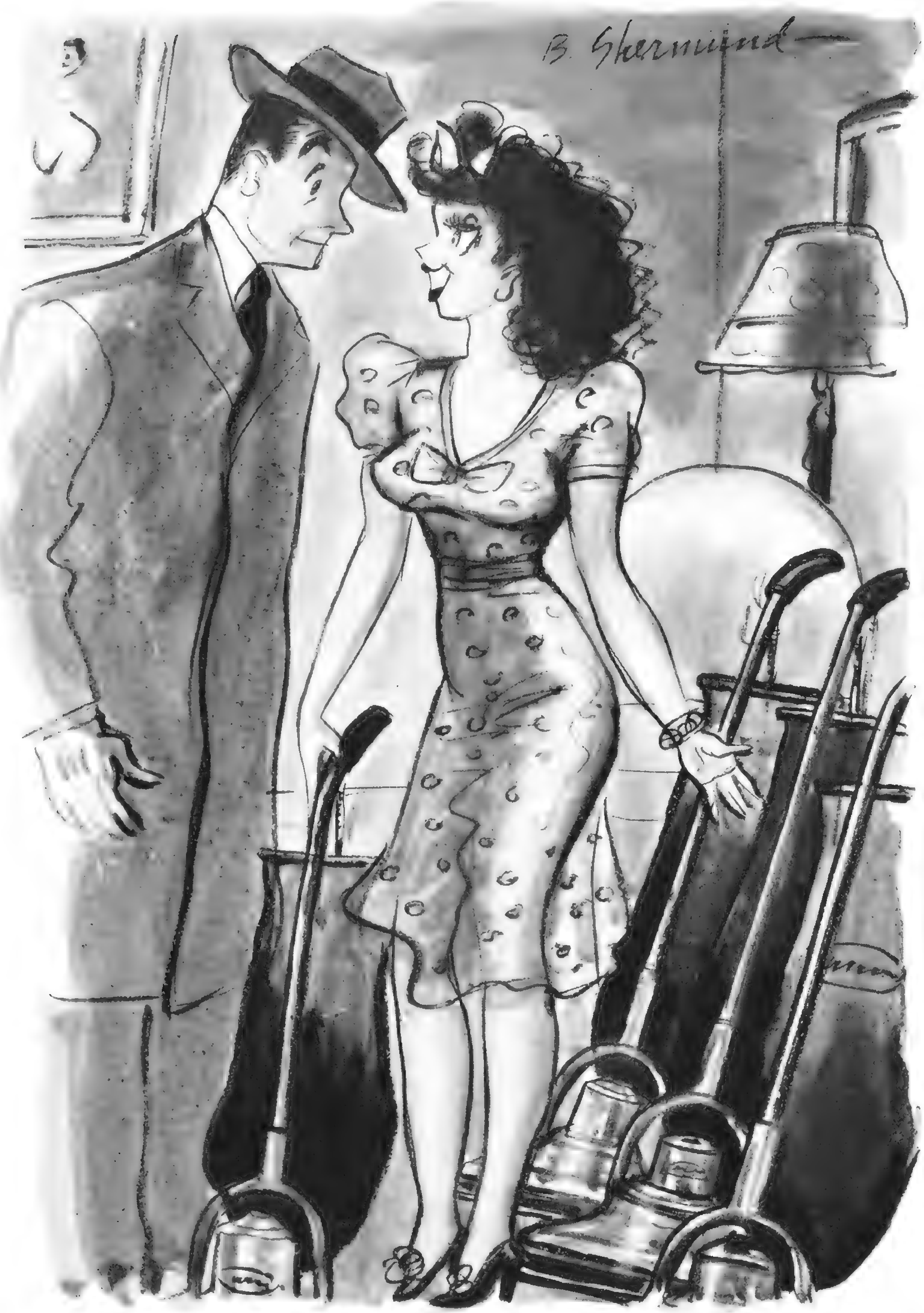


"The extra five is a bonus, Pierre—yesterday on the street a man said, 'Going my way, Sugar?'"



"I don't get it. I eat th' same breakfast cereal as DiMaggio eats and still I can't hit th' ball"



"I saved eight dollars for you, dear—the agent gave me a two dollar reduction for taking four"

Roulades and Cadenzas

Unless better music is broadcast, even this critical ear may grow indifferent and undiscriminating

by CARLETON SMITH

• MUSIC •

The state of the world these past months has kept my ear glued to the library loudspeaker and my pocket portable. It has been a chastening and novel experience. There were summers when I didn't think of the radio as concerning me more than street organs—on which, nevertheless, I keep an observant ear.

Now at last I have proof that whatever pretensions we make to being civilized between October and April, in the summer we return with all haste to the Dark (or, more accurately, the Deaf) Ages. Dispensing with even the rudimentary jungle laws of self-preservation, we allow any insignificant imbecile who has the guts to label himself *maestro* to choke the air with what he pretends is music.

It is not only that in the summer first-rate artists are missing . . . that Toscanini is away. It is not that Bach, Haydn, and Mozart, and other cold-weather cronies are shelved . . . that promised chamber music concerts fail to materialize. It is not that the Columbia Broadcasting System, which knows better, resorts to slicing half-hour hunks out of the Stadium Concerts. It is not that the country's ranking summer festival—the one conducted in the Berkshires every August by Serge Koussevitzky—takes place without benefit of microphone. It is simply that around the dial there isn't an hour of music that means anything to anyone with sufficient intuition to tell a Bach Chorale from *Porgy and Bess*.

The day is filled with "soap operas"—lathered with emotional thrills for that other sex. Except for ball games and the politicians, everything comes in cocktail doses, separated by chimes and watch ads.

The music you can pick up in the evening is never the kind that allows you to sit back, forget you are hearing a performance, and give yourself up to it wholeheartedly with joy and abandon. Except for what emanates from various public parks, which would not get by in an amateur hour, you get formless, sentimental slush presented without beauty or symmetry of design, served up like a three-decker and about as digestible. Unfortunately, New York's WQXR which presents recorded classics at all hours of the day serves only the metropolitan area. (Note to F. C. C.: Every city of 100,000 should have a record station with programs patterned after WQXR.)

As far as I can judge, radio moguls, having made expensive provision for the production of music and being temperamentally unable to tell the difference between art and a travesty on it, go off and leave their studios in the hands of bumptious impostors who with a stop watch in one hand and a metronome in the other, somehow manage to fill in the gaps between newscasts and the lucrative business of moving purgatives, purifiers, lotions, liquids, tooth paste and chewing gum off retailers' shelves. What they achieved this summer attained to perfect nothingness, fit only for experimentation on those happy citizens who typify the various sleep groups recently uncovered by medical research. As for myself, I stayed awake and am expecting therefore by next refugee ship the *Croix de Guerre*.

The greatest devastation is wrought not on the classics which withstand all assault nor on transient dance tunes which are dead before they can be murdered. It is the semi-classic—the operetta tunes that are ravished nightly at fabulous fees.

There is nothing wrong with this music, except that it doesn't bear endless repetition. What is wrong is its treatment—the mold into which it is poured by hacks who pose as arrangers. How many times have you, listening to these programs, felt the swing or the form of the melody? How many times have you been lifted out of your seat by the beauty of it? How many times have you got the sense of its meaning?

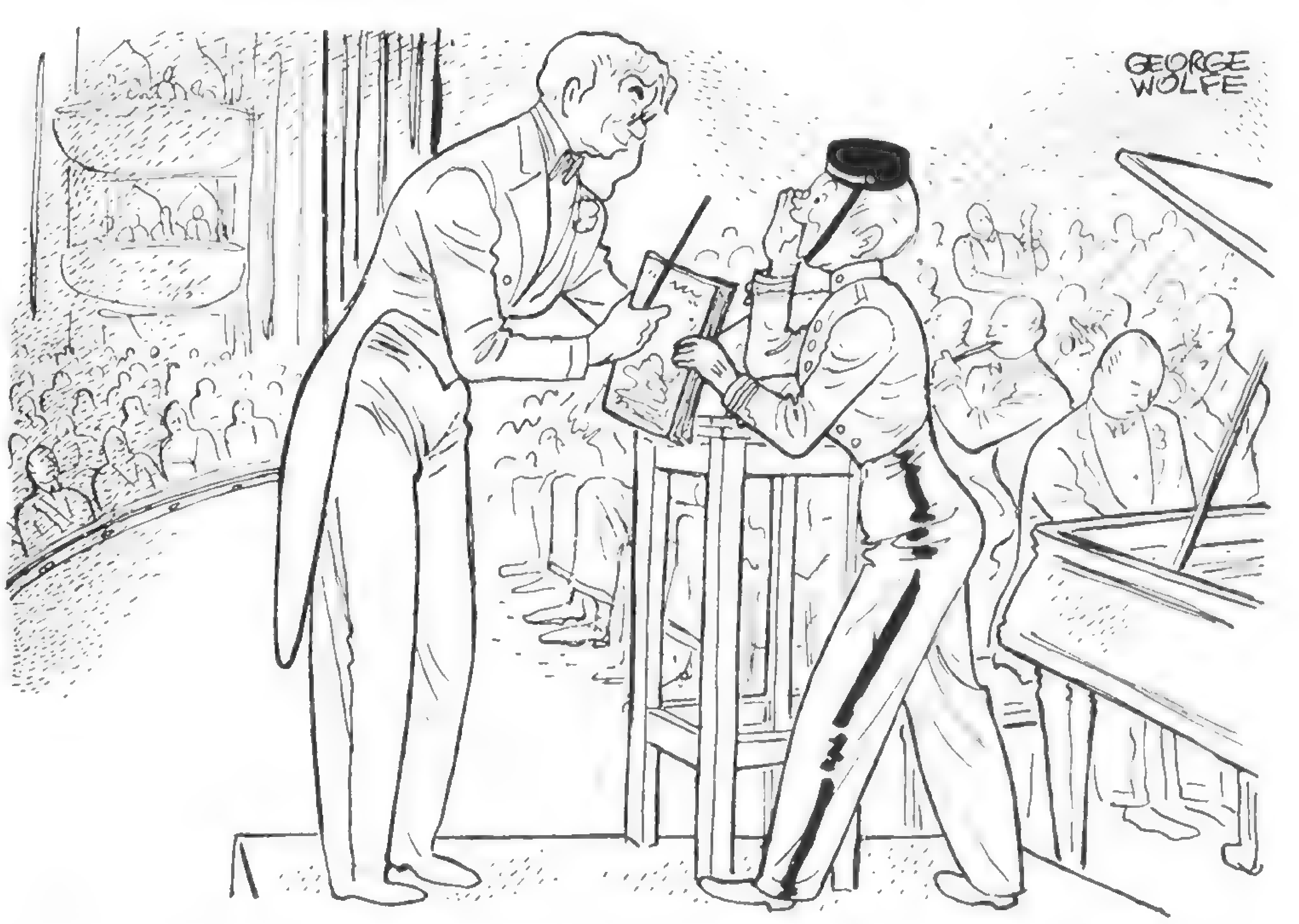
These guys with their mass of clever crudities all bent on tailoring tunes to a second hand, point the obvious. They attempt to give zip and punch and achieve only fake verve and artificial ardor. They reduce dramatic music to music without a subject, emotional sounds to sounds with no mood, romantic music to music minus feeling.

Their arrangements are all alike, resemble a see-saw. Like a child in a swing, you may be delighted at first, but you soon tire of exploring the same territory. By comparison the harmonization of a chorale by Bach or Wagner (Wach 'auf in *Die Meistersinger*, for example) is a circle tour of the nation. The master-harmonists can, without once repeating themselves or leaving the key, move freely through dozens of progressions back to their starting point, while the arrangements on most of our radio programs make but one oscillation and go on repeating it until the end of time. To their clichés and stock effects, which I never expected to hear again except in a bad dream of my childhood in the neighborhood's silent movie, I infinitely prefer my own improvisations on an accordion.

Besides their lack of originality, these dabbling morons prostitute music for commercial purposes. Fanfares appropriate for nothing less than the birth of a nation are used to introduce a plug for toothpicks. Noodling violins backdrop cures for every ailment.

These insipid, thoughtless abortions are not alleviated by baby-voiced soloists, all achieving the same monotonous, effortless "smoothness," all making *A Dream* into a nightmare, and for whom the only remedy is chloroform. If the childish treble of Francia White—yes, and of Jessica Dragonette, Lucille Manners, Margaret Speaks, and their

Continued on page 180



"Here's the score for Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, Tschaikowsky's Sixth and it's 7 to 8 in favor of the Dodgers in the first of the ninth"

Man the Kitchenette

On the history of oysters, their fortunate indifference at being eaten, and six ways to serve them

by ILES BRODY

EDIBLES

Oysters were the war aim of Julius Caesar when he ordered his legions to march against England—nice, fat Colchester oysters and this has been clearly stated by the conqueror. As rational and logical a *casus belli* as there ever was.

If you think I am just trying to catch your attention with a stimulating beginning, or if you find it hard to believe me, look up that tongue-in-cheek philosopher, George Bernard Shaw's *Caesar and Cleopatra.* In that work you'll see Caesar bragging: ". . . I found the British oysters," and Apollodorus answering: "All posterity will bless you for it!"

I am willing to go much further back for proof, however, to a contemporary propagandist, the eminent Roman writer, Sallust, living in 50 B.C.; he stated laconically: "Poor Britons—there is some good in them after all: they produce an oyster." Poor Sallust, he lived too early to know that nearly two milleniums later this nation of Britons also would produce Black Velvet, two-thirds stout and one-third champagne, a marvelous drink served very cold, and the natural brother of oysters.

Aside from Julius Caesar, other high muck-a-mucks, such as Tiberius, Horace, Cicero, the Plinys, were oyster fanatics in ancient times, since oysters were the exclusive province of high muck-a-mucks in Europe all through the ages. (Even today—outside of the so-called Portuguese kind—they are quite expensive over there and considered a delicacy.) In more recent times, Sieur Laperte, a friend of Monsieur Brillat-Savarin, calmly finished thirty-six dozen small French oysters at a luncheon, and then shyly admitted that he was still hungry. And if you would only know the thorough way a Frenchman finishes an oyster! First he lovingly fingers the rough and irregular shell; he then pauses for a second and looks to see if all the necessary condiments are close at hand; ponders whether he should first squeeze lemon juice over them, or first salt and pepper them. (He never uses tomato cocktail sauce, or any other strong sauce that may disguise the real taste of oysters.) Three or four different sorts of pepper might be used; a drop of Tabasco or even angostura, horseradish or a bit of wine vinegar; but true French epicures seldom try anything on oysters. They just eat them neat and enjoy to the full the genuine flavor.

Putting it into the mouth is a ritual by itself for an oyster fanatic—and Frenchmen are really that. On this occasion the head is bent back slightly, and the hand with the tiny fork and the oyster speared on the tip travels swiftly to the gaping mouth while the eyes are firmly fixed on it, watching carefully not to lose even a drop of the luscious delicacy. The cross-eyes straighten out then and are closed for a second in bliss as the oyster is placed on the tongue, and the mouth is also shut—provided the particular Frenchman has table manners. But it's inside the mouth that the real ceremony takes place. You have no idea what goes on in a Frenchman's maw while he is eating an oyster!

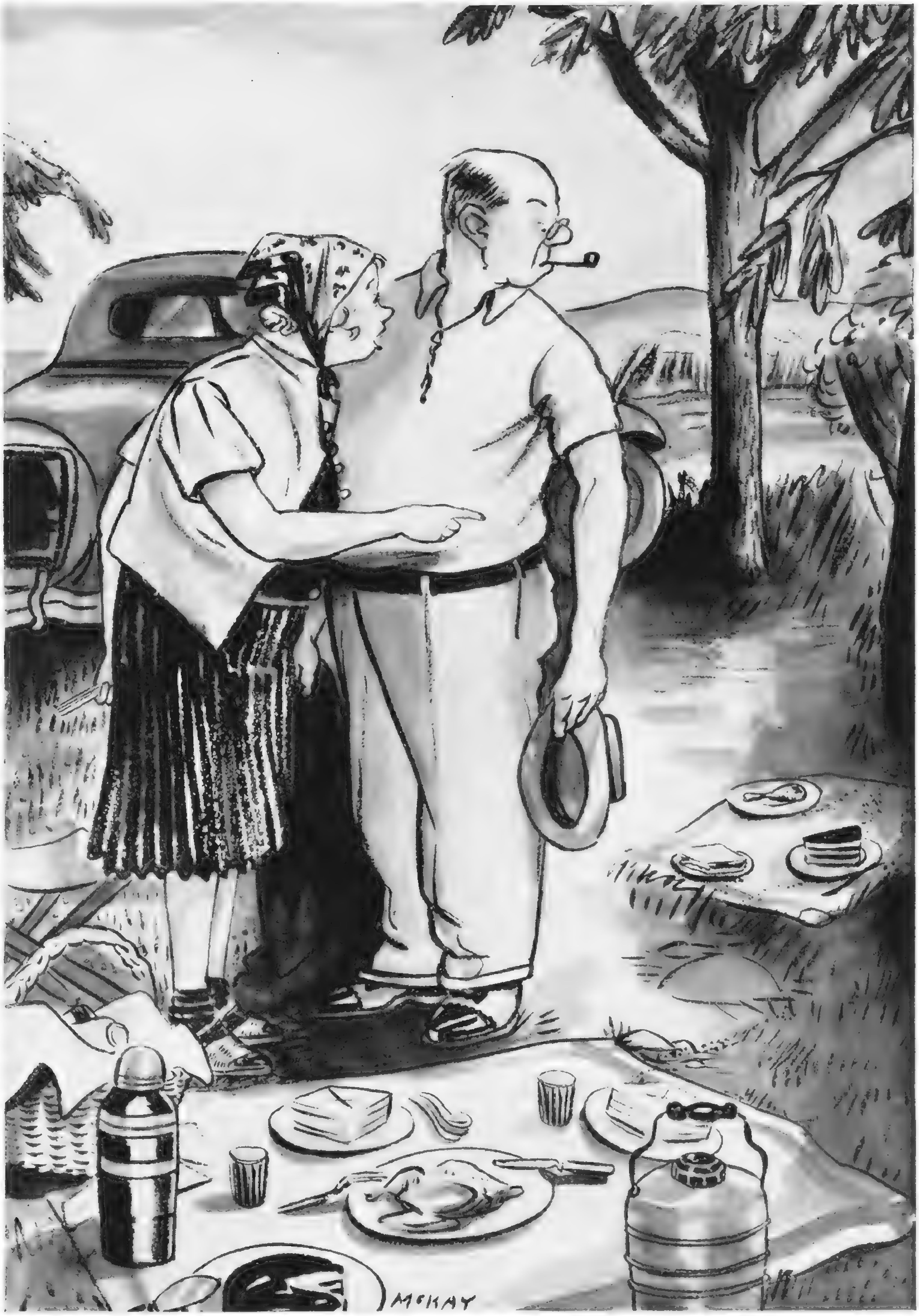
First he twists it around with his tongue a few times, pressing it gently to his palate, as though he wanted it to be as near as possible to his brain, for it is said that the precious effluvium emanating from the oyster reaches the brain instantly, giving it vigor, force, potency. Then the stomach of the oyster is separated by the Frenchman's tongue from the other parts of its body, because this seemingly very simple organism does have a stomach, which should be swallowed first, and without chewing. The rest of the body should be chewed, if ever so slightly, before entering its heaven—an epicure's stomach. Next the Frenchman lifts the shell draining it of every drop of liquor, and then, for contrast's sake, he takes a bite of paper-thin buttered brown bread before proceeding.

On many a 1st of September the late André Maginot, conceiver of the ill-fated defense system, stood in line waiting for a table just like other Frenchmen, at Prunier's, the excellent Parisian fish restaurant at either the Rue Duphot or the Avenue Victor Hugo branch. As here the 1st of September used to be the beginning of the oyster season in France, and Maginot was a well-known devotee. They say that he was able to down ten dozen of them and then eat a Boston steak, just because this particular steak carried another dozen cooked oysters, piggyback style.

By now you are probably wondering irritably, just what *is* an oyster, anyhow. Well, biologically it is a bivalve invertebrate, belonging to the "phylum mollusca," and at one time of its life it is a male and then it becomes a female, like orchids and other plants on that order. This sex changing business is very puzzling to people who don't know much about molluscs. Let's try to clear it up a bit. The oyster is a very low form of that molluscan family where there is no head or brain, and in many respects it approaches a vegetable; however it has a heart, a stomach, ovaries, and other organs, but no brains and no feet, and it certainly does not mind at all when it's swallowed. From this paragraph you can plainly see that an oyster only looks simple; in reality it is a most complicated animal. Huxley said that "when you eat an oyster you are not aware that you are swallowing a piece of machinery, much more complicated than a watch." The muscles or valves keep the shells together with tremendous force. To illustrate the strength of these valves: it happens now and then—I have in mind especially one celebrated case

Continued in center of page 156

"What's that smells so good, Honey?"



"I thought, maybe, if we set a special place for the ants, they'd leave us alone!"

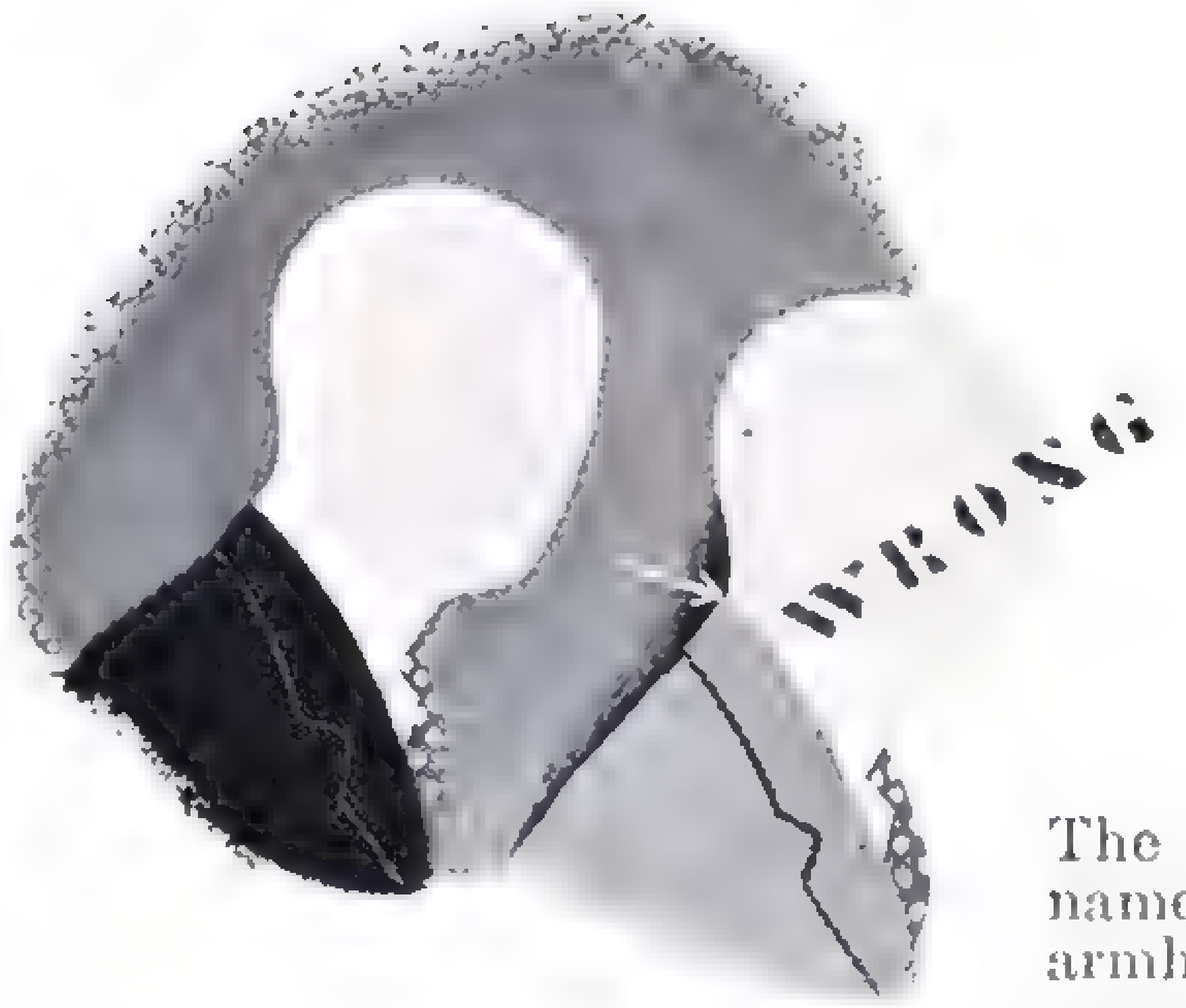
Perfection Is No Trifle

Eight not so trifling details of dress: add them up accurately and you will get the correct figure of a well-dressed man

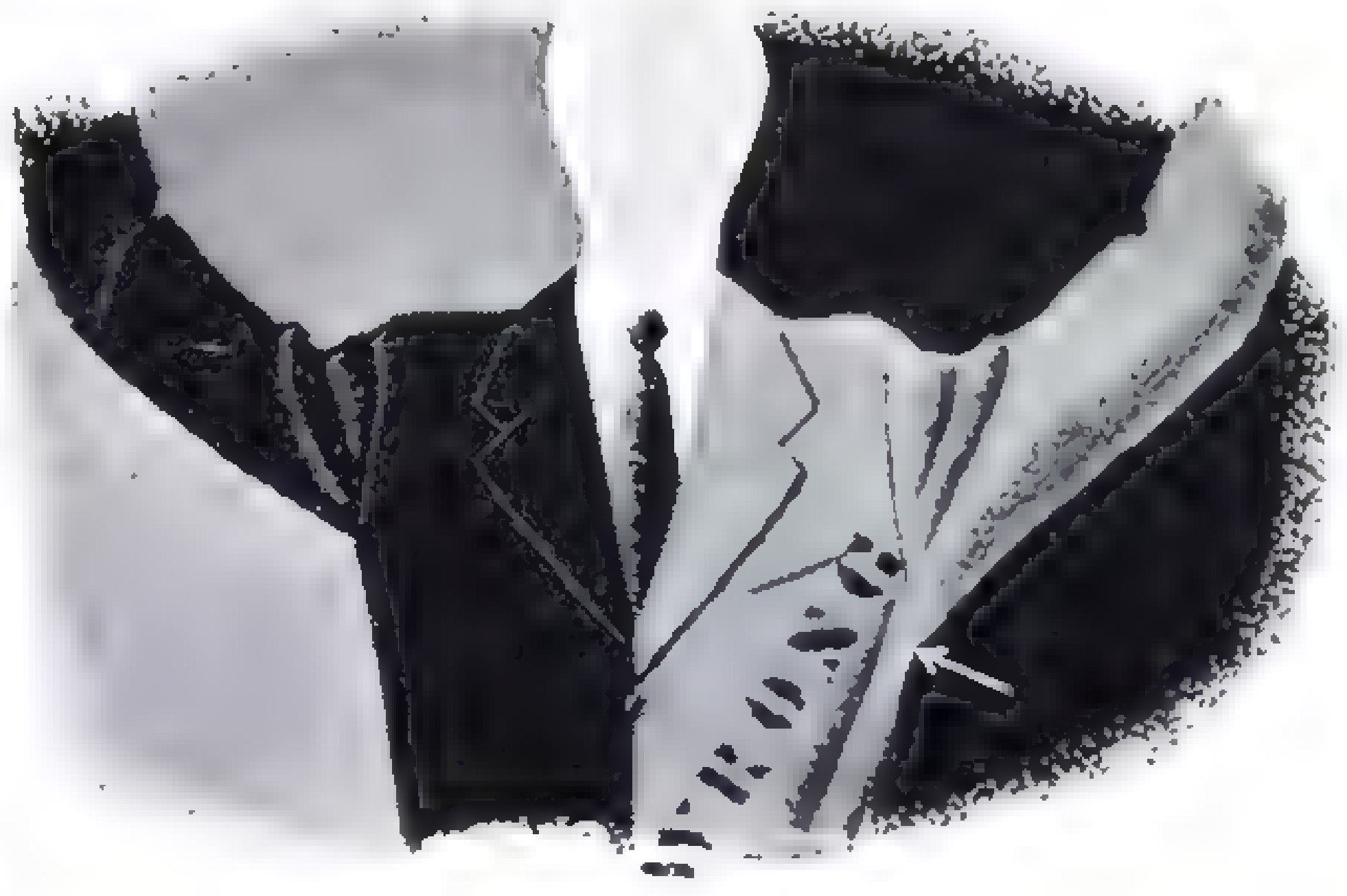
by FASHION STAFF

• WEARABLES •

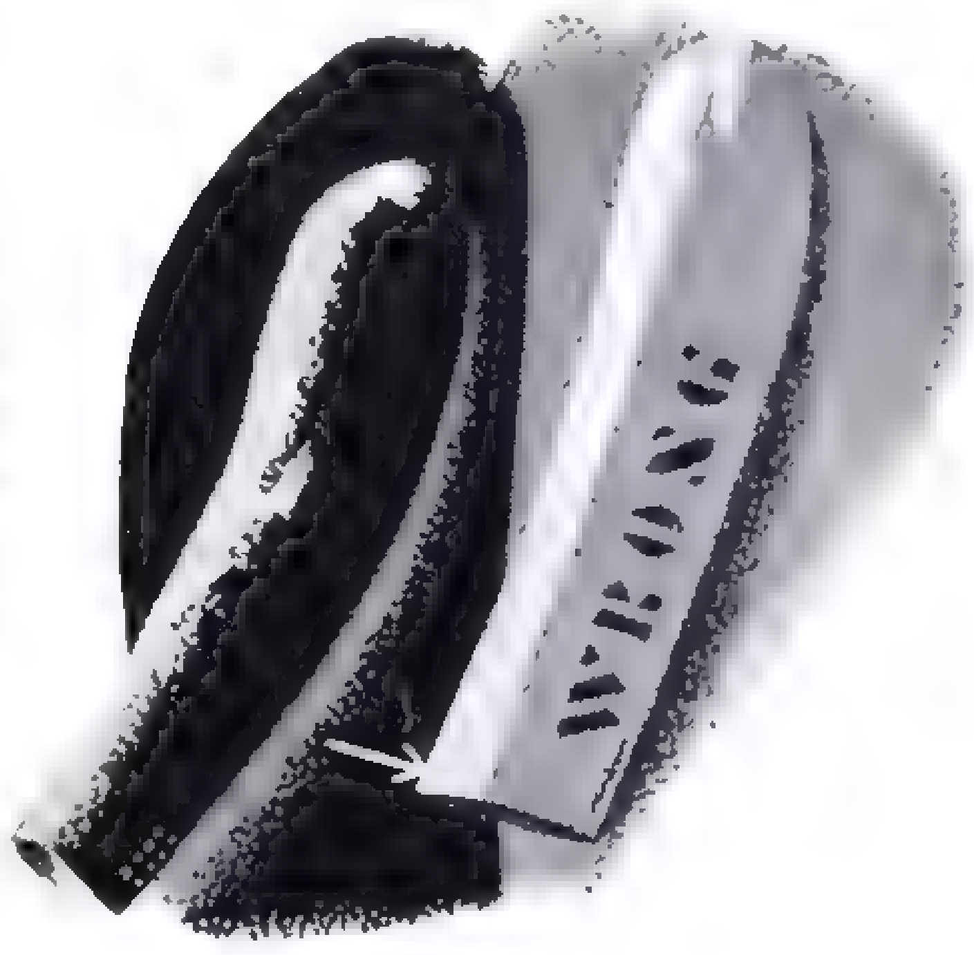
The collar of the jacket should be low in back so that about half an inch of the shirt collar appears above it. This height gives proper slope to the collar. The hiked-up collar in back, the wrong sketch, not only causes rather acute discomfort by scraping against the neck but results in an unflattering neckline.



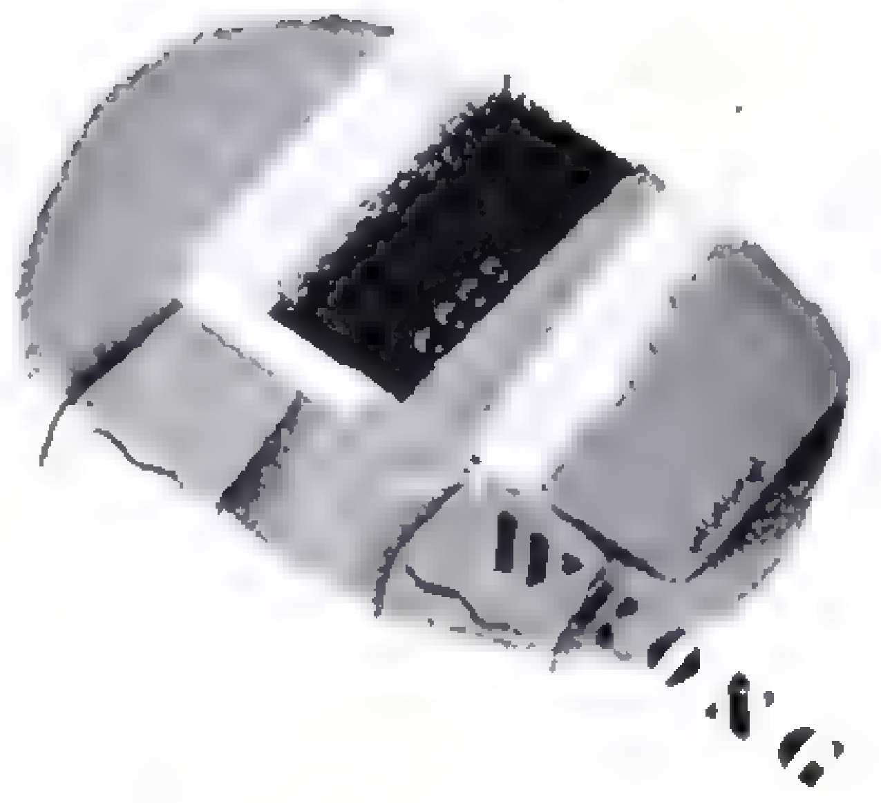
The high arm scye (technical name for the lower part of the armhole) permits you to move your arm without pulling the jacket all out of place. Steer clear of the low arm scye that causes the sleeves to bind your arms when you raise them. It's the reason for your jacket being tugged out of position.



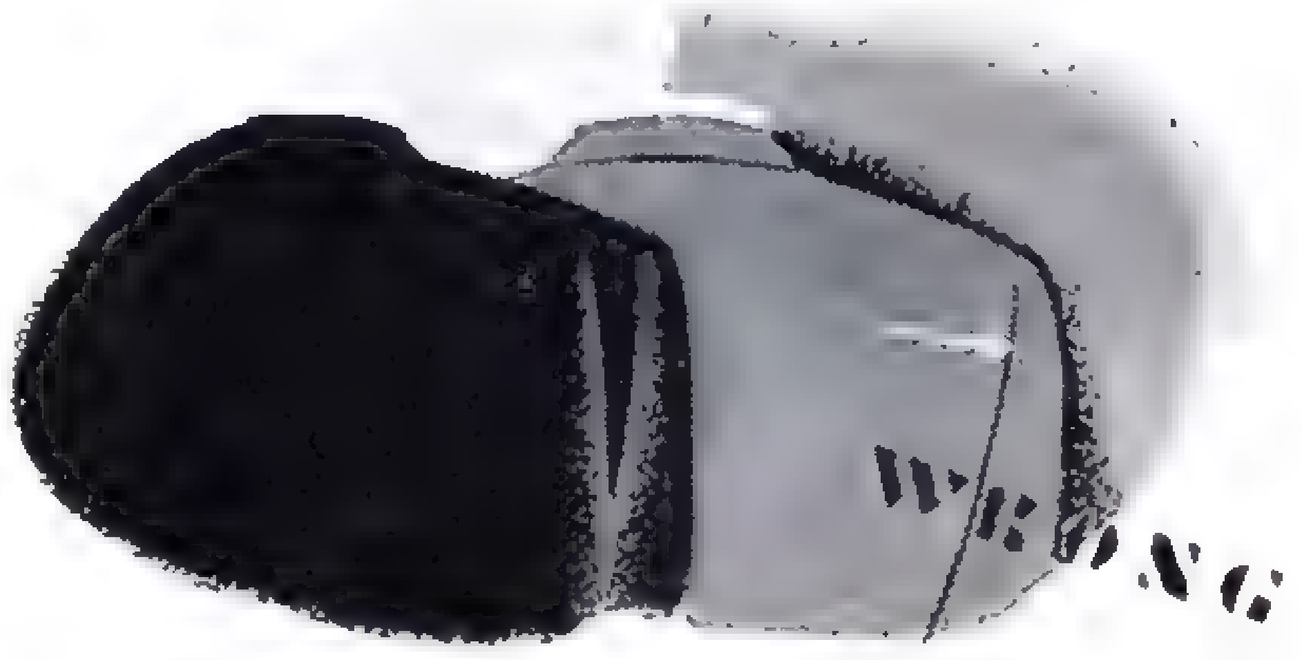
Properly cut sleeves are full at the top, or sleevehead, and taper to a narrow cuff. The converging lines conform to the broad shoulder and narrow middle effect of the jacket. Sleeves should be pressed to an oval shape, not with a sharp crease in front. Sleeves wide at the cuff look cumbersome, out-of-fashion.



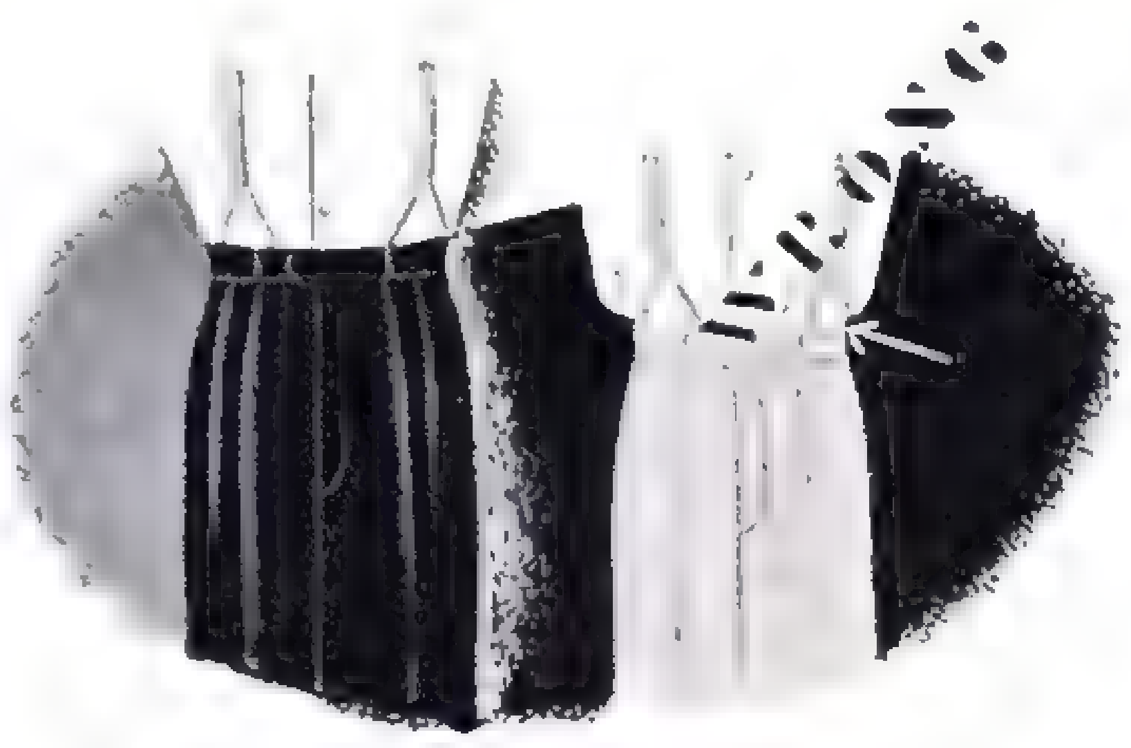
The sleeves of the jacket should be short enough to allow at least a half-inch of the shirt cuff to show. The band of "linen" between sleeve and the hand is one of the details that go to make up the definable well-dressed man. Long sleeves do not look so well, are obviously less comfortable.



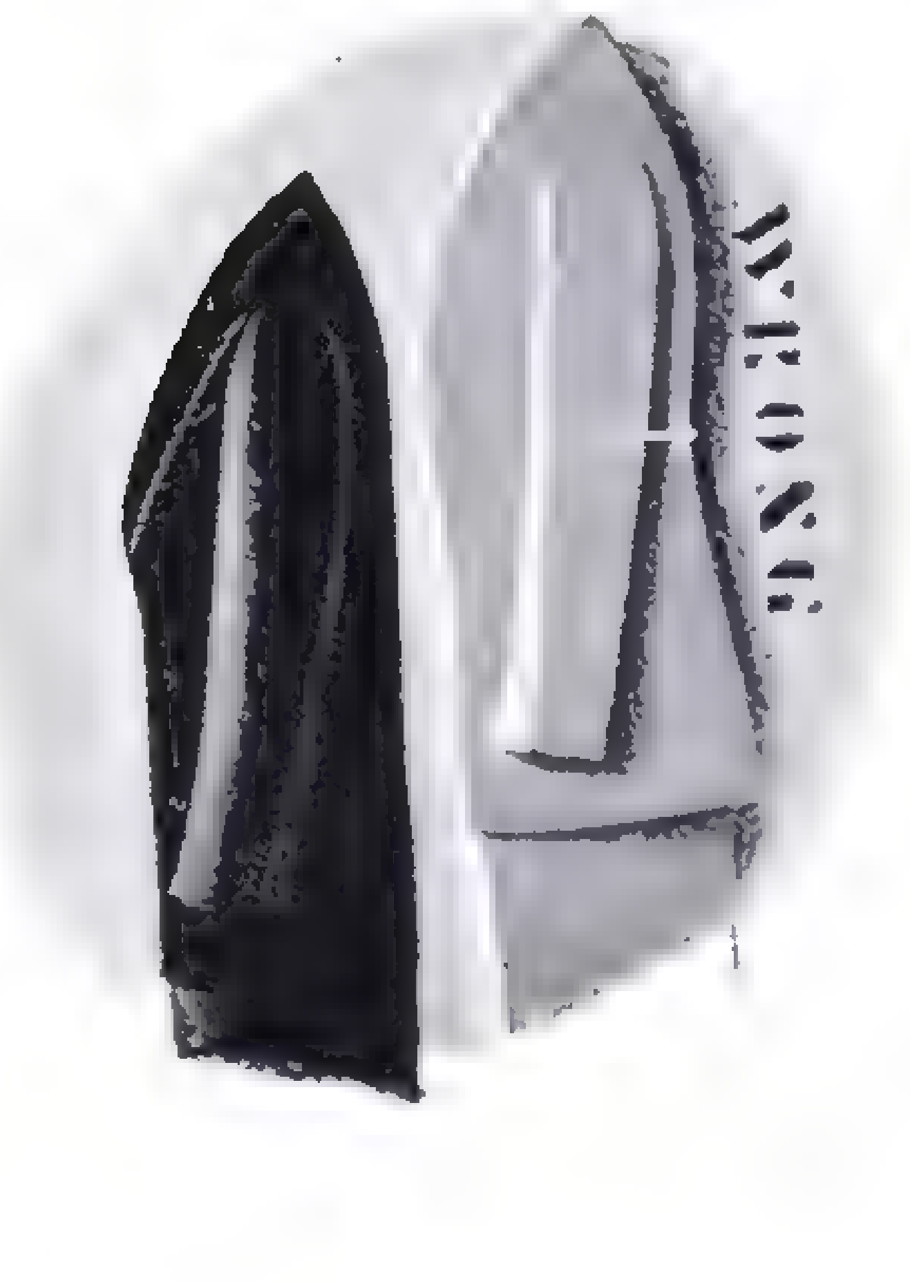
Fullness over the shoulder blade with breaks extending upward on the back from below the armhole gives ample room for free action. This extra fabric also causes the jacket to drape properly. A tight fit over the shoulder blades not only is less pleasing to the eye, but makes you feel as though you are in a strait jacket.



High-waisted trousers are made so that the waistband comes at the natural waistline. With pleated fullness, the trousers drape over the hips and cause no tension. Low-waisted trousers resting on the hip bones make you feel conscious of them. Absence of pleats reduces the width, increases discomfort. Incidentally, it's a convenience to have a pair of suspenders for every pair of trousers.



A straight line down the center of the back from the shoulder blades to the bottom, adds to the appearance of erect posture. It's a becoming line to all men. Skip the jackets that are cut in sharply at the waist in back; they give you that unprepossessing swayback look.



The proper length of trousers causes a slight break over the instep. Extreme breaks create the impression of droopy pants. Excessively wide cuffs are also to be avoided. A rough but practical guide for trouser widths at cuffs is to have them about three-quarters the length of the shoe.

WRONG
WRONG

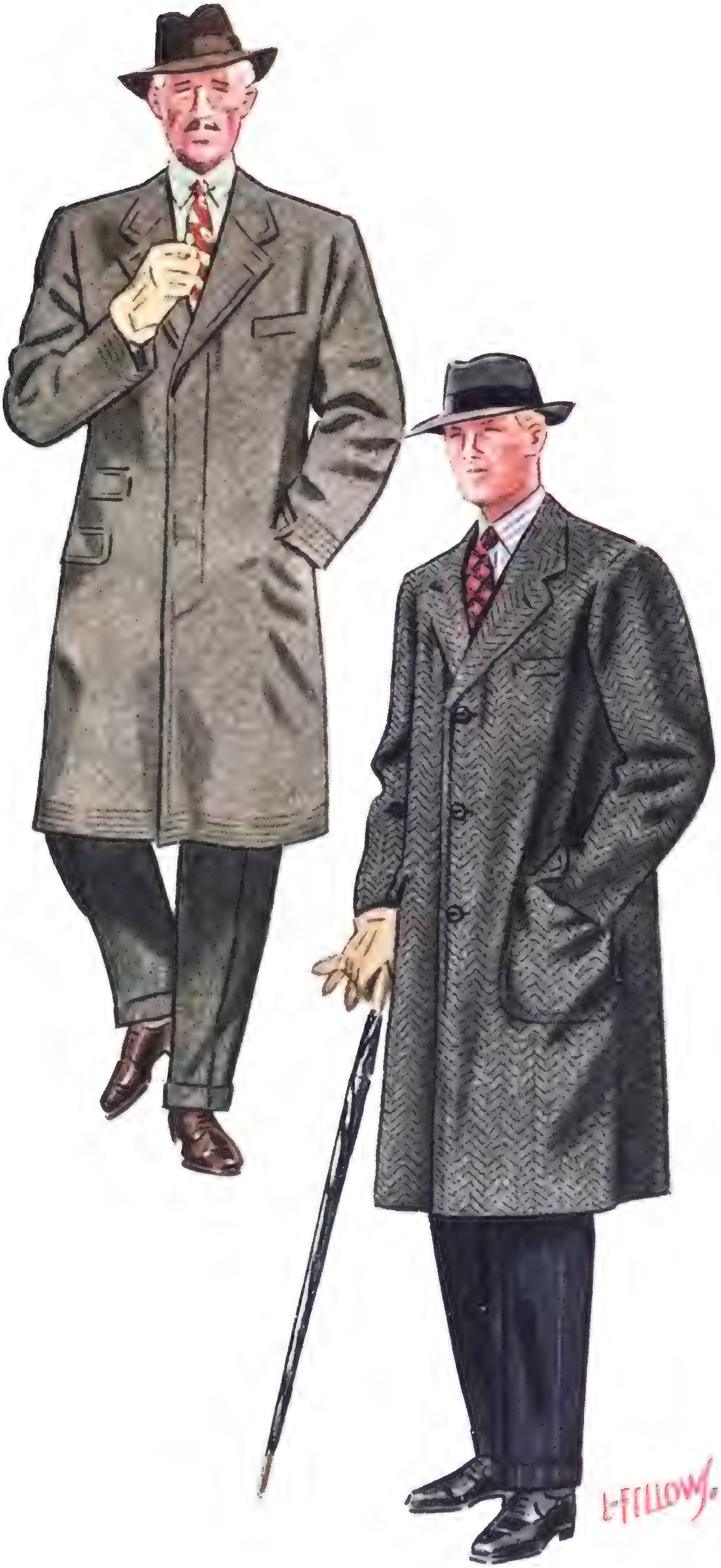
topping for town

If you want to call autumn a gap between summer and winter, here are two excellent suggestions for bridging the gap. Some call this type of outer garment a topcoat, others describe it as a lightweight overcoat. By either name it's a boon to comfort and smart attire while the change of seasons is taking place.

Both coats follow the trend toward brevity, being a bit shorter than last season's models. The garment at the left is a covert topcoat—always in good fashion standing. This olive tan shade goes well with any suit, and here it is called upon to harmonize with a Lovat mixture cheviot. Don't sell covert down the river, whatever else you do. This practical, closely-woven fabric has been with us ever since it made good in the moor and briar country as a riding coat. Now adequately domesticated, it is perfectly correct in town. The model of this coat, however, is as important as the fabric. This is the fly-front type with notched lapels and easy-going lines; note the four rows of railroad stitching at the bottom and at the cuffs. The hat has also moved from the country to town. Originally worn at race meets, this model with flattish-set brim turned down all around adds an informal note to the wardrobe of city slickers. The soft green broadcloth shirt and twill silk tie with tones of copper and grey set each other off to mutual advantage. The gloves are natural chamois and the brown straight-tip shoes hold up their share of an assignment for a smartly conservative fall outfit.

The other man has worked out the same fashion problem and come up with a different answer, a little more sprightly but no less correct. His topcoat is a tweed in herringbone pattern, utilizing heather tones. The model is the single breasted box type with button-through front and patch pockets. The felt snapbrim hat has a bluish cast, while the suit is dark blue clear-faced worsted. Against the blue and white striped broadcloth shirt, the lattice-pattern red and blue silk tie shows up to advantage. Natural shade pigskin gloves, and black straight-tip shoes, and umbrella complete the outfit.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)



HATS FOR WINTER 1940 BY ESQUIRE

Grey felt. Tapered crown and turned-up brim. For business wear in town. May be worn with brim snapped.

Brown lightweight felt pork-pie with greenish bronze narrow silk band. For semi-sports and country.

Blue tone rough felt snapbrim. Harmonizing darker shade felt band. Spectator sports and country.

Black Homburg: Center crease crown with no side dents. A town hat for business and also for semi-formal evening wear.

Green slope crown. Stitched welt edge brim. For semi-sports and country.

Brown felt. Center crease crown

Blue turned down brim felt. Single center crease. An all-around hat for town, country and semi-sports.

Rough finish derby. Flat set brim. Business or travel.

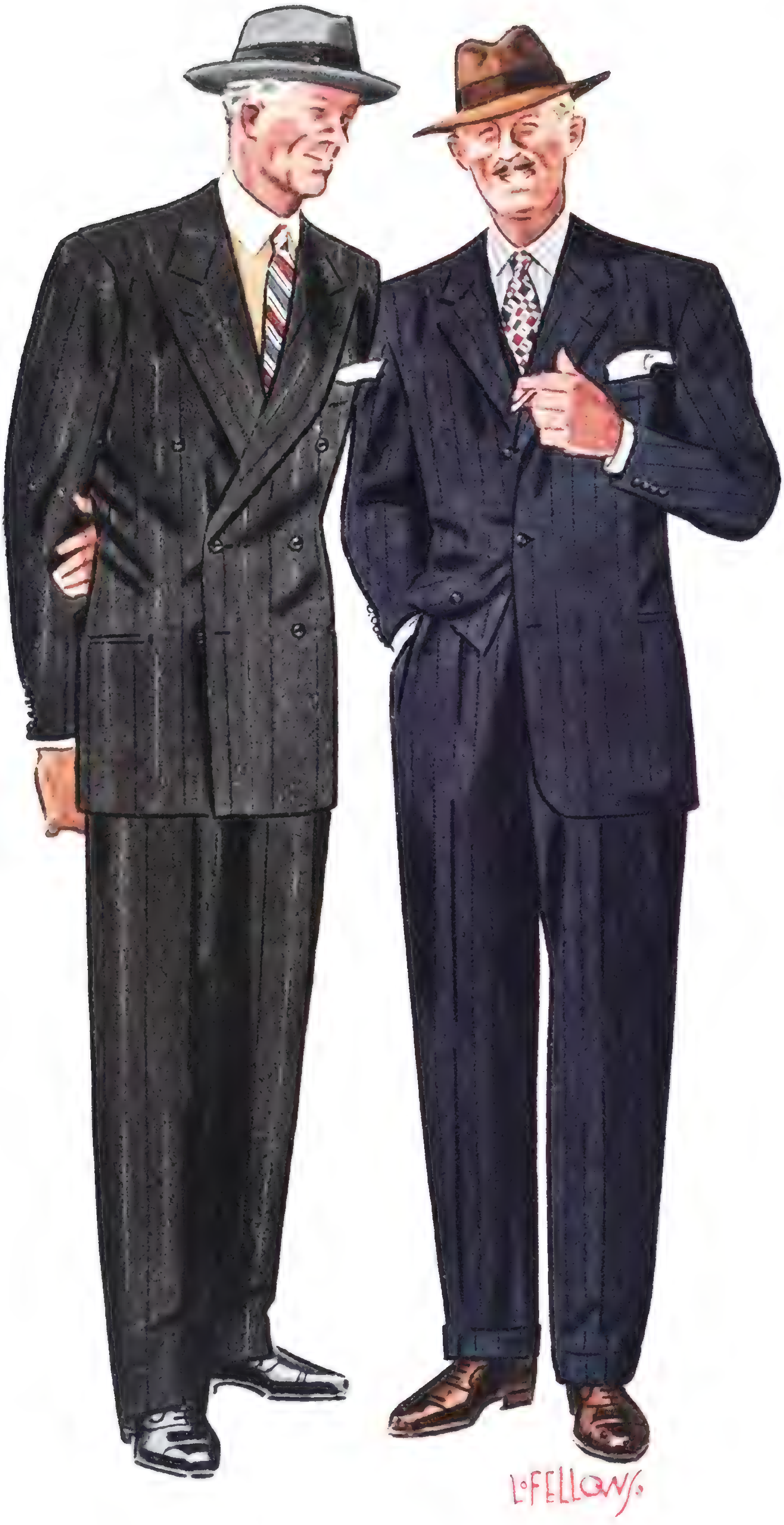
Green all-over stitched felt. Darker shade narrow felt band and lighter shade felt brim binding. Worn snapped and dented. For campus and town

Grey lightweight felt. Tri-shade silk puggree and wide supple brim. Semi-sports and country.

Khaki felt with lighter shade felt brim binding and bronze green band. For campus and town.

Brown snapbrim felt. Darker shade silk band and brim binding. For campus and town.

Robert Goodman



good old grey, bully old blue

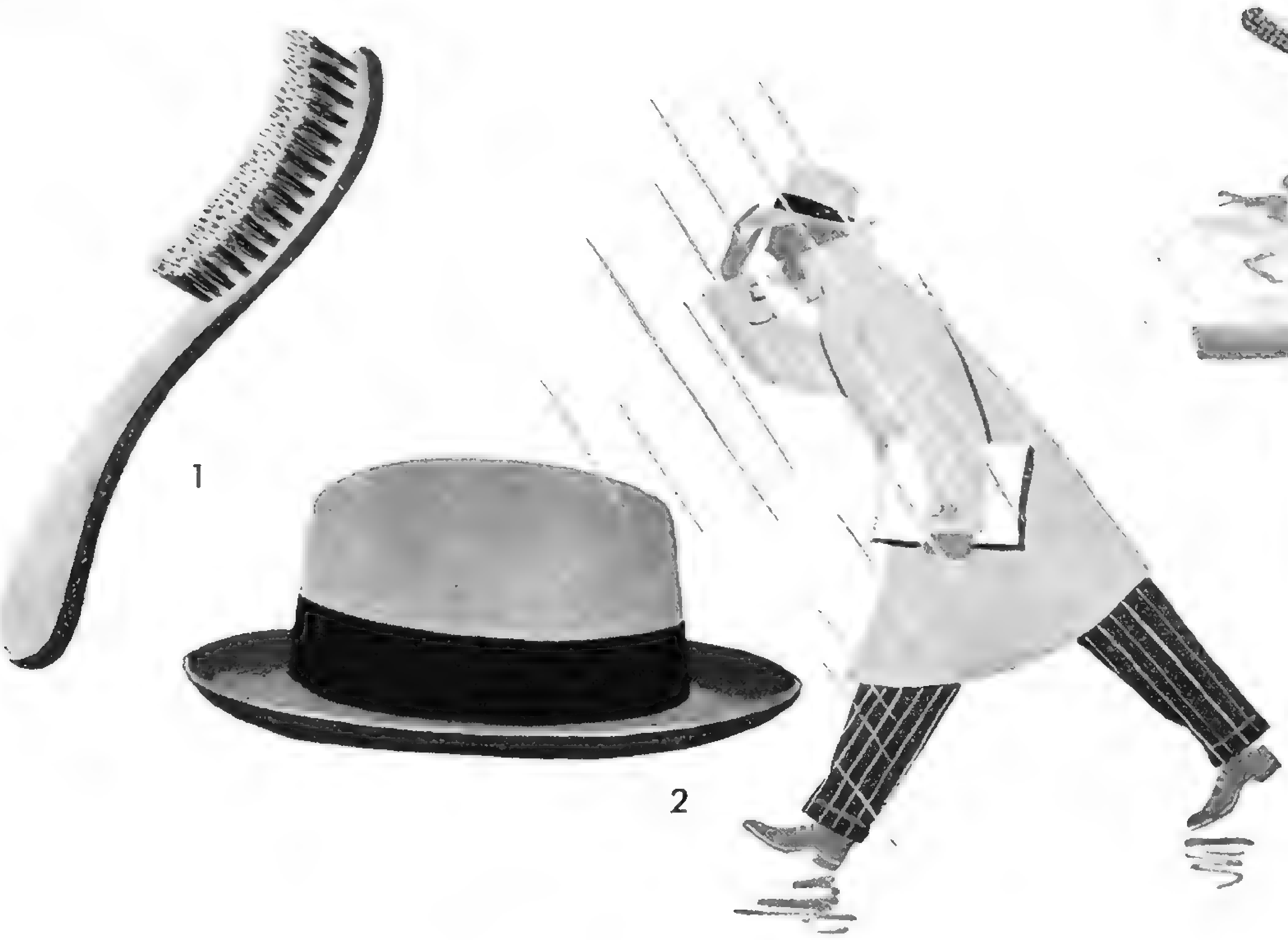
Most men—or do we exaggerate?—yes, this is obviously an exaggeration. Some men are so timid about their dress that if you told them they were wearing a color with honest-to-goodness color in it—that is, some shade other than grey or blue—they would jump right out of their suits. This ultra conservatism saddens us, and we find a perverse satisfaction in introducing to these pages, with many a Spencerian flourish, the most flamboyant colors that the Fashion Staff serves up to us.

So what? So here's a grey suit and a blue suit. But not so fast. We still have an ace or two up our sleeve. This is no ordinary grey; that is no ordinary blue. The grey, the Fashion Staff authorizes us to state, is Granite Grey. And the blue—ah, the blue is Burgess Blue.

The way Granite Grey gets that way is by combining a blue and lighter grey stripe with the background tone. The effect is conservative but not ultra. Anyway, the smart details of the suit model and the accessories punch things up a bit. The suit is a double breasted with welt pockets directly on a line with the bottom button. The trousers are made without cuffs. The broadcloth shirt, with separate white collar, is in the new, smart, fashionable, popular Sandune shade; the tie is solid-colored except for a few stripes of blue, red, white, and black. The grey felt hat has a turned up brim and a tapered crown; it is creased in the center only. Black straight-tip shoes add the finishing touch.

You know your American history pretty well if you know where Burgess Blue gets its name. The color is derived from the shade worn by many members of the House of Burgesses in Virginia during Colonial days. The modern version of this color, as exemplified in this suit of unfinished worsted, carries groups of fine, almost imperceptibly lighter blue stripes, separated by dark-blue stripes. The jacket is a three-button single breasted model with notched lapels. Other accessories are blue and white striped broadcloth shirt, blue, red, and white tie of white-warp heavy silk, brown hat with darker brown band and dark-brown shoes with perforated medallion toe-caps.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)



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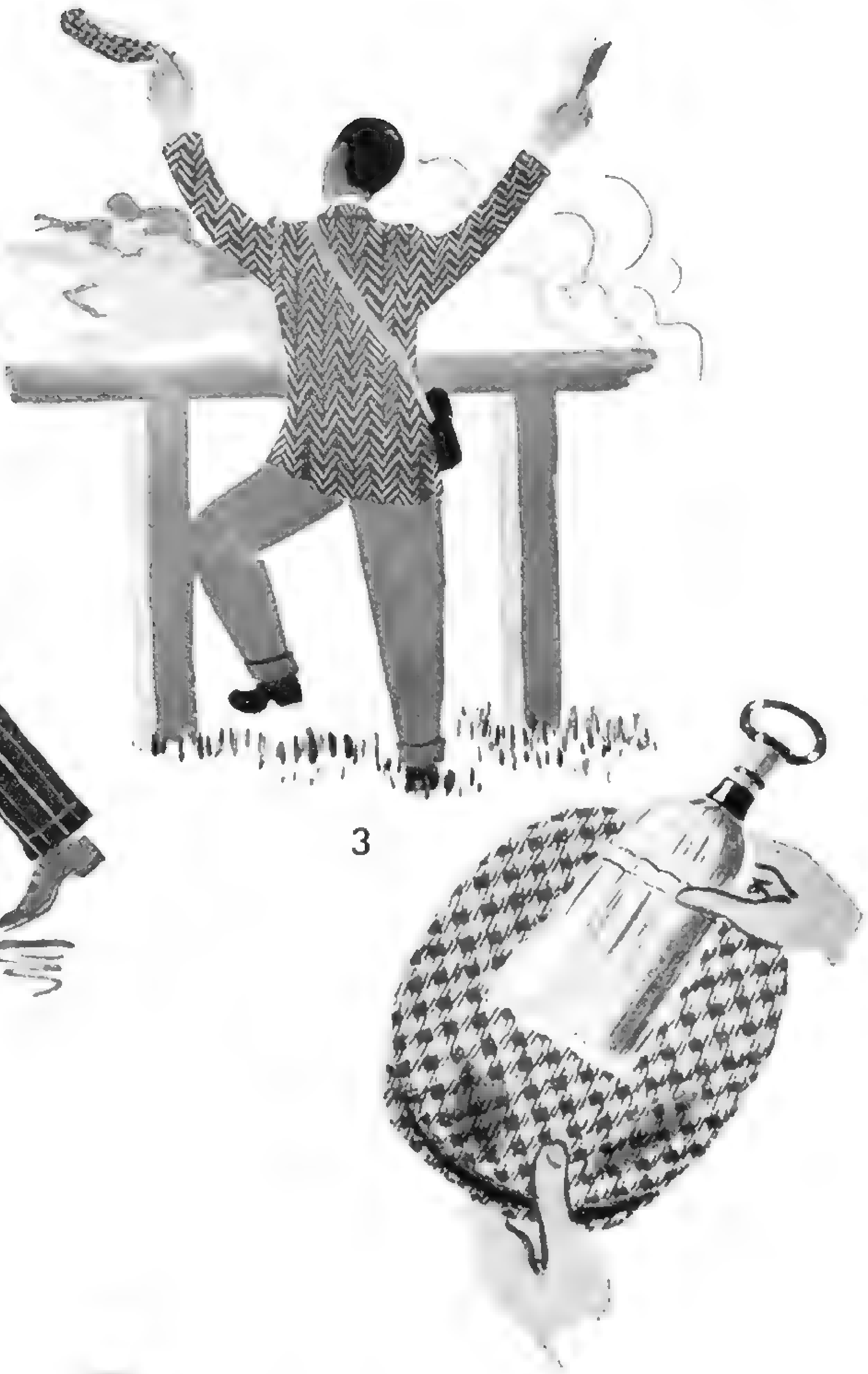


3

Service Your Hats

Homburg, Derby and Opera hats give more mileage if they're brushed and parked in boxes

by FASHION STAFF

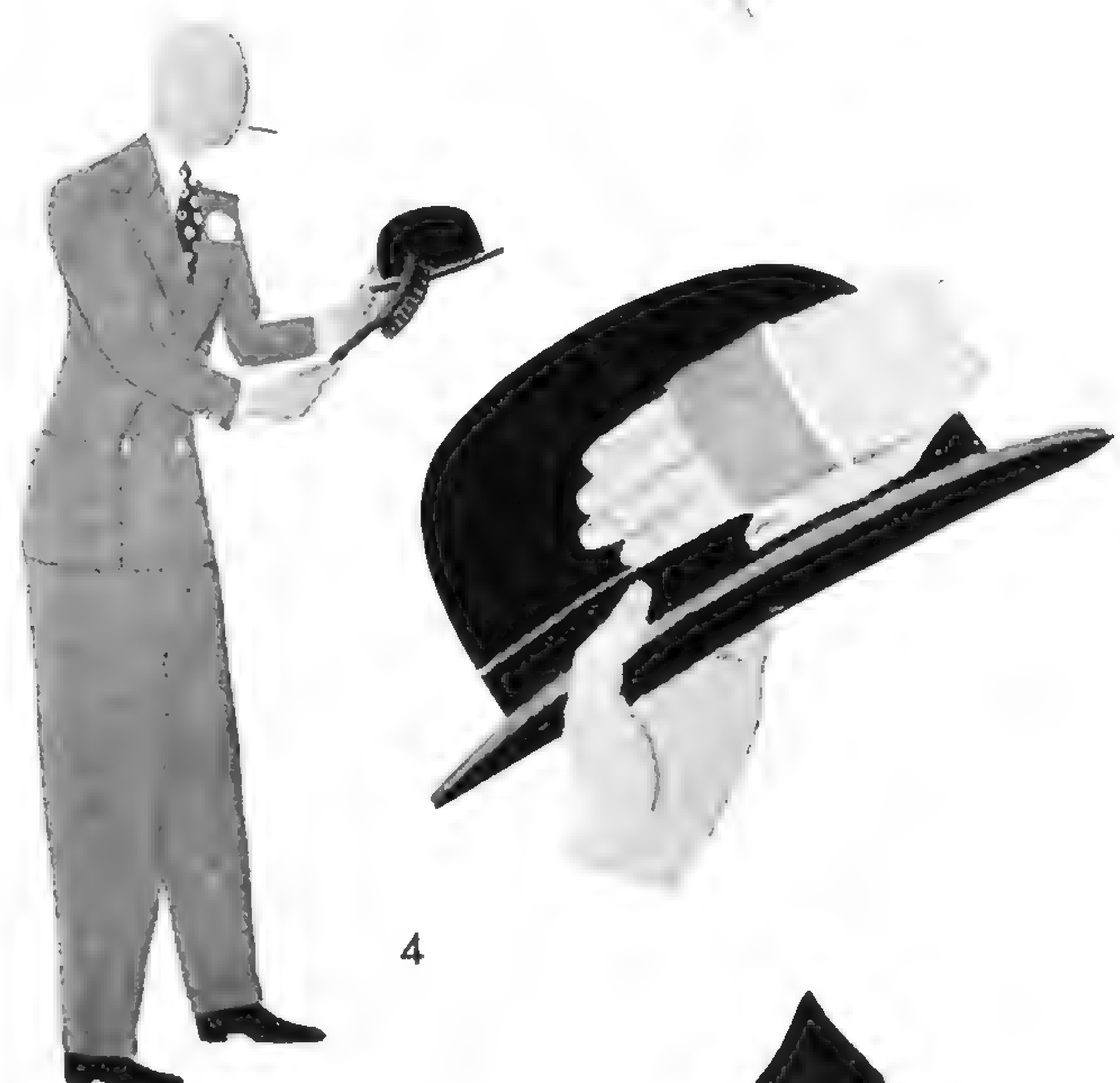
• WEARABLES •

Your fashion observer's guide, "You can always tell a well-dressed man by his hat," has more than one implication. The shape may be right as may be the shade. The tilt to the hat may give a sophisticated bearing. But you keep up good appearance by proper care of hats. Which reminds us of why hatmakers are so unlike magicians. It's hard to stop us even if you have heard it. Magicians may take bunnies out of hats, but hatmakers make hats out of bunnies. Not the ordinary Easter variety, but to be more exact, conies, which jump hither and yon in Australia. But what have conies to do with keeping hats in good order? Come clean, you say. And so we do. If you looked at a hat under a powerful microscope, you would see lots of small cony fur fibers, held together by tiny claws on the sides. They make a felt hat possible but also make good dust catchers. Daily brushings with a long-bristled brush (figure 1) prevent them from holding the dirt, spruce up the hat, lengthen its life. Its curved wooden shape gives good coverage on curved brim models such as the Homburg or collapsible silk hat.

When you've been caught in the rain and your hat has been soaked, wait until it's dry before you brush it. First turn up the brim all around if you wear it dipped (figure 2) and it will retain its shape. Avoid putting it on a radiator or in an excessively hot place at any time. It's apt to be reduced in size and no longer fit your head. A whisk broom (figure 3) is best for removing mud spots only when dry. This should also be used on a tweed cap or cloth hat. The derby hat is kept clean with a long-bristled brush. Finish up with the felt pad (figure 4). This arranges the fibers in proper place.

The same principle applies to the shiny high silk hat. A velvet pad (figure 5) does the trick. Turn over the job of ironing the hat about once a year to an expert. The collapsible opera hat should not be folded when stowed away after wearing. Put it in a box, crown side down. The proper curl of the brim will be affected if you rest the hat on its brim. When you do flatten it, don't try to push it together between your hands as though you were playing an accordion. Place the top of the crown against your waist and press it closed (figure 6). To open, hold the brim with one hand and tap it against the other (figure 7). Every hat should be kept in a box on the closet shelf when not being worn. The brims of soft felt hats should be turned up all around to preserve shape. A box keeps out the dust. Add to the life span of your hats with proper care.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)



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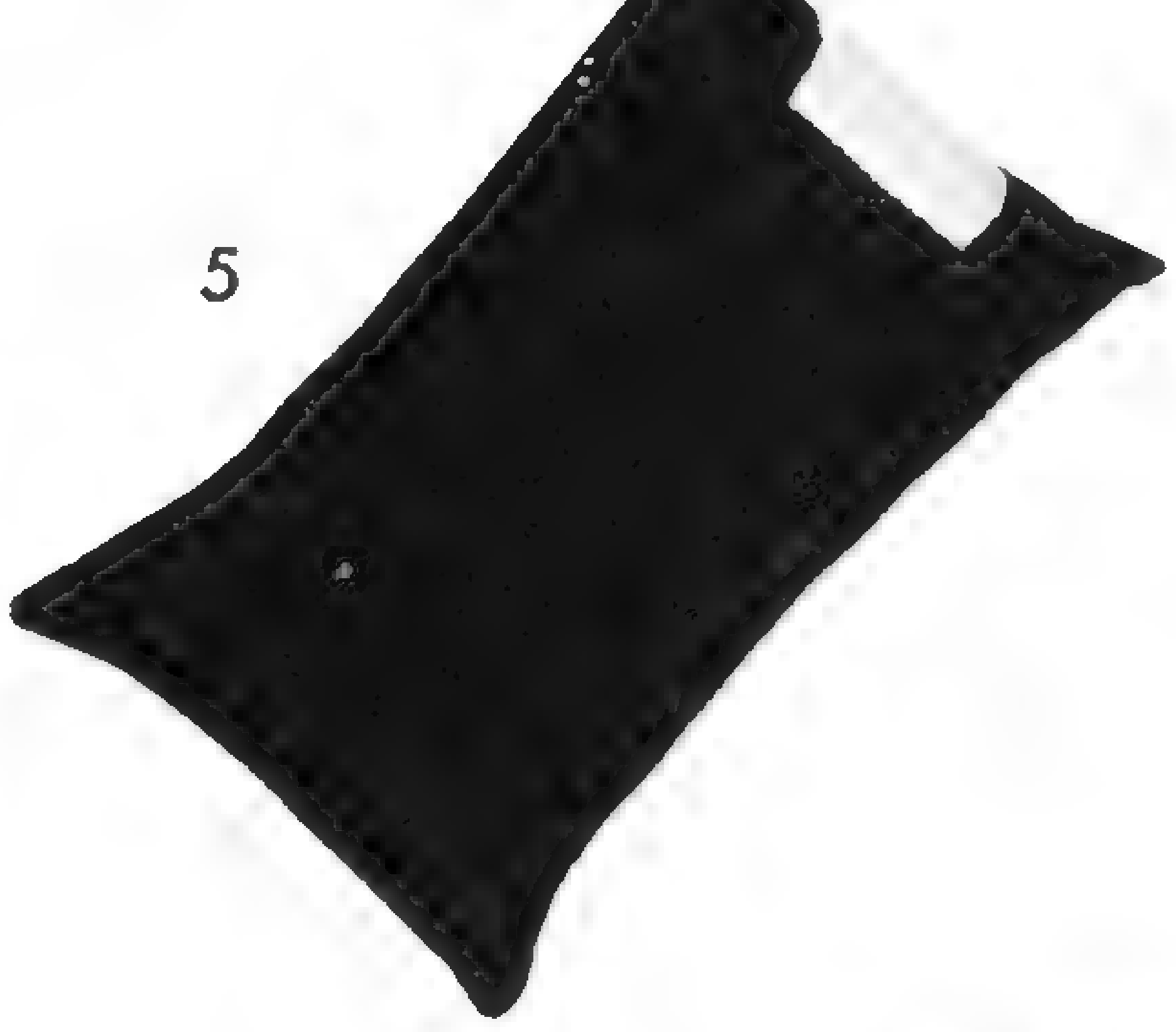

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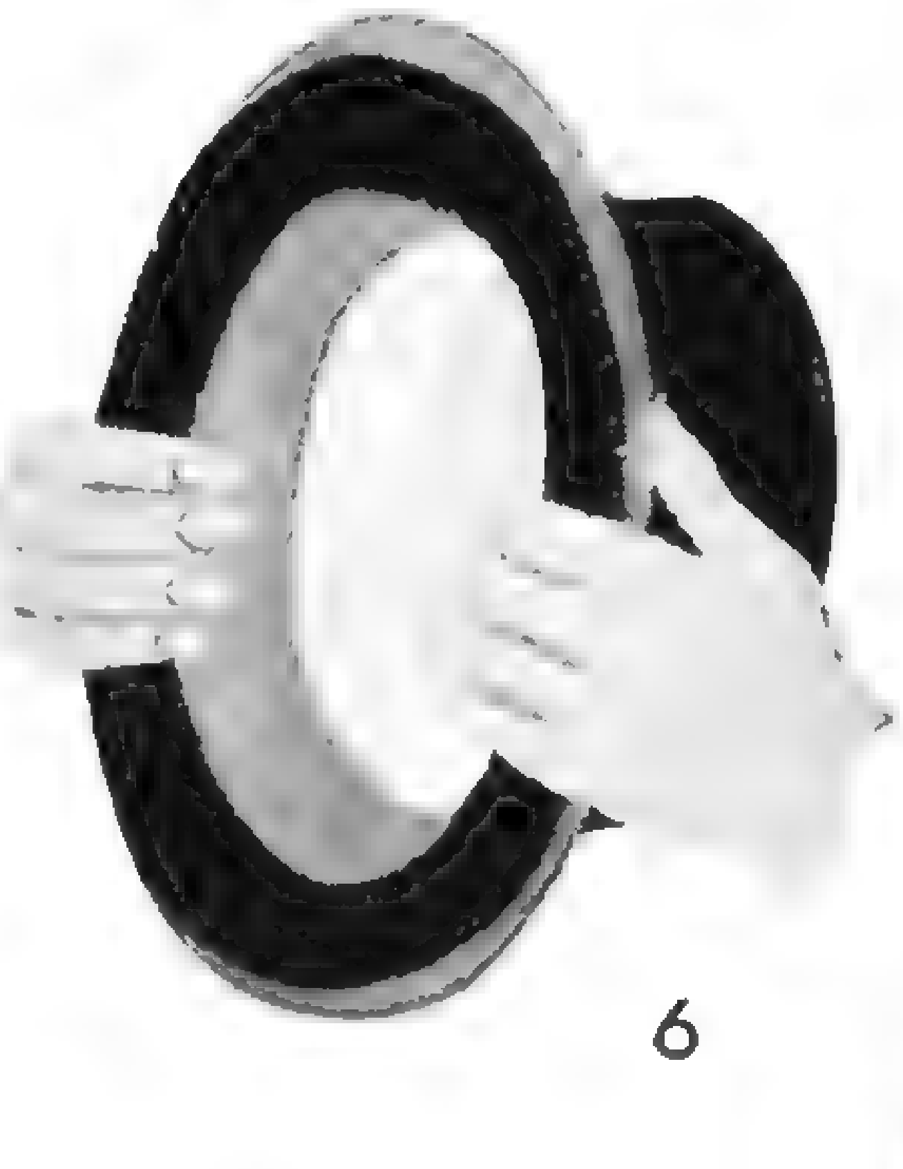

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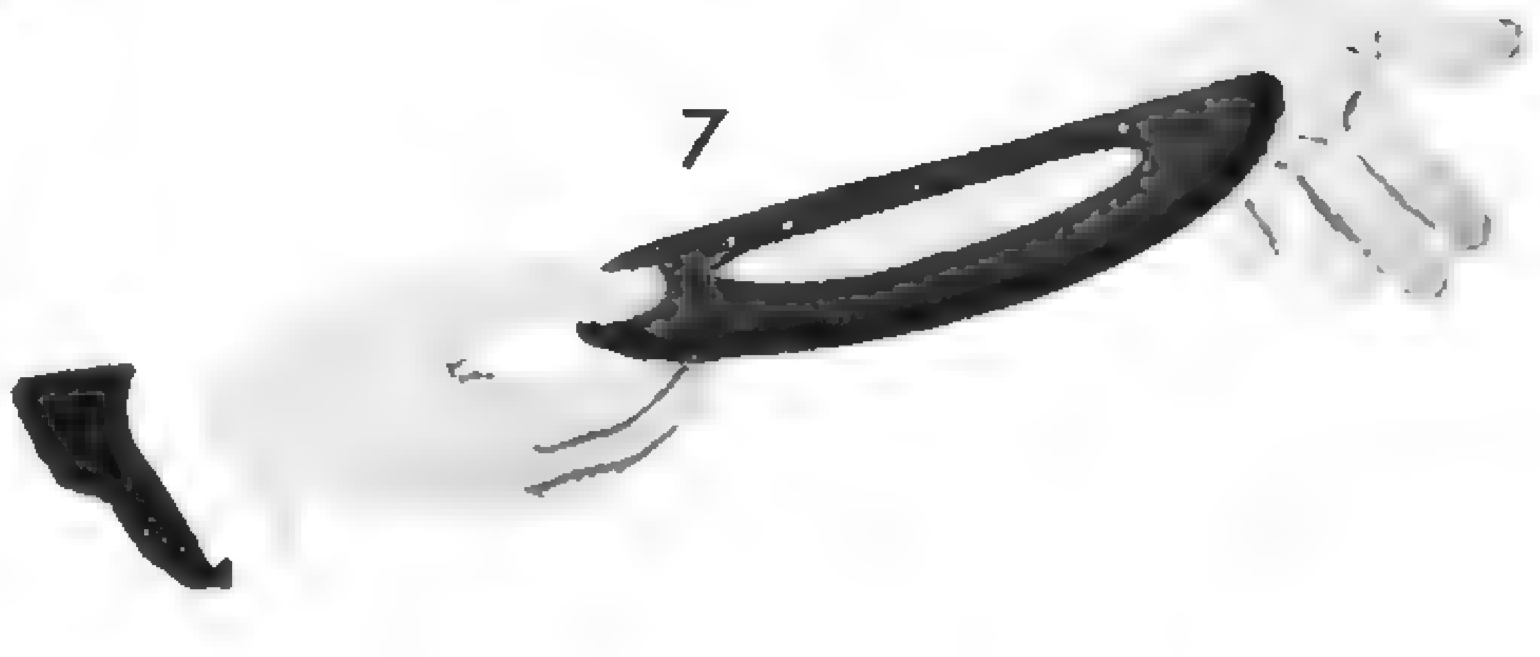

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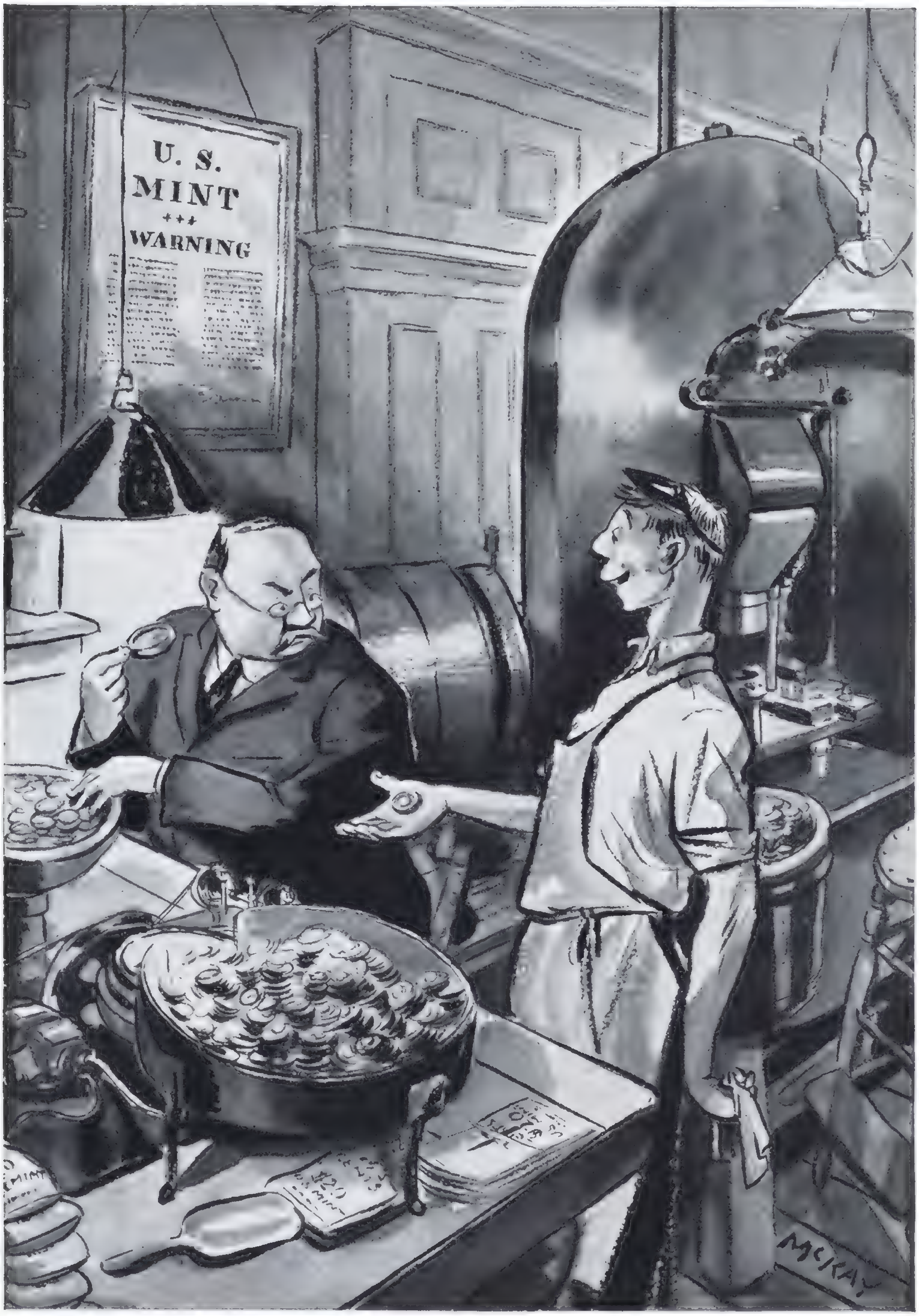

U. S.
MINT
WARNING
McKAY

"Look, chief! Here's one I made at home in my spare time"

Esquire on the Record

Recommended for your collection, for the season, for moderns, for the week end, for the incinerator

by CARLETON SMITH

▪ RECORDS ▪

PERHAPS you haven't noticed, but you can now order large albums in three different sequences. The individual parts of the same composition are arranged so that they can be played on the various automatic record changers without re-shuffling.

The ordinary albums (labeled with the prefix *M* on both Columbia and Victor records) must be turned over after each playing and are intended for machines with no turn-over mechanism or for the Capehart "turn-over" apparatus.

The so-called automatic pressings (labeled with the prefix *AM* on both Columbia and Victor albums) were designed for the original automatic shifting instruments which threw off the records, sometimes threw them off none too gently.

The latest machines drop the discs on the turn-table and if you use the ordinary automatic pressings with them you will need—as you have doubtless learned—to shuffle all discs after they have been played through on one side.

To save you this annoyance, the companies are issuing all long works in special "drop" automatic sequences (labeled *DM* by Victor and *MM* by Columbia).

If this isn't clear, you'd best employ an accountant and a lawyer, and perhaps an engineer, to figure out for you which pressing will occasion the least inconvenience with your machine. To aid you, in case you wish to work it out yourself, or give it to Junior as a cross-word puzzle, here's a table showing you how four-record sets are pressed:

RECORD	M MANUAL	AM "THROW-OFF" CHANGERS	MM (COLUMBIA) DM (VICTOR) "DROP" CHANGERS
No. 1	Side 1	Side 1	Side 1
	Side 2	Side 5	Side 8
No. 2	Side 3	Side 2	Side 2
	Side 4	Side 6	Side 7
No. 3	Side 5	Side 3	Side 3
	Side 6	Side 7	Side 6
No. 4	Side 7	Side 4	Side 4
	Side 8	Side 8	Side 5

Trade Notes . . .

Recording activities in Europe have been at a standstill for a year, and no one can guess their fate in Hitler's new Order. It's a certainty that Mendelssohn will no longer be waxed in Europe . . .

Nathan Milstein and the Chicago Orchestra under Frederick Stock recorded the Tchaikovsky Violin Concerto last spring . . . and not so satisfactorily, according to rumor. "Papa" Stock also did *Also Sprach Zarathustra*, but when are we going to hear a Brahms Cycle conducted by him?

Dimitri Mitropoulos and the Minneapolis Symphony have recorded the César Franck Symphony . . . Toscanini and the NBC Symphony Beethoven's *Eroica* and Brahms *First* and, with Horowitz, the Brahms Second Piano Concerto . . . Heifetz solo-ed the Beethoven Violin Concerto under Toscanini.

Strawinsky used the nation's oldest orchestra, the New York Philharmonic-Symphony, to record his own *Sacré du Printemps* and *Petroushka* for Columbia . . . and Sir Thomas Beecham has promised to make some albums here with this orchestra upon his return from Australia.

When are we going to hear Helen Traubel, America's No. One Wagnerian soprano?

The young American composer gets another break. October 1st is the closing date for Musicraft's prize contest to select an original chamber work: solo voice and any combination of instruments not exceeding five on the text of an American children's story which the composer selects. The prize-winning work will be recorded and issued during the holidays.

Trade Names . . .

When one of its popular recording artists was appearing on the same radio program with the First Lady, Columbia, thinking it would be a good promotion stunt, prepared a special album of his discs for presentation. Mrs. Roosevelt, duly grateful, thanked the singer: "How nice of you! I'll take them home and play them for the President on our *Victrola*."

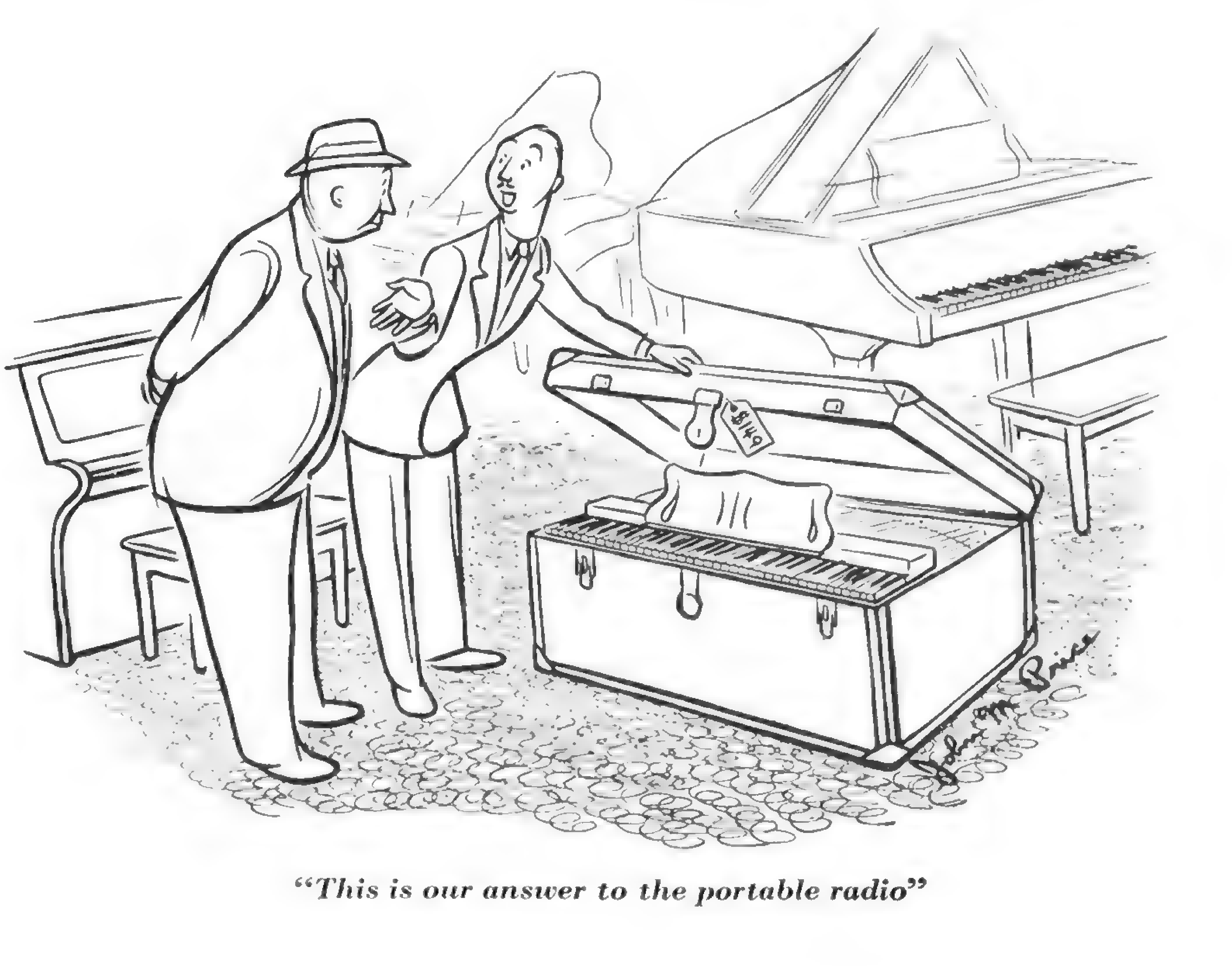
FOR THE COLLECTION

Johann Sebastian Bach: "Wedding" Cantata No. 202—"Weichet nur, betrübte Schatten." Elisabeth Schumann with Instrumental Ensemble, directed by Yella Pessl. Victor Album 664. Bach here was helping to marry off a wealthy patron and did it in his genial and most worldly manner. Though a bachelor, I venture to doubt whether matrimony is so absorbing and happy a pursuit as he and Madame Schumann seem to think it is; and I wonder if they were to try again perhaps they would make out an even better case for Love May Go Hang. The performers' musicianship is secure and skillful, but it's obvious also that Bach is a bit taxing for Madame Schumann's present vocal equipment. She sings with obvious effort and the whole isn't as spontaneous and effortless as it might be. I keep it in my collection because there is no other. Shouldn't the recording companies be more attentive to Bach's cantatas?

Debussy: L'Ile Joyeuse, Pagodes. Walter Gieseking, Columbia 69841-D. *Echt* Debussy by a Debussyian.

Monteverdi: L'Orfeo. Soloists and chorus, with harpsichord, organ, and orchestra conducted by Maestro Ferrucio Calusio. Recorded under the auspices of Magazzino Musicale. Imported album obtainable at Gramophone Shop, 18 E. 48th, New York

Continued in center of page 153



"This is our answer to the portable radio"

Answering that Long Svelte Want

Guys who know their way around a bottle ignore those over-the-counter plugs and select a good, reliable blended whiskey

by LAWTON MACKALL

• POTABLES •

It is criminally unfair of drinkers who prefer light-bodied whiskies to regard anything heavier as lummoxy. Yet such is their feverish fanaticism. They want flavor, but they protest that they don't want it laid on with a trowel. In rebuttal, devotees of the heftiers retort that such palates are pindlingly pathetic—just can't take real gorgeousness. But they are rebutting against a stone wall. For the legion that like their liquor lissome don't care how incomprehensible they may seem to the other side of the fence, so long as they get what they go for, namely, good blends.

Frankly, it is a vogue which has grown by might and main despite handicaps. To begin with, the very term "blend" wore a black eye which Prohibition had given it. People who remembered, only too well, the cutwork of the bootlegger were suspicious of mixtures of any kind, little realizing what the legitimate functioning of the taster's art could accomplish.

The difference was vast. Mr. Hooch-entrepreneur, having found that the Camel's victims would drink anything, had resorted to anything that occurred to him. No matter how green and griping the liquor, he felt it was too good for them in its impure purity, and stretched it. Stretched it with de-natured alky which had been hastily re-processed in some basement so that the poison was mostly removed, but not entirely. A bit of lethal stink was part of the bouquet. And a load of crude coloring matter ambered the lily to a semblance of barreled age. Guts growled but got no redress. The average stomach lining became as pitted as a cherry pie.

So the resultant anti-mixture sentiment during the early days of the Era of Convalescence, was no mystery. Wound nursers taking their first steps in a bewildering field of brands, were blend-shy. They wanted "real whiskey, virgin genuine." Maturity, roundness, and delicacy were minor considerations, afterthoughts in the rush; which was lucky, because the then existing stocks of adequately aged North American whiskies were by no means enormous. For straight antique de luxe you had to pop your pocketbook wide open. And it was worth it. Oldtimers' mouths watered from just reading the beloved names on the labels.

But there were numerous moderns who, panting none the less avidly for good stuff, found the ultra-old liquor a bit overwhelming. It was opulent in its breadth and thickness, its ripe flavor-hoard from the wood, but a little of it went a long way up your forehead if you weren't accustomed to it. Indeed, alcoholic strength was the least part of the story: a parade of sly little oomph-fraught esters (they are the chemical busy bees in the perfume industry too) did the real business—so beautifully that words failed you, and sometimes your knees.

Timid approachers stalked the problem with an eyedropper. One trace of old rascal in a firkin of fizz afforded exciting whiffs of Rye or Bourbon fascination, yet actual peril was well under control. Bubbles bursting with flavor might bop you in the nose, but they wouldn't really bite you, and a single handhold would keep your hat on. Somehow, though, this solution lacked the authority which he-drinkers look up to. The lightening of the body was a neat idea, all right, but there was too much *water* for comfort. Couldn't something more *constructive* be hired to do the modifying? Had whiskey some near relative who might be commandeered?

Paging was responded to by whiskey's own sister, Grain Neutral Spirits, distilled from practically the same sort of fermented cereal mash. The difference between them is mainly that whiskey comes out of the still at or around 150 proof, to undergo charred oak action for months and years, which gives it a hue-do and a nosegay, whereas Sis flies higher, flouncing out at, or above, 190 proof, which accounts for her disembodied personality. Family ties being what they are, the two of them can be induced to share each other's society without kicking and screaming. To be exact, they (if I may borrow a word from the dictionary) *blend.*

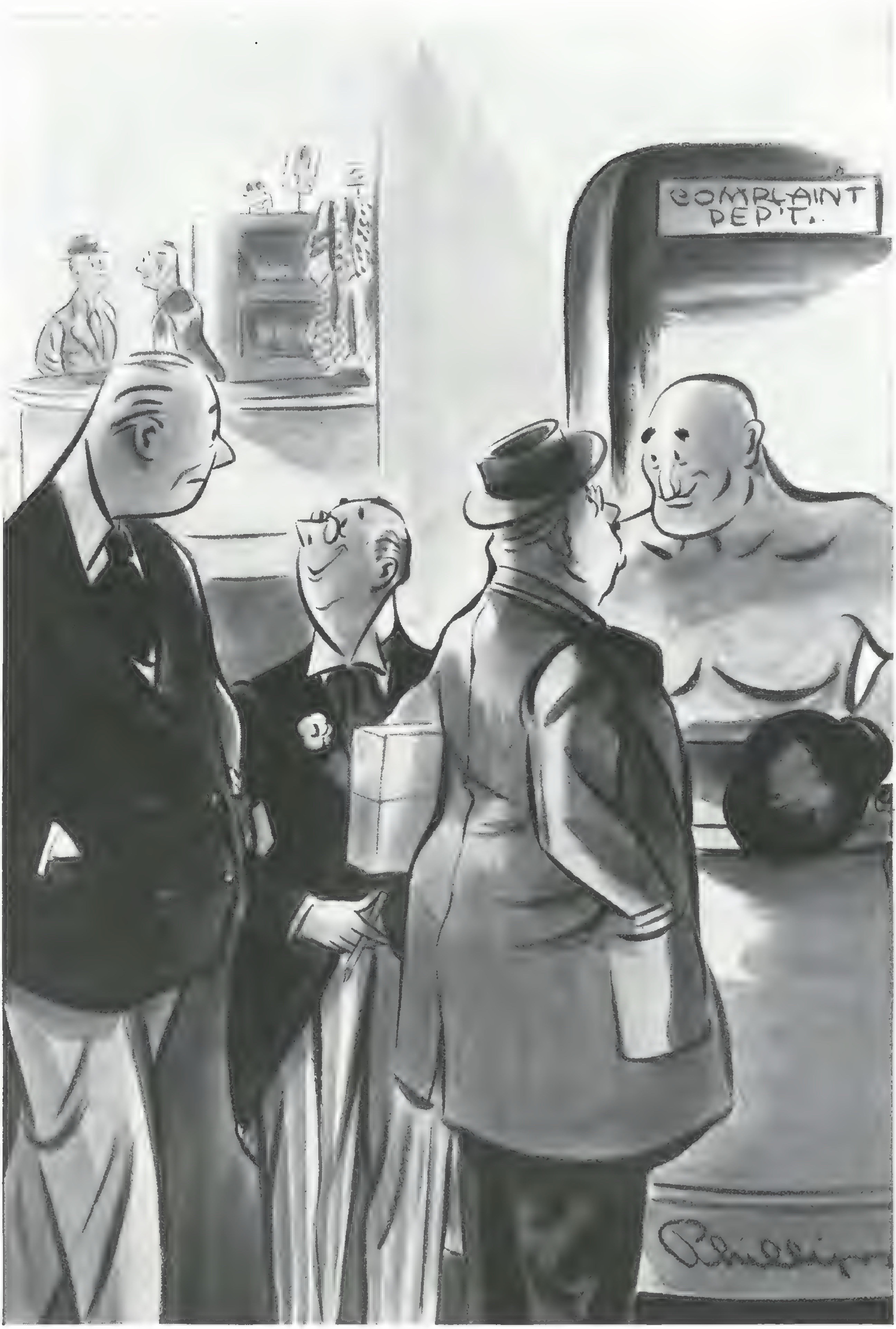
Naturally these considerations would seem irrelevant and cuckoo to Squint-Eye the Blood, retired alky baron. As though smoothness mattered! Why, when *he* was "in trade," there was no such nonsense. The liquor was always right, not the customer. Or else. And brand names were just a little joke with the printer.

Admittedly there *is* a contrast, even with the blends of pre-Prohibition days. I'm thinking of a certain widely sold cheap "Rye" of the first world war era whose formula, disclosed to me—three gallons of brand new Rye, one barrel of casually-made alcohol, plus prune juice, gobs of caramel, and what have you indicated that there was a scruple loose somewhere. At any rate, that's what we'd say *now.* For today scruples are noticeably tight, with government regulations keeping a floor under them. No blend can legally go to market unless backboned with not less than 20 per cent straight whiskey, 100 proof, which has had not less than two full years in the wood. Moreover, the worthwhile distillers aren't halting at this minimum. They are going it a lot better, not only as regards percentage of straight or straights, but also as regards age—single or composite. The years that have gone by in the warehouse are increasingly represented in what you get in the bottle; and really it's gratifying to meet some of these ex-recluses we have been growing up with.

An amateur accountant could have a happy time tabulating and charting some of the

Continued on page 110

"I also always know when to quit—the moment my wife gives me a look like she's giving me now!"


COMPLAINT DEP'T.
Phillips

"I got five dollars for suggesting this idea"

ARROW
SANFORIZED

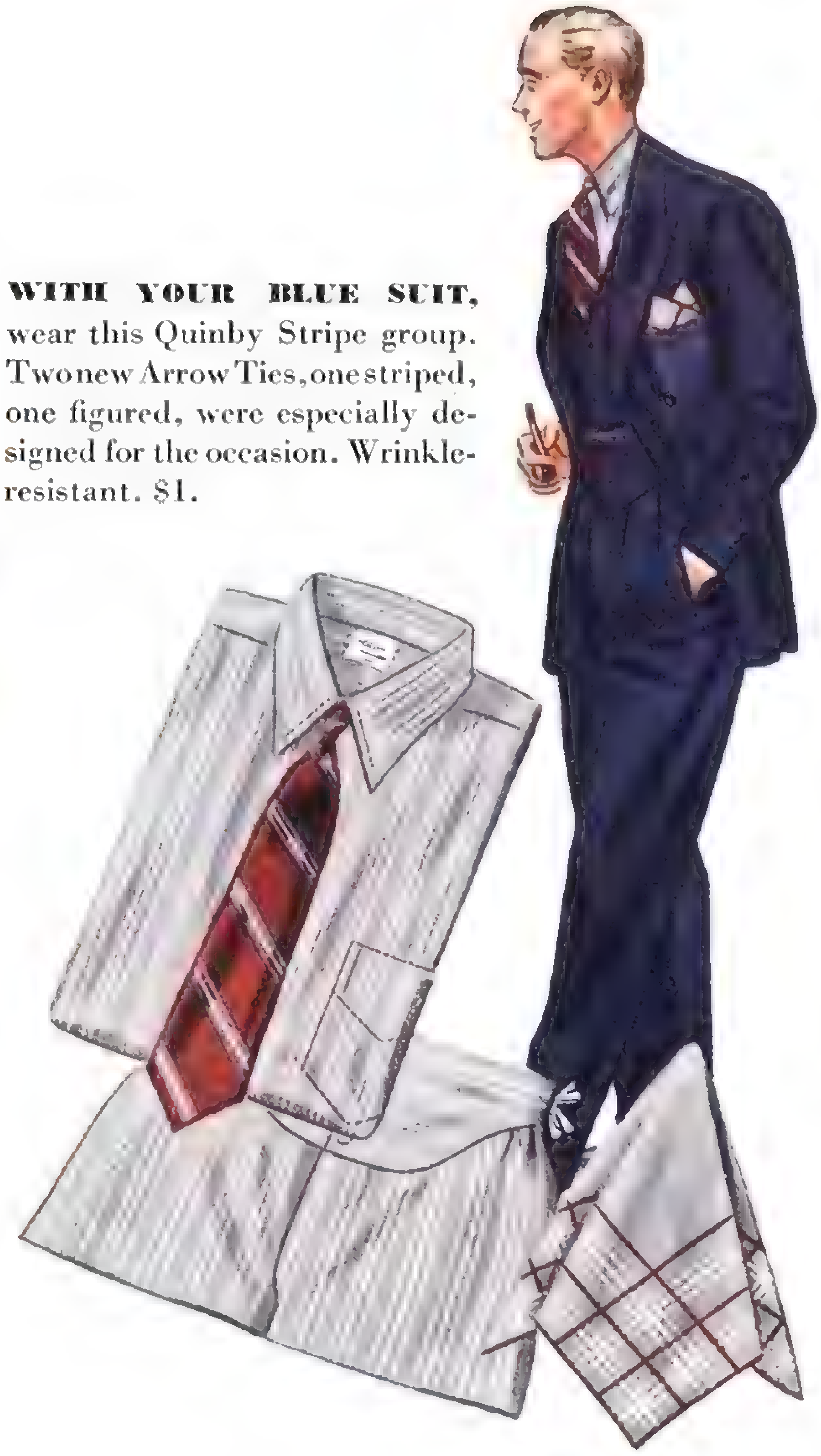
Arrow's choice for this month . . . *Quinby Stripes*

HERE'S A SHIRT PATTERN you never saw before—but you'll want to see lots of it from now on!

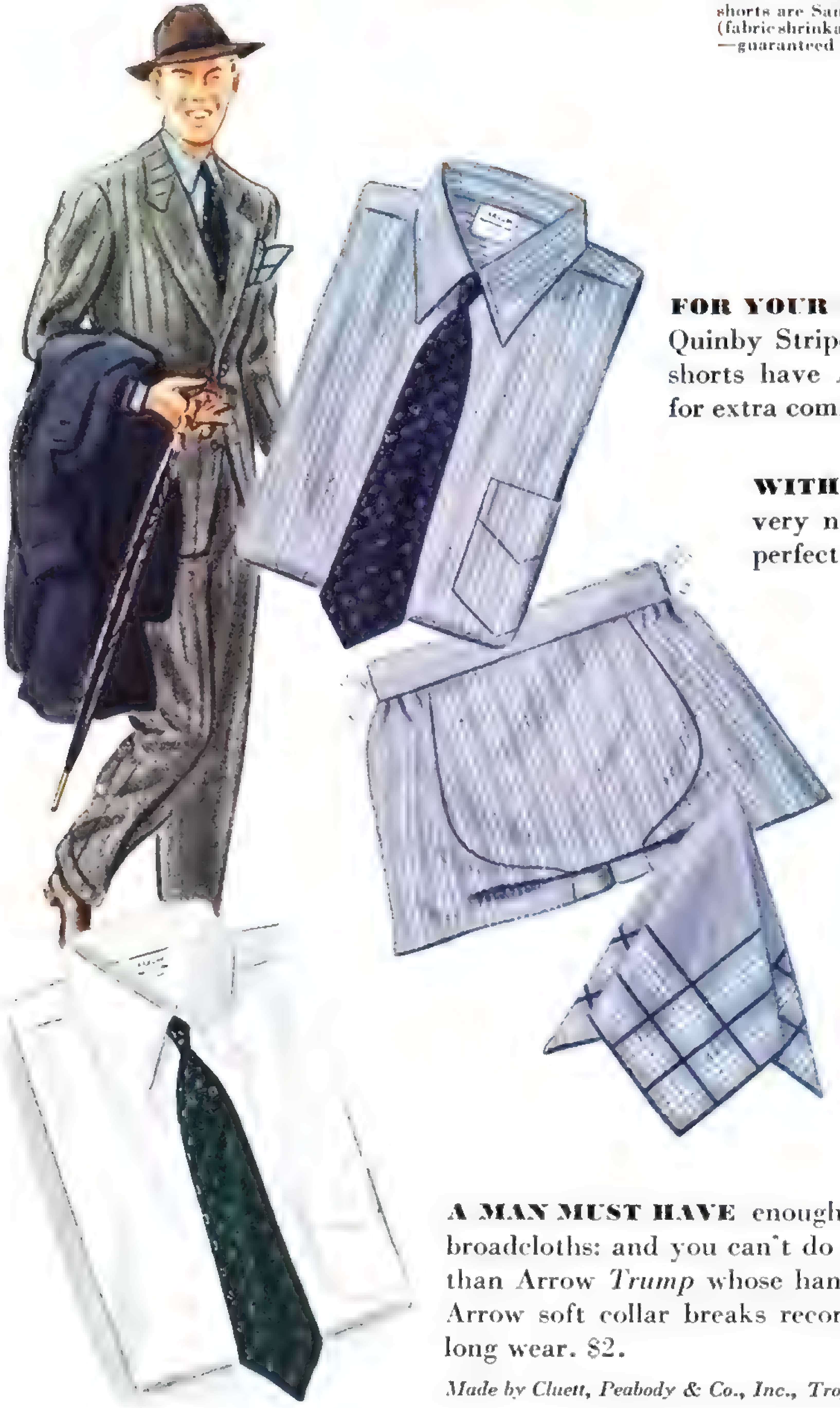
Quinby Stripes have quintuple clusters of white stripes on soft madras grounds . . . have the famous Arrow collar and shaped Mitoga-cut. ($2.25). To boot, Arrow has made harmonizing handkerchiefs, ties, and shorts.

If it hasn't an Arrow label, it isn't Arrow.

All Arrow shirts and Arrow shorts are Sanforized-Shrunk, (fabric shrinkage less than 1%) —guaranteed permanent fit.

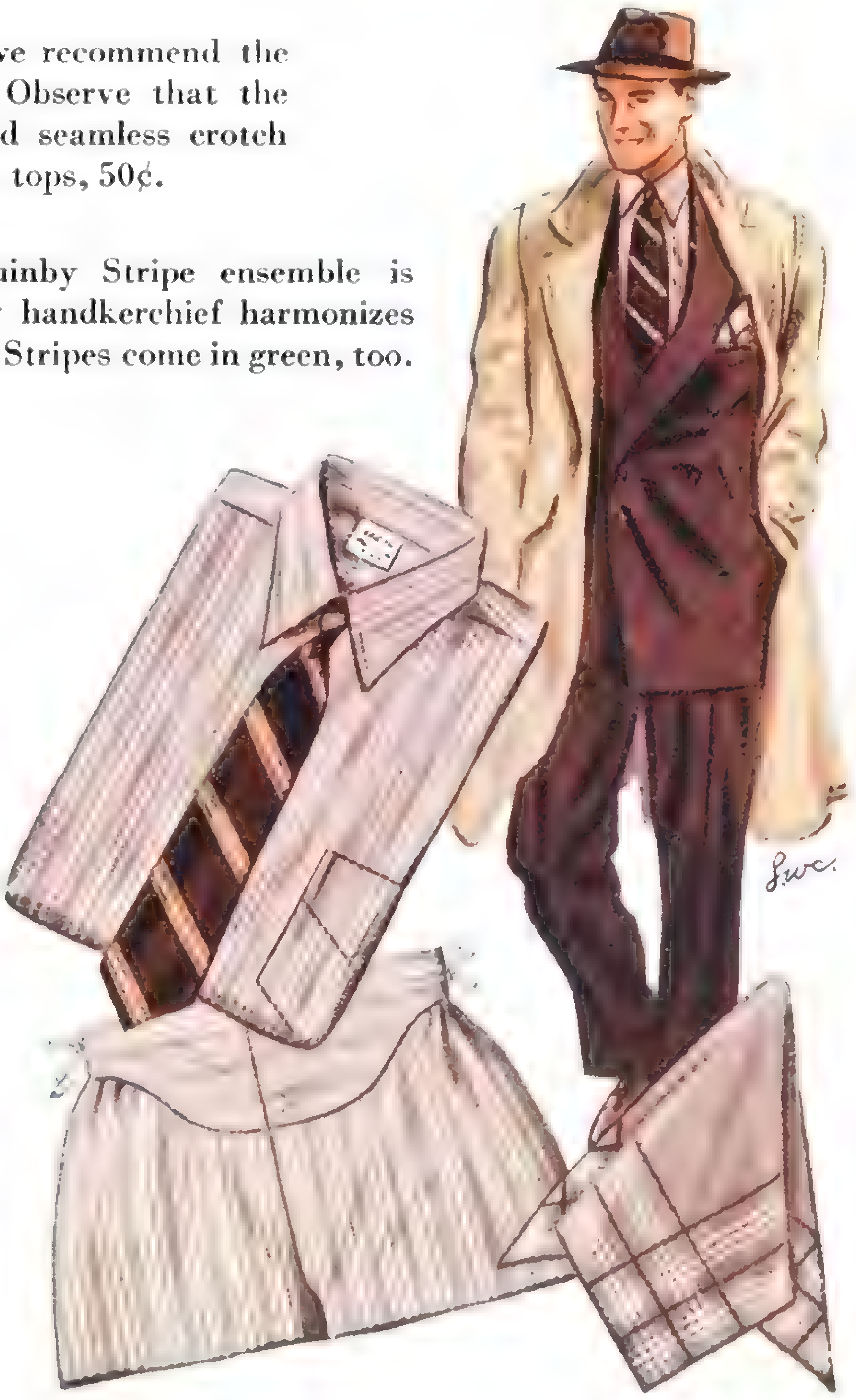


WITH YOUR BLUE SUIT, wear this Quinby Stripe group. Two new Arrow Ties, one striped, one figured, were especially designed for the occasion. Wrinkle-resistant. $1.



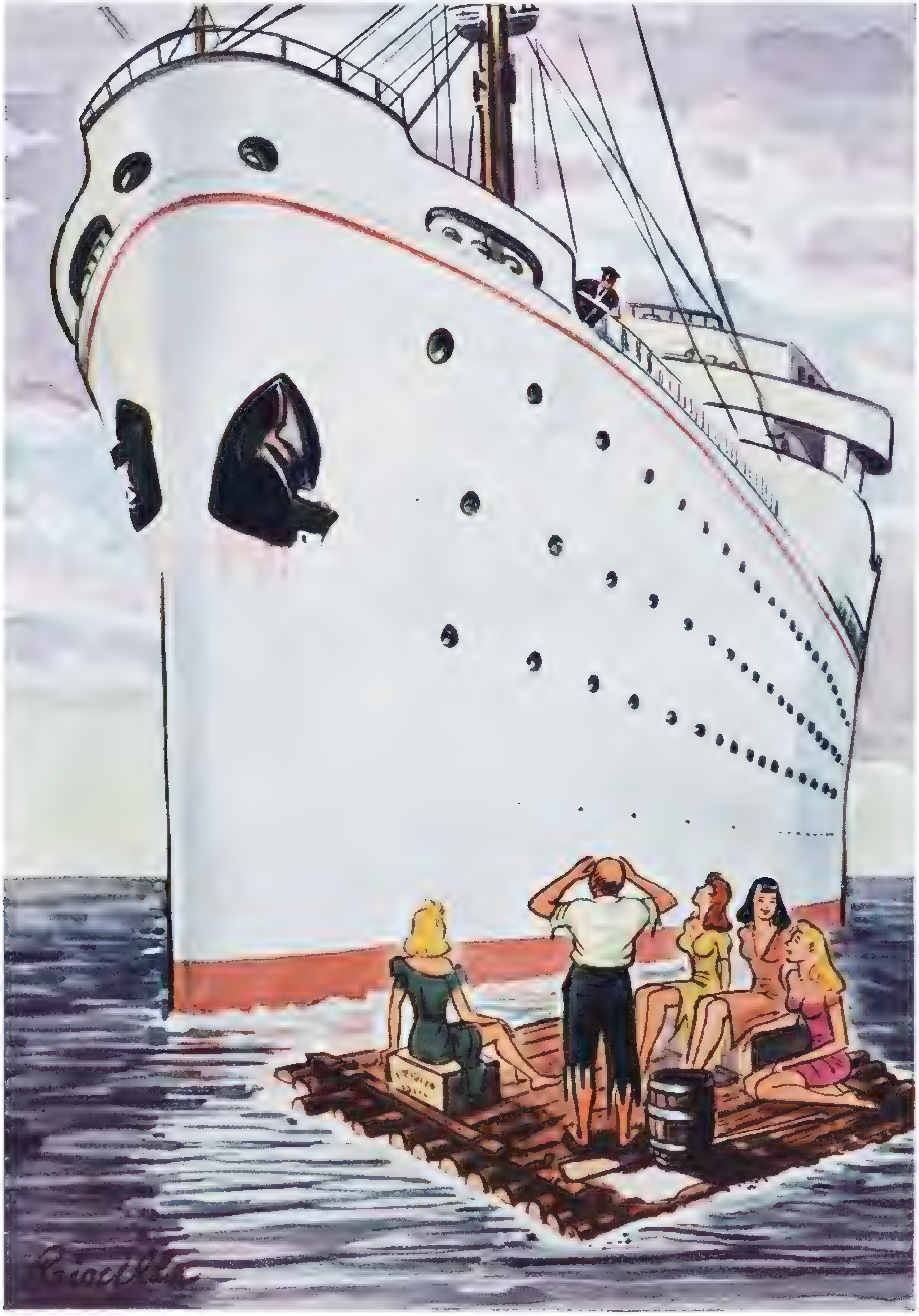
FOR YOUR GRAY SUIT: we recommend the Quinby Stripe team at left. Observe that the shorts have Arrow's patented seamless crotch for extra comfort. 65¢. Arrow tops, 50¢.

WITH TAN: this Quinby Stripe ensemble is very nice. The Arrow handkerchief harmonizes perfectly, 35¢. Quinby Stripes come in green, too.



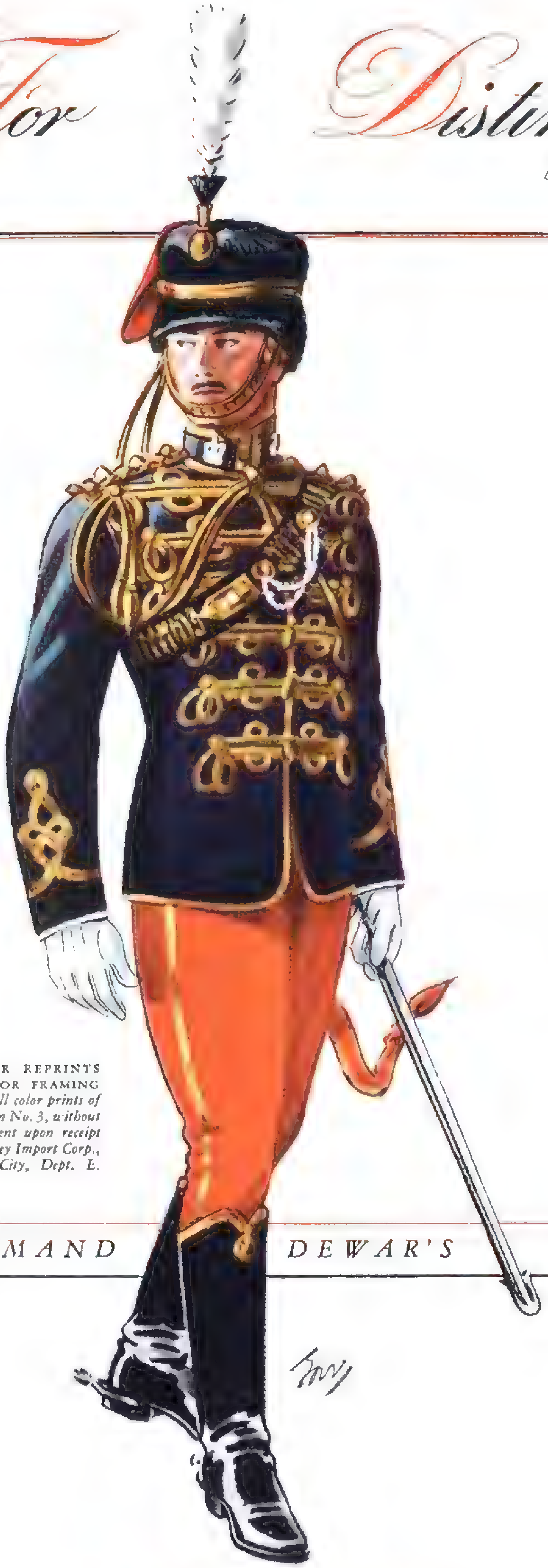
A MAN MUST HAVE enough white broadcloths: and you can't do better than Arrow *Trump* whose handsome Arrow soft collar breaks records for long wear. $2.

Made by Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Troy, N. Y.



"Ahoy, Captain! Have you got an extra blanket and a few cigarettes?"

For Distinguished Service



HONOURS OF

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(Prince of Wales's Own)

From its success at Warburg, in 1760, to its action in France and Flanders in 1914-18, the Standard of the 10th Royal Hussars has been decorated with Twenty-two Battle Honours for Distinguished Service.

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Grand Prize, the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, St. Louis, 1904 . . . one of more than 60 medals honouring Dewar's White Label for Excellence in Scotch Whisky.

If reconnaissance reports your Scotch reserves depleted, enlist DEWAR'S *White Label* and soda . . . highball of the highlands. Seasoned veteran, gallant campaigner, it has won more than 60 medals of honour for distinguished service. That's why, to gentlemen the world over, the order of the day . . . and night . . . is DEWAR'S *White Label.* Company . . . at ease!

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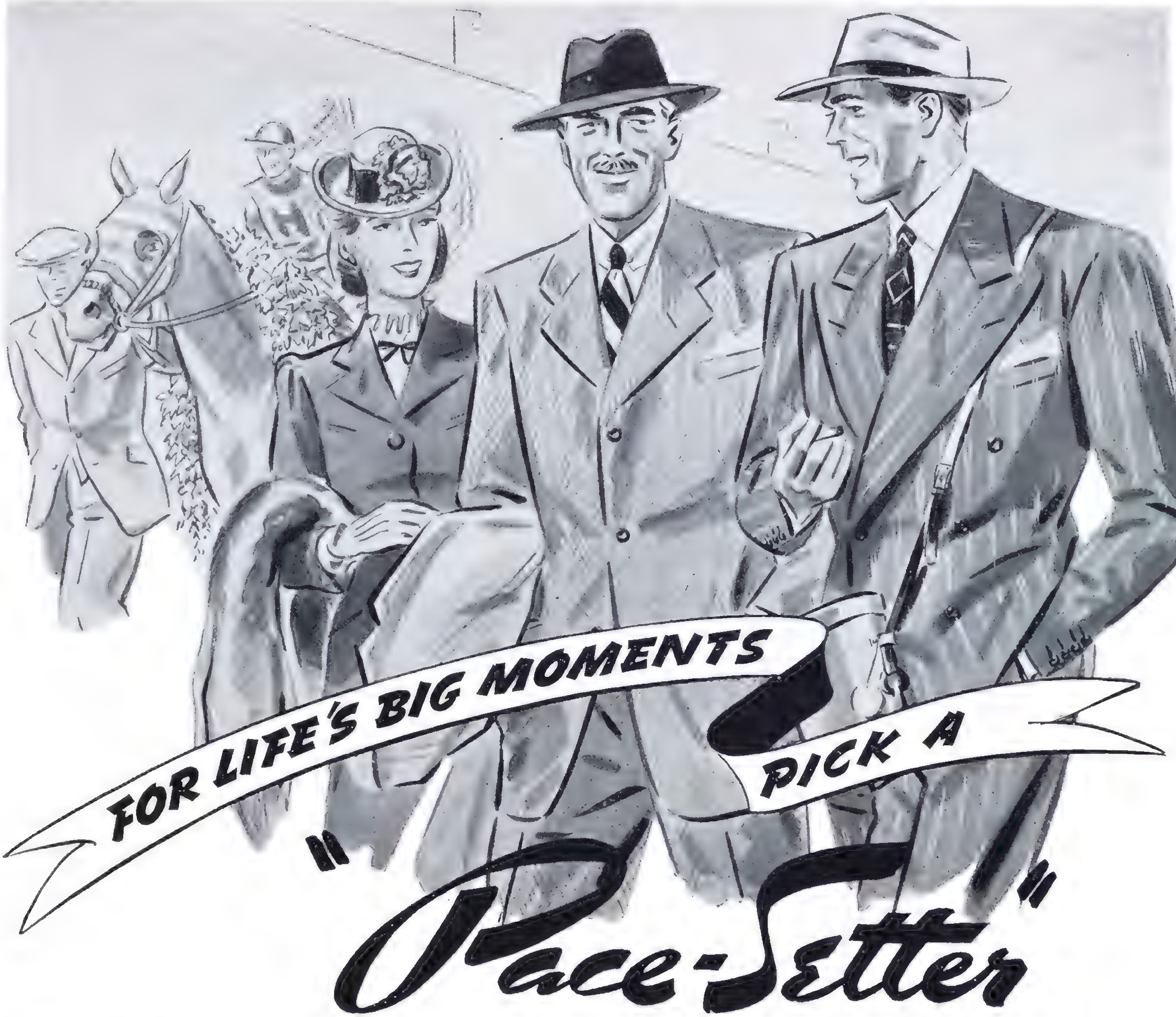

FOR those big moments in *your* life that really count—pick a Pace-Setter suit and *know* you are fashion-right! Enjoy that million-dollar look of correctness—comfort-at-ease in a Pace-Setter suit!

Discover for yourself the many "extras" you get in the Pace-Setter suit at no *extra* cost. Every Pace-Setter suit is tailored from 100% virgin all-wool fabrics in the brisk shades and patterns that say "Fall" just as surely as two seats on the 50-yard line.

The Pace-Setter suit gives you *many* things you never expected to find in a suit at a popular price. Full harmony trim—hand-finishing where it counts—slide fasteners on trousers—exclusive fabric creations—and two pair of trousers with every suit. It's the really NEW suit sensation—like nothing you have ever seen or worn before!

If you have an eye for a thoroughbred, put your money—*little enough*—on the Pace-Setter. At your retailer's, or write Raleigh Manufacturers, McCormick Building, Baltimore, Md., for name of Pace-Setter dealer in your city.

TWO-TROUSERS
$25 and $30
The Pace-Setter — The Pace-Setter Royale

The "Pace-Setter" SUIT by RALEIGH

The Hollow Men

Continued from page 27

signs. He was accustomed to the gas tanks going out of town, he was an atom of machinery in an endless flow, going, stopping, going to the winking of the lights; he tore down concrete roads on Sundays, past the hot-dog stands and filling stations; he would return at darkness; hunger lured him to the winking splendor of chop-suey signs; and midnight found him in The Coffee Pot, to prowl above a mug of coffee, tear a coffee-cake in fragments, and wear away the slow grey ash of time and boredom with other men in grey hats and with skins of tallow-grey, at Joe the Greek's.

C. Green could read (which Drake could not), but not too accurately; could write, too (which the Spaniard couldn't), but not too well. C. Green had trouble over certain words, spelled them out above the coffee mug at midnight, with a furrowed brow, slow-shaping lips, and "Jesus!" when news stunned him—for he read the news. Preferred the news "hot," straight from the shoulder—socko!—biff!— straight off the griddle, with lots of mustard, shapely legs, roadside wrecks and mutilated bodies, gangsters' molls and gunmen's hide-outs, tallow faces of the night that bluntly stare at flashlight lenses—this and talk of "heart-balm," "love-thief," "sex-hijacker"—all of this liked Green.

Yes, Green liked the news—and now, a bit of news himself (six lines of print in *Times*), has been disjected and exploded on a Brooklyn pavement!

Behold him, Admiral Drake! Observe the scene now! Listen to the people! Here's something strange as the Armadas, the gold-laden cargoes of the bearded Spaniards, the vision of unfound Americas!

What do you see here, Admiral Drake?

Well, first, a building—your own hotel—a great block of masonry, grimy-white, fourteen stories tall, stamped in an unvarying pattern with many windows. Sheeted glass below, the store front piled with medicines and toilet articles, perfumes, cosmetics, health contrivances. Within, a soda fountain, Admiral Drake. The men in white with monkey caps, soda jerkers sullen with perpetual overdriven irritation. Beneath the counter, pools of sloppy water, filth, and unwashed dishes. Across the counter, women with fat, rouged lips consuming ice cream sodas and pimento sandwiches.

Outside upon the concrete sidewalk lies the form of our exploded friend, C. Green. A crowd has gathered 'round—taxi drivers, passers-by, hangers-on about the subway station, people working in the neighborhood, and the police. No one has dared to touch exploded Green as yet—they stand there in a rapt and fascinated circle, looking at him.

Not much to look at either, Admiral Drake; not even those who trod your gory decks would call the sight a pretty one. Our friend has landed on his head—"taken a nose dive," as we say—and smashed his brains out at the iron base of the second lamp post from the corner.

So here Green lies, on the concrete sidewalk all disjected. No head is left, the head is gone now, head's exploded; only brains are left. The brains are pink, and almost bloodless, Admiral Drake. (There's not much blood here—we shall tell you why.) But brains exploded are somewhat like pale sausage meat, fresh-ground. Brains are stuck hard to the lamp post, too; there is a certain driven emphasis about them, as if they had been shot hydraulically out of a force-hose against the post.

The head, as we have said, is gone completely; a few fragments of the skull are scattered round—but of the face, the features, forehead—nothing! They have all been blown *out*, as by some inner explosion. Nothing is left but the back of the skull, which curiously remains, completely hollowed out and vacant, and curved over, like the rounded handle of a walking stick.

The body, five feet eight or nine of it, of middling weight, is lying—we were going to say "face downward"; had we not better say "stomach downward"?—on the sidewalk. And save for a certain indefinable and curiously "disjected" quality, one could scarcely tell that every bone in it is broken. The hands are still spread out, half-folded and half-clenched, with a still-warm and startling eloquence of recent life. (It happened just four minutes ago!)

Well, where's the blood, then, Drake? You're used to blood; you'd like to know. Well, you've heard of casting bread upon the waters, Drake, and having it return—but never yet, I'll vow, of casting blood upon the streets—and having it run away—and then come back to you! But here it comes now, down the street now toward C. Green, the lamp post, and the crowd!—a young Italian youth, his black eyes blank with horror, tongue mumbling thickly, arm held firmly by a policeman, suit and shirt all drenched with blood, and face be-spattered with it! A stir of sudden interest in the crowd, sharp nudges, low-toned voices whispering:

"Here he is! Th' guy that 'got it'! . . . he was standin' *deh* beside the post! Sure, *that's* the guy!—talkin' to anotheh guy—he got it all! *That's* the reason you didn't see more blood—*this* guy got it!—Sure! The guy just missed him by six inches!—Sure! I'm tellin' you I *saw* it, ain't I! I looked up an' saw him in the air! He'd a hit this guy, but when he saw that he was goin' to hit the lamp post, he put out his hands an' tried to keep away! *That's* the reason that he didn't hit this guy! . . . But this guy heard him when he hit, an' turned around—and zowie!—he got all of it right in his face!"

And another, whispering and nudging, nodding toward the horror-blank, thick-mumbling Italian boy: "Jesus! Look at th' guy, will yuh! . . . He don't know what he's doing! . . . He don't know yet what happened to him! . . . Sure! He got it *all*. I tell yuh! An' when it happened—when he got it—he just stahted runnin' . . . He don't know yet what's happened! . . . That's what I'm tellin' yuh—th' guy just stahted runnin' when he got it."

And the Italian youth, thick-mumbling: ". . . Jeez! W'at happened? . . . Jeez! . . . I was standin' talkin' to a guy—I heard it hit . . . Jeez! . . . W'at happened, anyway? . . . I got it all oveh me! . . . Jeez! . . . I just stahted runnin' . . . Jeez! I'm sick!"

Voices: "Here, take 'im into the drug store! . . . Wash 'im off! . . . That guy needs a shot of liquor! . . . Sure! Take him into the drug stoeh *deh!* . . . *They'll* fix him up!"

The plump young man who runs the newsstand in the corridor, talking to everyone around him, excitedly and indignantly: ". . . Did I *see* it? Listen! I saw *everything!* I was coming across the street, looked up, and saw him in the air! . . . *See* it? . . . *Listen!* If someone had taken a big ripe watermelon and dropped it on the street from the fourteenth floor you'd have some idea what it was like! . . . *See* it! *I'll* tell the world I saw it! I don't want to see anything like *that* again!" Then excitedly, with a kind of hysterical indignation: "Shows no consideration for other people, that's all *I've* got to say! If a man is going to do a thing like that, why does he pick a place like *this*—one of the busiest corners in Brooklyn? . . . How did *he* know he wouldn't hit someone? Why, if that boy had been standing six inches nearer to the post, he'd have killed him, as sure as you live! . . . And here he does it right in front of all these people who have to look at it! It shows he had no consideration for other people! A man who'd do a thing like that . . ."

(Alas, poor youth! As if C. Green, now past considering, had considered nice "considerations.")

A taxi driver, impatiently: "That's what I'm tellin' yuh! . . . I watched him for five minutes before he jumped. He crawled out on the window sill an' stood there for *five* minutes, makin' up his mind! . . . Sure, I saw him! Lots of people saw him!" Impatiently, irritably: "Why didn't we *do* somethin' to stop him? F'r Chri' sake, what was there to do? A guy who'd do a thing like that is nuts to start with! You don't think he'd listen to anything *we* had to say, do you? . . . Sure, we *did* yell at him! . . . Jesus! . . . We was almost *afraid* to yell at him—we made motions to him to get back—tried to hold his attention while the cops sneaked round the corner into the hotel . . . Sure, the cops got there just a second after he jumped—I don't know if he jumped when he heard 'em comin', or what happened, but Christ!—he stood there gettin' ready for five minutes while we watched!"

Observe now, Admiral, with what hypnotic concentration the people are examining the grimy-white façade of your hotel. Watch their faces and expressions. Their eyes go traveling upward slowly—up—up—up until they finally arrive and come to rest with focal concentration on that single open window twelve floors up. It is no jot different from all the other windows, but now the vision of the crowd is fastened on it with a fatal and united interest. And after staring at it fixedly, the eyes come traveling slowly down again—down—down—down—the faces strained a little, mouths all slightly puckered as if something set the teeth on edge—and slowly, with fascinated measurement—down—down—down—until the eyes reach sidewalk, lamp post, and—the Thing again.

The pavement finally halts all, stops all, answers all. It is the American pavement, Admiral Drake, our universal city sidewalk, a wide, hard stripe of grey-white cement, blocked accurately with dividing lines. It is the hardest, coldest, cruellest, most impersonal pavement in the world: all of the indifference, the atomic desolation, the exploded nothingness of one hundred million nameless "Greens" is in it.

It came from the same place where all our sidewalks come from—from Standard Concentrated Production Units of America, No. 1. This is where all our streets and lamp posts (like the one on which Green's brains are spattered) come from, where all our white-grimy bricks (like those of which your hotel is constructed) come from, where the red façades of our standard-unit tobacco stores (like the one across the street) come from, where our motor cars come from, where our drug stores and our drug store windows and displays come from, where our soda fountains (complete, with soda jerkers attached) come from, where our cosmetics, toilet articles, and the fat, rouged lips of our women come from, where our soda water, slops and syrups, steamed spaghetti, ice cream, and pimento sandwiches come from, where our clothes, our hats (neat, standard stamps of grey), our faces (also stamps of grey, not always neat), our language, conversation, sentiments, feelings, and opinions come from. All these things are made for us by Standard Concentrated Production Units of America, No. 1.

So here we are, then Admiral Drake. You see the street, the sidewalk, the front of your hotel, the constant stream of motor cars, the cops in uniform, the people streaming in and out of the subway, the

Continued on page 116

No doubt about it
Drinks Never Taste Thin with Gordon's Gin
and here's the reason
Gordon's has the Advantage of Liqueur Quality & High Proof, 94.4
GORDON'S
DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN
94.4 PROOF

● Experts know that all gins are not alike. And Gordon's has Liqueur Quality and High Proof, 94.4. That's an important advantage. For it assures you richer flavor, velvety smoothness—drinks that never taste thin. So ask for Gordon's when ordering gin by the bottle or the drink.

Gordon's Gin

100% Neutral Spirits Distilled from Grain

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The Hollow Men

Continued from pages 27-115

rusty, pale-hued jungle of the buildings, old and new, high and low. There is no better place to see it, Drake. For this is Brooklyn—which means ten thousand streets and blocks like this one. Brooklyn, Admiral Drake, is the Standard Concentrated Chaos No. 1 of the Whole Universe. That is to say, it has no size, no shape, no heart, no joy, no hope, no aspiration, no center, no eyes, no soul, no purpose, no direction, and no anything—just Standard Concentrated Units everywhere—exploding in all directions for an unknown number of square miles like a completely triumphant Standard Concentrated Blot upon the Face of the Earth. And here, right in the middle, upon a minute portion of this magnificent Standard Concentrated Blot, where all the Standard Concentrated Blotters can stare at him, and with the brains completely out of him—

—Lies Green!

And this is bad—most bad—oh, *very* bad—and should not be allowed! For, as our young newsvendor friend has just indignantly proclaimed, it "shows no consideration for other people"—which means, for other Standard Concentrated Blotters. Green has no right to go falling in this fashion in a public place. He has no business *being* where he is at all. A Standard Concentrated Blotter is not supposed to *be* places, but to *go* places.

You see, dear Admiral, this sidewalk, this Standard Concentrated Mobway is not a place to walk on, really. It is a place to swarm on, to weave on, to thrust and dodge on, to scurry past on, to crowd by on. One of the earliest precepts in a Concentrated Blotter's life is: "Move on there! Where th' hell d'you think you are, anyway—in a cow pasture?" And, most certainly, it is not a place to lie on, to sprawl out on.

But look at Green! Just *look* at him! No wonder the plump youth is angry with him!

Green has willfully and deliberately violated every Standard Concentrated Principle of Blotterdom. He has not only gone and dashed his brains out, but he has done it in a public place—upon a piece of Standard Concentrated Mobway. He has messed up the sidewalk, messed up another Standard Concentrated Blotter, stopped traffic, taken people from their business, upset the nerves of his fellow Blotters—and now *lies* there, all *sprawled* out, in a place where he has no right to *be*. And, to make his crime unpardonable, C. Green has—

—Come to Life!

What's that, Admiral? You do not understand it? Small wonder, though it's really very simple:

For just ten minutes since, C. Green was a Concentrated Blotter like the rest of us, a nameless atom, swarming with the rest of us, just another "guy" like a hundred million other "guys." But now, observe him! No longer is he just "another guy"—already he has become a "special guy"—he has become "*The* Guy." C. Green at last has turned into a—*Man!* ⵌ

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A Thorough Examination

Continued from page 41

the routine queries. Dr. Fowler, a fat little man with intelligent brown eyes and a close-clipped mustache, was above the average as such institution employees go. He'd studied in Vienna, and had written a textbook on mental therapy. He was not a brilliant psychologist but his thoroughgoing methods often achieved results. This recidivist Carter presented an interesting problem, and the doctor had spent half the previous evening examining his criminal record.

His method was first to win the complete confidence of the convict. Crime was generally the result of a deep-seated animosity, and if this animosity could be taken out in the open and examined it could usually be removed.

"Ah, Carter. Cigarette?"

"Sure."

"Sit down and make yourself comfortable."

Dr. Fowler rubbed his freckled hands together and smiled genially. "You know, I don't go for these long fifty-cent words like maladjustment and environmental incompatibility and so on. There's a lot of fol-de-rol to our profession. Castor oil written in Latin on a prescription blank is still castor oil. Ha, ha."

"Ha, ha," said Carter politely.

"A word like *recidivist*," Fowler continued, "looks pretty juicy on one of these long-winded records, but you and I know it's just a high-brow way of saying, 'What? You back again!' "

"Yes, sir."

"Well, the hell with all that baloney. However, you're not the average dumb convict. Just between us two, Carter, what's the matter with you, anyway?"

"Me?"

"You. That's right. Simply as a matter of curiosity. Forget I work here. I'm a psychologist, but I'm a human being, too. I'm interested."

"Well, don't get sore, Doc. But there's nothing wrong with me."

The examiner shook his head. "Why should I get sore? I draw my salary every month whether you fellows give me the dope on yourselves or not. But in this instance I'm talking off the record. Who have you got it in for, Carter? Society? The cops? What did anybody ever do to you? Maybe you're down on yourself for some reason. I'd like to know, out of sheer curiosity."

Carter looked away speculatively. "Well to tell the truth, Doc, I don't like people particularly. On the other hand, I don't especially hate them either."

This chap wasn't yielding, apparently, to his elementary tactics. Still smiling genially, the psychologist unobtrusively stepped up his questions to a new level. "Let's assume you don't hold any grudges. What's so damned intelligent about getting yourself thrown in the can, Carter?"

"Oh, I don't know."

"Don't try to tell me you enjoy rotting in this hell-hole."

"It's not so bad."

"Listen," said Fowler. "Last night I went over your record with a fine-tooth comb. Committing crimes takes a certain perverted courage. This indifference doesn't fool me for a minute. Just as maybe that blather I was giving you about talking off the record didn't fool you. Here." The doctor showed him the judge's inked-in remark: 'Warden: This man should be thoroughly examined by the prison psychologist and an attempt made to re-educate him.'

Carter, dropping his nonchalance, laughed. "Don't go to all this bother on my account, Doc. Take my word for it—I'm probably a little nuts. I like it here in the pen, honest."

"All right. But I've got a proposition for you. Tell me why you keep trying to pull off these half-baked burglaries, and I'll break my neck to get you paroled."

"Why should you break your neck for me?" The prisoner smiled brightly. "Honestly, I'd just as lieve be right here in the can as any place else."

"Okay," said Fowler. He closed the case-history folder as though the interview were about over. "Somehow or other, I believe you—although ordinarily such a statement is a poor attempt at concealment. Now just tell me why," he added as a mere afterthought, "and we'll let it go at that."

"Why what?"

"Why you'd as lieve be in prison as out."

"Oh. Well, Doc, it's this way. Is it reasonable to pay eight dollars for a pound of butter?"

"Nope. Go on."

"That's the way I've got freedom figured out. Freedom to me is worth about thirty-six cents and they want eight bucks for it."

"Now you're talking," said Fowler, delighted. "Your figures may be haywire, but go ahead."

"Sure," said Carter. "Not getting personal, but take yourself, Doc. You work all your life getting somewhere, and where do you get? You get a job asking a bunch of screwball yeggs silly questions. You kid yourself that you can cure some of them, but they're too many for you. You'll get discouraged some day and maybe wind up drinking yourself to death. No offense meant. Lots of good men end up that way, so why should you be the exception."

"What's all this got to do with freedom?"

"Oh, I don't claim to have it all worked out. But taking your own case as an example, you're paying too much for it. Everybody does. You're being gypped."

"I'm perfectly willing," the doctor encouraged him, "to have you take me for an example. But be more specific."

"The whole thing's so self-evident," Carter sighed. "I hardly know where to begin. I haven't got a messiah complex. I never try to convert anybody to my way of thinking. But, for instance, half your income goes to support the government so that the government can support bums like me. Is that reasonable?"

"Well, we have to have government," Fowler shrugged good-naturedly, "or I probably wouldn't have any income at all. Freedom's worth anything you pay for it."

"To you, maybe. But not to me. The fact is, Doc, success in life means responsibility, and responsibility means headaches. So the reward for doing good is a kick in the pants. Have any of your kids got into more jams lately?"

"No."

"Well, you're lucky. But how long can a sensible man expect to be lucky? Me, I've been through the mill. I almost killed myself once trying to get ahead in the world. I got to be foreman in a paint factory and then it burned down. My wife ran off with a beer can salesman. Then I robbed a clothing store safe and developed a malignant tumor and spent all the dough on medical treatments. You probably had sillier things than that happen to you. It isn't getting a run of lousy breaks that does the harm. It's putting up with them that does it."

"Not if you develop your sense of humor. Everybody's life is a conflict of one kind or another."

"Why?"

"Oh, we haven't yet been able to reduce behaviorism to a precise pathology."

"All bunk, Doc. Thought you didn't hold with four-bit words. Why kid yourself? You're a petty slave to a bunch of meaningless habits. Us cons are the only free men around here because we've got sense enough to break 'em before it's too late. Get rid of your wishful thinking, Doc, and you'll have to admit that a dog is happier any day than most human beings. Only the idea shocks and frightens you. Take it from me, Doc, you're in a bad way. A job like this destroys a man's sense of reality. You've probably got more troubles on your mind than any one of the cons in this pen, and yet you sit here trying to dope out what's wrong with them."

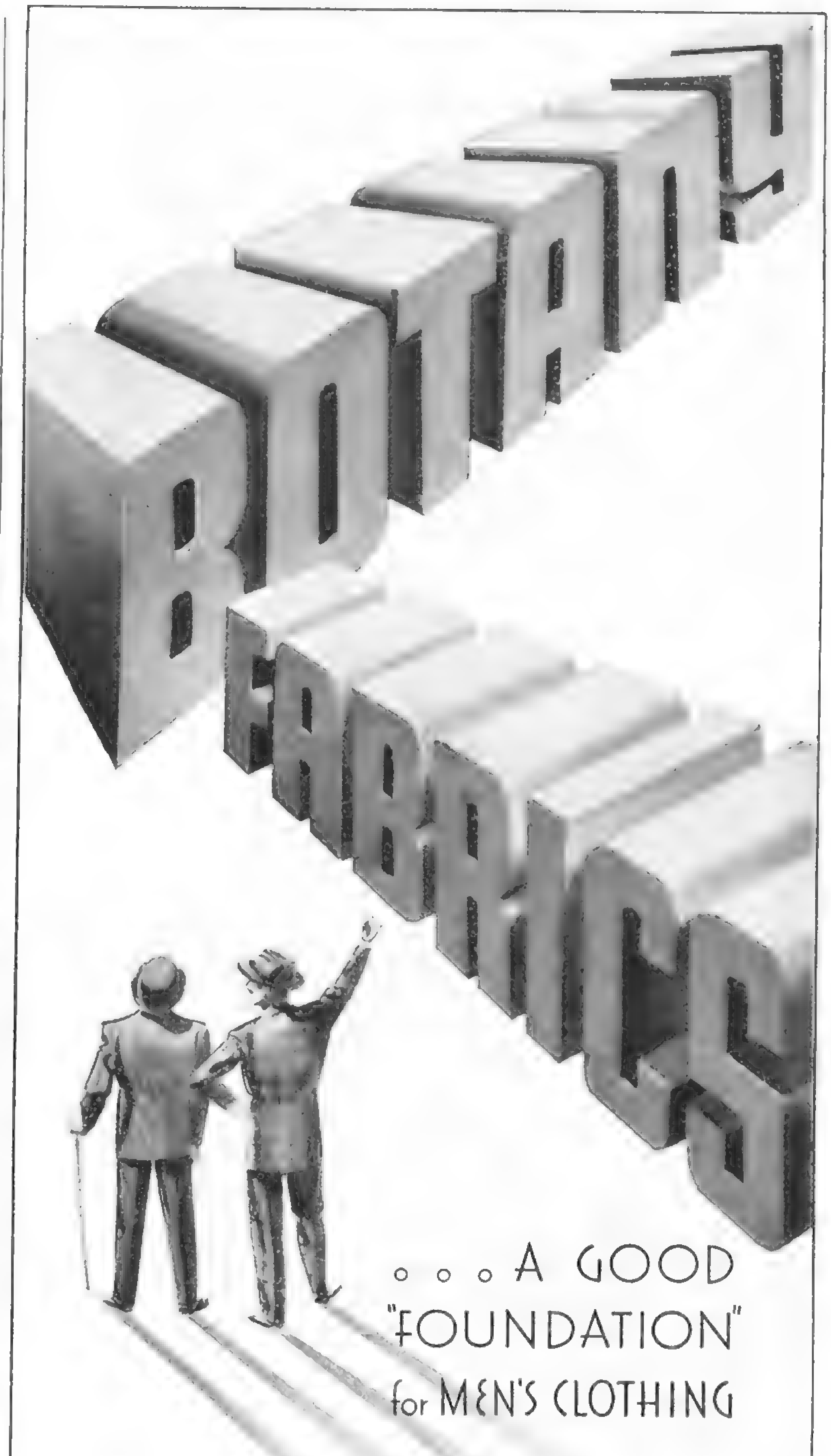
"You think so," said the psychologist a little unsurely.

"No doubt about it. Haven't you often envied some of these lugs their dopey good nature when all your nerves were atingle and you were ready to scream with a million irritations? Own up."

"Well, of course—"

"You see, Doc, it's just because you've got the wrong slant on things. You've been badly condi-

Continued at top of page 118



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A Thorough Examination

Continued from pages 41-117

tioned. You fellows take too much for granted. You want to be free, but you're afraid of real freedom, such as a guy in one of these State jugs."

"What—What," asked the psychologist hesitantly, "would you suggest in a case like mine?"

"Well, now, doc, I'm no professional. I don't like handing out advice. But I'd say you ought to make some attempt to re-educate yourself. You know—quit prying into the minds of neurotics and screwballs and think a little about your own."

"But—"

"Tell you what I'll do," said Carter, rising. "You're probably fairly sound underneath. Suppose you have me come up here once a week or so, and we can talk about your problems and in that way, we'll iron some of them out."

Dr. Fowler swallowed. He found himself nodding affirmation.

"Just one other thing," Carter added. "For heaven's sake don't go putting my name in for parole. I had a hard enough time getting back here."

"I won't."

"Thanks, Doc. And don't worry."

"I'll try not."

When the convict had left his office the prison psychologist took up Carter's multipaged record and stared at the blank space to be filled in by him. He sat motionless, staring, as though hypnotized. Finally, with a great effort of will, he shook himself, picked up his pen, and hurriedly scratched across the blank line: 'Case Hopeless.' #

Pat Hobby's Preview

Continued from page 30

his name to the director and they were passed. They watched while Ronald Colman rehearsed a scene.

"Did you write this?" Eleanor whispered.

"They asked me to," Pat said, "But I was busy."

He felt young again, authoritative and active, with a hand in many schemes. Then he remembered something.

"I've got a picture opening tonight."

"You *have?*"

He nodded.

"I was going to take Claudette Colbert but she's got a cold. Would you like to go?"

II

He was alarmed when she mentioned a family, relieved when she said it was only a resident aunt. It would be like old times walking with a cute little blonde past the staring crowds on the sidewalk. His car was Class of 1933 but he could say it was borrowed—one of his Jap servants had smashed his limousine. Then what? he didn't quite know, but he could put on a good act for one night.

He bought her lunch in the commissary and was so stirred that he thought of borrowing somebody's apartment for the day. There was the old line about "getting her a test." But Eleanor was thinking only of getting to a hairdresser to prepare for tonight, and he escorted her reluctantly to the gate. He had another drink with Louie and went to Jack Berners' office for the tickets.

Berners' secretary had them ready in an envelope.

"We had trouble about these, Mr. Hobby."

"Trouble? Why? Can't a man go to his own preview? Is this something new?"

"It's not that, Mr. Hobby," she said. "The picture's been talked about so much, every seat is gone."

Unreconciled he complained. "And they just didn't think of me."

"I'm sorry." She hesitated. "These are really Mr. Wainwright's tickets. He was so angry about something that he said he wouldn't go—and threw them on my desk. I shouldn't be telling you this."

"These are *his* seats?"

"Yes, Mr. Hobby."

Pat sucked his tongue. This was in the nature of a triumph. Wainwright had lost his temper, which was the last thing you should ever do in pictures—you could only pretend to lose it—so perhaps his apple-cart wasn't so steady. Perhaps Pat ought to join the Screen Writers Guild and present his case—if the Screen Writers Guild would take him in.

This problem was academic. He was calling for Eleanor at five o'clock and taking her "somewhere for a cocktail." He bought a two-dollar shirt, changing into it in the shop and a four-dollar Alpine hat—thus halving his bank account which, since the Bank Holiday of 1933, he carried cautiously in his pocket.

The modest bungalow in West Hollywood yielded up Eleanor without a struggle. On his advice she was not in evening dress but she was as trim and shining as any cute little blonde out of his past. Eager too—running over with enthusiasm and gratitude. He must think of someone whose apartment he could borrow for tomorrow.

"You'd like a test?" he asked as they entered the Brown Derby bar.

"What girl wouldn't?"

"Some wouldn't—for a million dollars." Pat had had setbacks in his love life. "Some of them would rather go on pounding the keys or just hanging around. You'd be surprised."

"I'd do almost anything for a test," Eleanor said.

Looking at her two hours later he wondered honestly to himself if it couldn't be arranged. There was Harry Gooddorf—there was Jack Berners—but his credit was low on all sides. He would do *something* for her he decided. He would try at least to get an agent inter-

Continued on page 120

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FIFTH AVENUE
PARK AVENUE AT 53rd

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Pat Hobby's Preview

Continued from pages 30-118

ested—if all went well tomorrow.

"What are you doing tomorrow?" he asked.

"Nothing," she answered promptly, "Hadn't we better eat and get to the preview?"

"Sure, sure."

He made a further inroad on his bank account to pay for his six whiskeys—you certainly had the right to celebrate before your own preview—and took her into the restaurant for dinner. They ate little. Eleanor was too excited—Pat had taken his calories in another form.

It was a long time since he had seen a picture with his name on it. Pat Hobby. As a man of the people he always appeared in the credit titles as Pat Hobby. It would be nice to see it again and though he did not expect his old friends to stand up and sing *Happy Birthday to You*, he was sure there would be back-slapping and even a little turn of attention toward him as the crowd swayed out of the theatre. That would be nice.

"I'm frightened," said Eleanor as they walked through the alley of packed fans.

"They're looking at you," he said confidently. "They look at that pretty pan and try to think if you're an actress."

A fan shoved an autograph album and pencil toward Eleanor but Pat moved her firmly along. It was late—the equivalent of "all aboard" was being shouted around the entrance.

"Show your tickets, please sir."

Pat opened the envelope and handed them to the doorman. Then he said to Eleanor:

"The seats are reserved—it doesn't matter that we're late."

She pressed close to him, clinging—it was, as it turned out, the high point of her debut. Less than three steps inside the theatre a hand fell on Pat's shoulder.

"Hey Buddy, these aren't tickets for here."

Before they knew it they were back outside the door, glared at with suspicious eyes.

"I'm Pat Hobby. I wrote this picture."

For an instant credulity wandered to his side. Then the hard-boiled doorman sniffed at Pat and stepped in close.

"Buddy you're drunk. These are tickets to another show."

Eleanor looked and felt uneasy but Pat was cool.

"Go inside and ask Jack Berners," Pat said, "He'll tell you."

"Now listen," said the husky guard, "These are tickets for a burlesque down in L.A." He was steadily edging Pat to the side. "You go to your show, you and your girl friend. And be happy."

"You don't understand. I wrote this picture."

"Sure. In a pipe dream."

"Look at the program. My name's on it. I'm Pat Hobby."

"Can you prove it? Let's see your auto license."

As Pat handed it over he whispered to Eleanor, "Don't worry!"

"This doesn't say Pat Hobby," announced the doorman, "This says the car's owned by the North Hollywood Finance and Loan Company. Is that you?"

For once in his life Pat could think of nothing to say—he cast one quick glance at Eleanor. Nothing in her face indicated that he was anything but what he thought he was—all alone.

III

Though the preview crowd had begun to drift away, with that vague American wonder as to why they had come at all, one little cluster found something arresting and poignant in the faces of Pat and Eleanor. They were obviously gate-crashers, outsiders like themselves, but the crowd resented the temerity of their effort to get in—a temerity which the crowd did not share. Little jeering jests were audible. Then, with Eleanor already edging away from the distasteful scene, there was a flurry by the door. A well-dressed six-footer strode out of the theatre and stood gazing till he saw Pat.

"There you are!" he shouted.

Pat recognized Ward Wainwright.

"Go in and look at it!" Wainwright roared. "Look at it. Here's some ticket stubs! I think the prop boy directed it! Go and look!" To the doorman he said: "It's all right! *He* wrote it. I wouldn't have my name on an inch of it."

Trembling with frustration, Wainwright threw up his hands and strode off into the curious crowd.

Eleanor was terrified. But the same spirit that had inspired "I'd do anything to get in the movies," kept her standing there—though she felt invisible fingers reaching forth to drag her back to Boise. She had been intending to run—hard and fast. The hard-boiled doorman and the tall stranger had crystallized her feelings that Pat was "rather simple." She would never let those red-rimmed eyes come close to her—at least for any more than a doorstep kiss. She was saving herself for somebody—and it wasn't Pat. Yet she felt that the lingering crowd was a tribute to her—such as she had never exacted before. Several times she threw a glance at the crowd—a glance that now changed from wavering fear into a sort of queenliness.

She felt exactly like a star.

Pat, too, was all confidence. This was *his* preview; all had been delivered into his hands: his name would stand alone on the screen when the picture was released. There had to be *some*body's name, didn't there?—and Wainwright had withdrawn.

SCREENPLAY BY PAT HOBBY.

He seized Eleanor's elbow in a firm grasp and steered her triumphantly towards the door:

"Cheer up, baby. That's the way it is. You see?" ⋕

"D" Day in Los Angeles

Continued from page 55

group, already familiar with the extent of its resources, will promptly know just how much of those resources it will have to draw on. Thus is eliminated that historic ordeal of a handful of distracted police officials struggling vainly to cope with traffic, plundering, rescue, first aid and information services, each requiring a personnel ten times as large.

Another grave flaw in emergency relief which has been anticipated is the usual influx of valiant but utterly unprepared volunteers. In his daily business or profession each of the 2,000 key men in the Council has under him some sort of an organization of specialists thoroughly familiar with the type of work his group will do in a crisis. Thus, at a moment's notice, this skeleton organization can blossom into a working force of 30,000 or 40,000 skilled men.

In addition, the Law and Order Division, headed by the Police Chief, has long since made its contacts with the Army, Navy, Militia, Reserves and State Police as well as with other municipal forces for hundreds of miles around and has prepared plans for bringing in this aid in an orderly, efficient manner. Finally, the Council's Personnel Division is under the jurisdiction of the American Legion and other veterans' groups because their emergency experience and knowledge of discipline will be invaluable. Under the plans they will furnish manpower to whatever Divisions require it: so many carpenters and helpers to the Shelter Committee; so many truck drivers to Transportation; so many ambulance men to Medical, etc.

Through all the 14 Committees the preparation and organization for the worst possible contingency is of the highest caliber, hence the problem of meeting anything less than maximum demands is simple. In the Necessities of Life Division, for example, the Chairman has his finger on the status of the bread supply throughout the entire State of California; knows what quantities he can get tonight and how he'll get it; how much more he can count on for tomorrow; how long it will take his hundreds of bakery contacts to get going full blast and supply him with the maximum quantities he may need. The same goes for meat, milk, vegetables, vaccines, serums, medicines, etc.

In short, each Committee operates only in that field for which it is equipped and trained. The net result is an efficient elimination of waste motion which in all disasters heretofore has been conspicuous by its tardiness if not its absence.

An excellent example of this is afforded by the Intelligence Division which is headed by a Major and two Captains from the U. S. Army Intelligence Service who have organized a group of 43 young reserve officers in a school for military intelligence work. One of their functions in the Council is to record on an enormous wall-map the exact, moment-to-moment status of the situation during a catastrophe so they may give precise information to any committeeman concerned with the condition of streets, location of trucks, breaks in water or gas mains, outbreaks of fire, etc. Another vital function is the supervision of all public information to the press, radio or individual inquirers, and to this end they are well grounded in the difference between "it is alleged" and "it is a fact."

The telephone company has assigned 24 of its men to attend the Intelligence School and man the phones in GHQ in an emergency. In addition, these men are also detailed to various other departments: three to the Flood Control District to study procedure there; three to the Fire Department; three to the Red Cross, etc., so that the unit is well qualified to gather intelligent information from all sources.

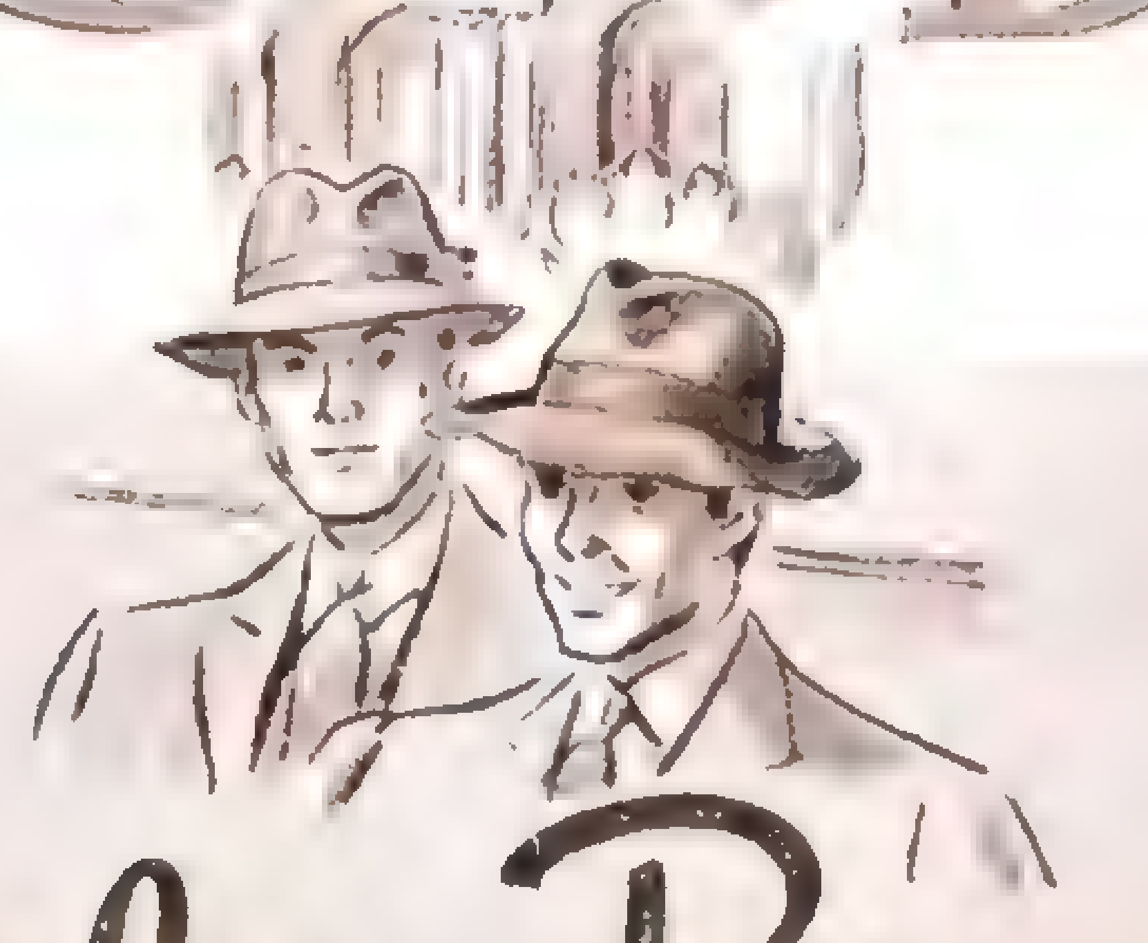
From the physical standpoint, the Disaster Council's headquarters are adequately equipped for emergency communication. There is a private switchboard with two pairs of wires to each of the 14 Concentration Camps and to 21 other vital points such as the armory, the receiving hospital, etc. In addition there are several hundred other pairs of wires and another board which can be hooked up immediately in case of need. And living in each of the various concentration districts are a half-dozen telephone men armed with pre-arranged instructions as to where they are to go and what they are to do if the time comes.

This entire telephone setup would be operated as a magneto set if necessary, entirely divorced from the regular telephone system, and would be used only in case of failure of the regular service. In addition there are ten regular trunk lines (with 24 others ready for instant connection) running to a special table for information clerks of the Intelligence staff. And supplementing it all is a 1,000 watt radio transmitter with 21 portable units (all with auxiliary power) for field use. Because of the strange presence of mountains and ravines within the limits of the city proper—which, incidentally, makes Los Angeles about the only municipality with a real forest fire hazard within its borders—these portable units were specially designed for operation over that varied terrain. The result is that no matter what happens to the regular telephone, telegraph or power supply, the Major Disaster Council will be in continuous communication with each of its 14 Concentration Areas, and its men in the field, as well as with the outside world.

Naturally, such a meticulous, comprehensive organization didn't blossom overnight: It developed from a tedious period of gesta-

Continued on page 122

DOBBS Hats



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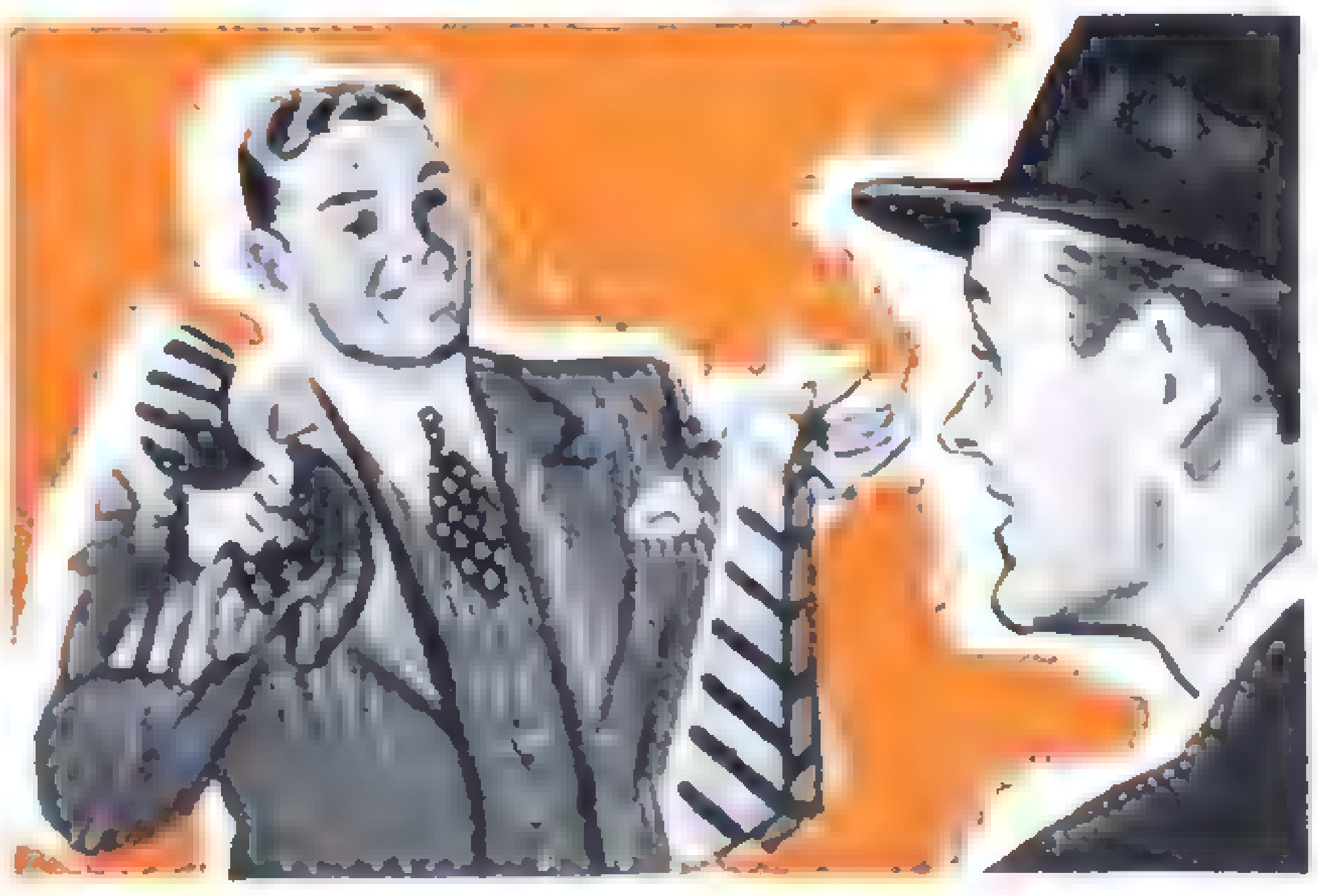

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"D" Day in Los Angeles

Continued from pages 55-121

tion. We Americans are chronic devotees of the notion that mishaps ranging from an automobile collision to an earthquake—are things which happen to the other fellow. This viewpoint changed on the West Coast some sixteen years ago when Chief Ralph J. Scott, of the Los Angeles Fire Department, fell to musing one night.

"As head of this force," he said to himself, "what would I do if we had a recurrence of the San Francisco thing? Or a tidal wave, a hurricane or any other monumental disaster?"

The speculation gave him pause, and the more he pondered it, the more he realized how impotent even his superior organization would be in such a situation. The emergency services of our best communities—police, fire, medical—are necessarily cut to fit the cloth. And the cloth is an ordinary emergency, not an extraordinary one.

So Chief Scott began a crusade of private and public talks to influential individuals and important civic groups. Folks out there are just as optimistic about trouble as the rest of us, so it took more than two years of plugging to achieve anything more than polite attention.

In 1926, however, with the far-sighted help of the various public utilities, the Chamber of Commerce, and others, Chief Scott managed to have a committee formed to draw up a balance sheet of the city's emergency assets and liabilities. Six years later the City Council legally transformed this original Citizens Preparedness Committee into the Major Disaster Emergency Council with complete power to function as the supreme authority in a crisis.

As Chairman of the Council's Executive Committee, the incumbent Mayor has the power to declare an emergency and summon the group into action. Meanwhile, the Chairman of each Division may convene his own group at his discretion for conference, with a regular meeting of the Executive Committee every six months.

Sub-committees of specialists get together more frequently. The radio men meet twice a month for drill; the Intelligence Division has its school, and so on. So instead of being a static, "paper army," the Major Disaster Council is very much alive as evidenced by the fact that last year the key men and their groups alone held 237 different sub-committee meetings.

Supervising these "peace time" activities and keeping his finger continually on the pulse of the organization is the only salaried official in the entire group: Basil E. Rice, Director of Co-ordination. Chairman of the Intelligence Division and a former member of the Fire Department, Mr. Rice is admirably gifted for the complex task of dovetailing the progress of each group and keeping the organization a unified force. Suffice it to say that there is probably no other voluntary organization in the country which is as well-knit functionally as the Los Angeles Major Disaster Council.

It is easy to dismiss the logic of the program with the alibi "we don't live in earthquake country," but that is a rather myopic viewpoint. Floods, for example, cost us $50,000,000 in our most favorable years: extensive ones like the Mississippi Valley affair or the Ohio Valley disaster run from $250,000,000 to $400,000,000 in destruction—which is only a fraction of the flood story.

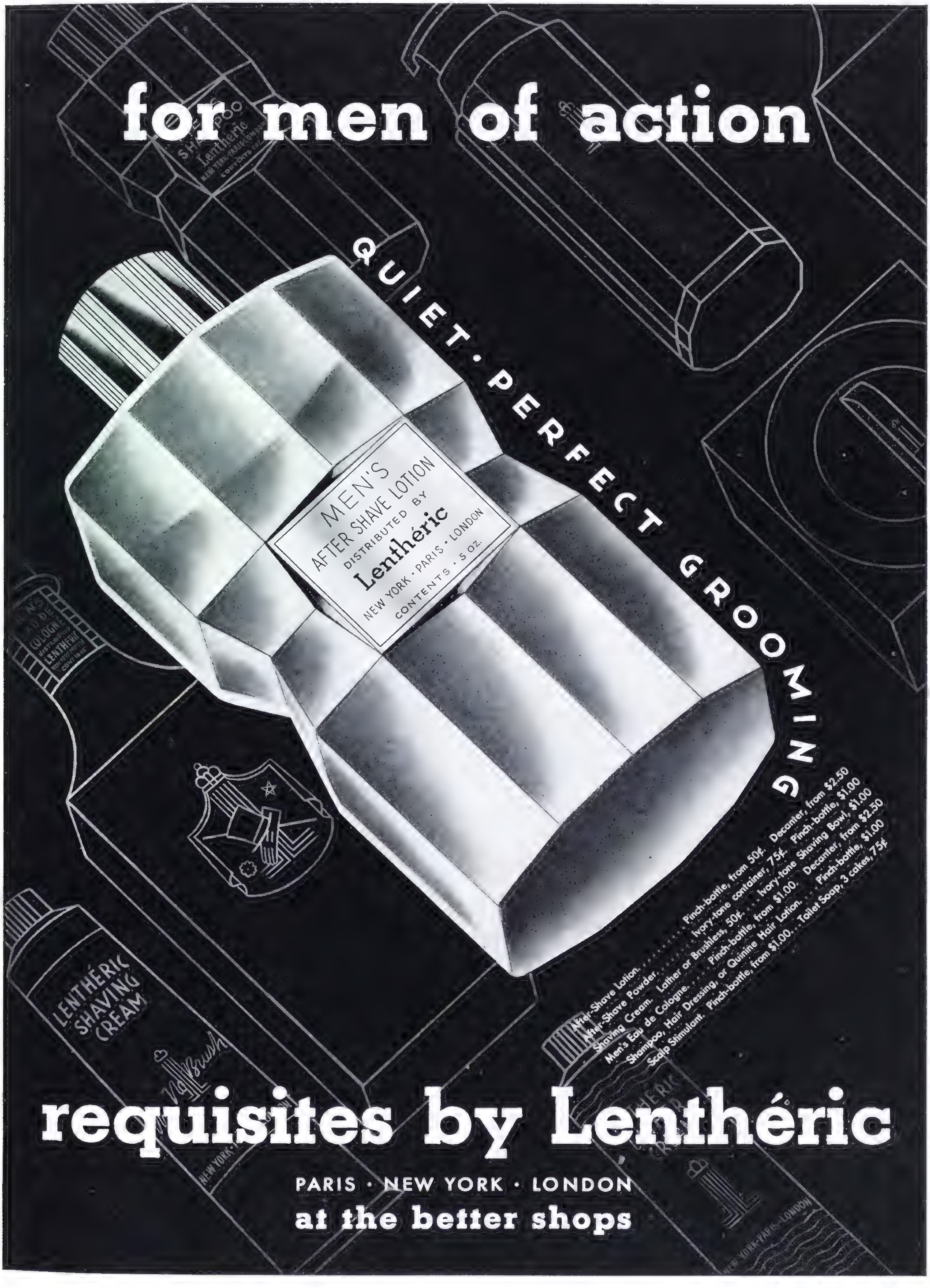
A second threat is wind. In twenty years we have had 2,800 tornadoes of which thirty exceeded $1,000,000 in damages. That these aren't confined to Florida was amply proved by the $20,000,000 Ohio tornado as well as the recent New England hurricane.

A third hazard, quite independent of geography or geology, is the sweeping fire or conflagration of which we average two a year since 1900. Smaller ones raze from 400 to 600 buildings: outstanding conflagrations at Chelsea, Massachusetts, Atlanta, Georgia, and Paris, Texas, have demolished from 1400 to 3500 structures. And the bulk of our 400 largest cities still harbor critical high-hazard areas which are sure to become conflagration breeders whenever luck turns.

The fourth horseman who can't be entirely ignored is Explosion: a potential risk in certain industrial centers, in oil field territory, in grain milling regions, etc., and now being accentuated by the expansion of war industries. When two munitions ships collided in Halifax harbor in 1917, the resulting blast demolished two and one half square miles of buildings, killed 2,000 people and injured 3,000. When the powder plant at Lake Denmark, New Jersey, went up in 1926, the property damage for twenty miles around amounted to $93,000,000.

Very often two or more of these threats combine forces. The Southern Atlantic floods of 1916 were caused by two cyclones uniting; the Galveston hurricane brought in a tidal wave which swelled the death toll to 6,000; it was a flood in Augusta, Georgia, which touched off some quick lime in a cellar and started the $4,500,000 conflagration which swept away some 700 buildings.

Some day soon, no doubt, we will have to add to this inventory the possibility of foreign aerial bombardment. But without that—and even granting that the earthquake hazard may be confined to the West Coast—these Four Horsemen called Flood, Tornado, Conflagration and Explosion afford ample justification for some sort of pre-disaster organization to supplant our bland and costly belief that catastrophe is something which happens to the other fellow. ###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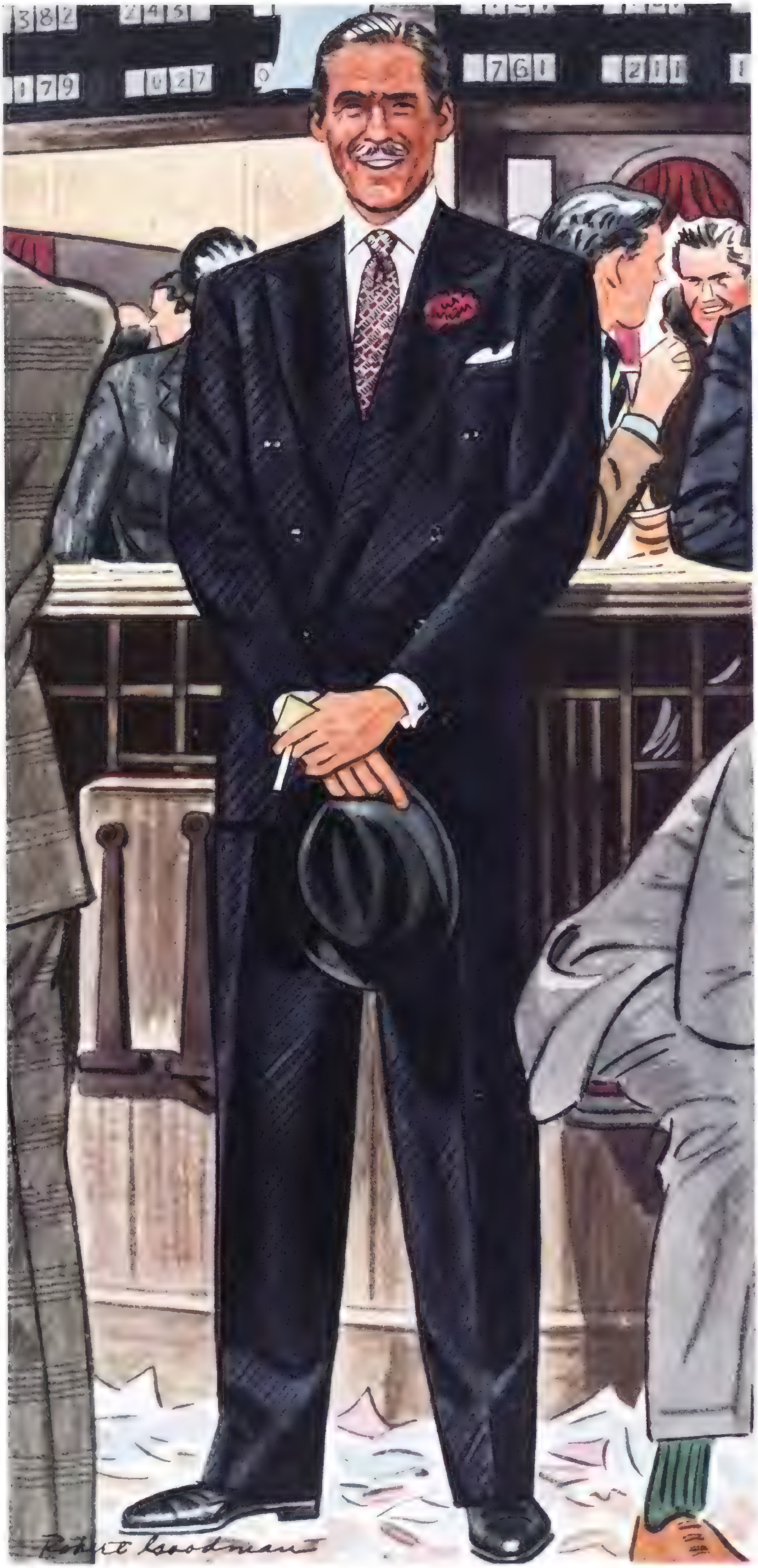


this little pig went to market

And what a smug little marketer he is. Here he stands, right smack in the center of the New York Stock Exchange, with the winning ticket on the daily double. At least, that's our interpretation of it. He certainly must have done something smart to be tickled so pink with himself. Make no mistake about it—he's a smart cookie. We don't know anything about stocks and bonds but we do know something about clothes. (Specifically, what we know is what the Fashion Staff tells us—no more, sometimes less.) This hombre is really dressed the smart way. Here's an accounting.

First off, the wide wale diagonal worsted suit is a swell choice for somebody who wants to practice restraint in his dress and yet achieve some measure of distinctiveness. This weave does it. There are several details to this suit which, added up, spell good taste. The sleeves of the jacket are well tapered and carry four small buttons set closely together. The lapel of the double breasted model rolls to the lower button. The trousers are cuffless.

The accessories are also in good order. The self satin stripes of the broadcloth shirt are quietly distinctive, and the widespread collar is smart. The white soft double cuffs set off the dark-blue stone links. The tie is unusual; it's a Spitalfield type of heavy silk in red and grey small design, sharply defined by the white threads of the fabric—a trick known to textile technicians as white-warp construction. The tie is fastened in the Windsor knot, the larger sized knot which requires a little practice before its convolutions can be mastered. Apply to your favorite purveyor of men's accessories and he'll teach you how to tie this type of knot. Somewhere, amidst the debris, there's a pair of black shoes with straight tips and medallion toe-caps.

It's too bad that the man is on the floor of the Exchange, where only members are admitted. Otherwise, if he weren't at work but in transit to or from work, we could see what kind of hat should be worn with an outfit like this. Of course, we're trying to ignore the black Homburg which Mr. Goodman has over-zealously placed in his hand. And by the way, Mr. Goodman, aren't those quotations up there pretty high?

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

The Future of Sports Crowds

Continued from page 33

to know anything for sure any more. Everything is a matter of opinion, a matter of taste, a matter of approach. You know, "everything is relative." But sport is always so refreshingly clear-cut and definite. No questions of taste or opinions, but split-seconds and inches. It lies in the very mechanism of sports that there is always an answer to the question "Who is better?" "Who was first?" "Who was stronger?"—an answer in cold figures.

Most people think that those who are first and stronger are more popular than the others. But it only seems so at first glance. As I've pointed out, the athlete himself doesn't matter to the public. What matters is whether or not he is able to help promote a clear-cut decision. That is why Dempsey, who knocked his opponents cold, was much more popular than Tunney, who outpointed them. That is why any young California tennis player who rushes madly to the net is more popular than the player with the sound system of sticking to the baseline. That is why football, which is attack par excellence, is the most popular sport. It's not success which makes an athlete's popularity. It's his determination to force a decision, even at the risk of losing.

Of course, there's the underdog. The underdog is popular no matter what he does, if he does anything at all. This has been explained by the fact that most of the public are underdogs in life. I think that's a bit too sentimental. I think the popularity of the underdog comes from the hope that he might upset the predictions. All the underdog does is make sport more gloriously uncertain. He makes the decision a surprise, but it is still the decision that counts.

And then, of course, there are fixes, but far fewer than you'd think. The reason isn't the high moral standard of the athletes. It's simply so damned hard to fake a contest. There is a sort of inherent sincerity in sports. It seems so easy for a good athlete to lose to an inferior. But just watch it. It's terribly awkward. And it's terribly boring. That's why nobody wants to see wrestling matches any more. If there's something fishy, it always comes out. You just can't play at sports. Incidentally, that gives movie producers a great deal of trouble. To fall in love or die or go crazy before a camera is child's play. But it is next to impossible to film a match according to a script and have it look spontaneous and sincere.

For a sports event is created only in the moment it takes place. It is real life. It takes place for the first and only time while we who look on are living it. And while the athletes who perform are living it. For them it means life in a much deeper sense. Sport is their life, sport is their fate.

I look back through the years and hundreds of faces appear before my eyes. I see Big Bill Tilden, haggard, austere, and slightly bored, dominating the courts of the world. I see Jack Dempsey, swaying, feinting and slugging away, his expression fierce, almost murderous. I see Nurmi, completely detached, oblivious to the presence of the thousands of spectators hailing him, circling a track with his high, leaping step and glancing from time to time at his stop-watch. I see Arne Borg, laughing and unconcerned, plunging into the pool to break another record. I see the ageing Reggie MacNamara, his face scarred from hundreds of spills, pedaling furiously around the garden track. I see the determined and hungry face of a has-been named Jim Braddock, fighting in prelims to feed his kids. I see the young Negro, Jesse Owens, breaking three world's records in one afternoon with the complete lack of self-consciousness of a strong, swift and beautiful animal. I see young Gertrude Ederle, near collapse but completely happy, after an accomplishment which it seemed no one would ever again equal.

How will you meet the "dangerous age" through which all men must pass? For a sane nerve-regime, read *The Male Climacteric*, in the November issue.

I suppose I shouldn't talk so much about faces and more about left hooks, backhands, intercepted passes and all those things which crowd the sports pages. Too bad they do. To look at them as things apart seems so completely meaningless. Hooks for hooks' sake—that simply doesn't make sense.

It's like sitting in Madison Square Garden and looking at a ring or bike track or ice rink when there's nothing going on. The ring is just an empty structure of ropes and canvas, the skating rink is a meaningless expanse of ice, and the track just a wooden oval. They are props without meaning, frames without content. Looking at them sometimes, hours after an event, when they are deserted and often partly dismantled, I cannot help thinking of the Shakespearean theatre. Shakespeare's stage was nothing but a bare structure of wood and curtain. There were no sets. There were just signs to indicate that the scene was to be a CASTLE, WOOD, or STREET. And it became a castle, wood or street because the actors and the words they spoke made it that.

Ring, track, court or pool are no longer dead props as soon as the athletes appear on them. They are no longer wood and canvas; they become a dramatic world where anything can happen. Those who fight and jump and run give meaning to the set. They make this corner of the ring, that curve on the track, this sideline on the court take on almost historic significance. For here not only the particular contest is decided, but also what they are fighting for: their professional standing, big money, their next meal—their lives.

Sport is a hard life. Hard for those who win and think that they're unbeatable until one day they find out they are through. For those who are always on the verge of winning but can never win. For those who try to stay forever and can't let go when the time has come. Sport is like morphine; once you have acquired the habit you can rarely escape. And you are through with sports at an age when for most people real life is just beginning. It seems as if athletes train their bodies just to wear them out in a hurry. I shall never forget how shocked I was when I read, about a year ago, that Barney Ross was a "ring veteran." At the time Ross was twenty-six.

It's like morphine. They can't let go. Their world is a tennis court in Wimbledon or Forest Hills, a bike track in Paris or Brussels, a ring in New York or London, a swimming pool in Los Angeles or Amsterdam, a golf course in Scotland or Florida.

Oh yes, of course, there is another world just around the corner from their world. There is a world full of social problems, political struggles, wars, destruction, inventions, full of love and hate, great accomplishments and petty crimes. It is a world which we find, perhaps, not worth living in, but certainly enormously fascinating. But this world is not for them.

And we? And why should their world be for us? Because it's life, real life. It was life when Warde was standing on the narrow window ledge that Summer evening of 1938. It was life when he jumped. And that's why the crowd wanted to be there.

You might wait a day and see the movie of a fight for a few cents in any neighborhood theater. The picture will show you more than you would have seen from the best ringside seat. Or you could listen to the broadcast. You'd know more about it after it was over than if you had been there.

Promoters know this only too well. At the beginning they were violently opposed to the broadcasting or filming of sports events. But they soon found out they had nothing to worry about. The radio and the movies made sports more popular than ever and the crowds grew bigger and bigger.

There is, of course, one hitch. The broadcast doesn't give a picture of the event and the movie means a delay of at least one day. But when television really arrives, won't everyone prefer to sit in his easy chair and without paying a dime, see and hear everything better than he could from the best ringside seat—rather than pay a small fortune and be jostled about, and maybe not see anything?

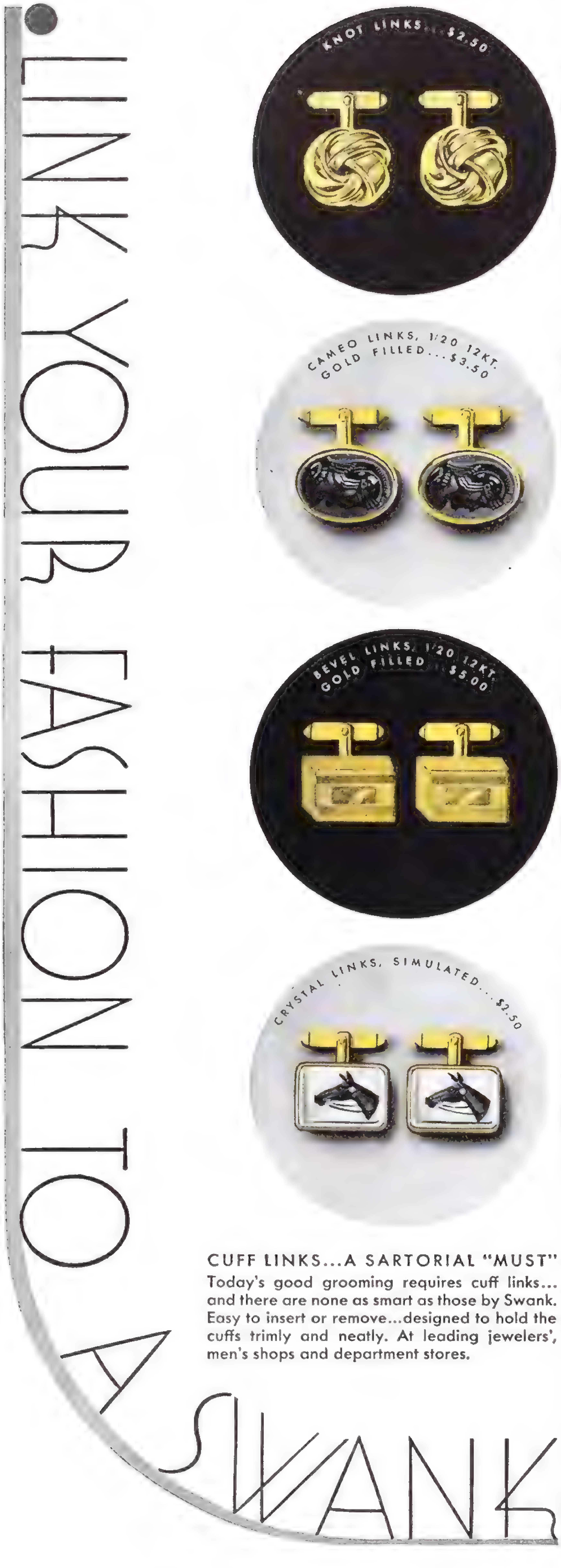
A weird vision; great sports events of the future taking place in a vacuum. The heavyweight championship of the world being fought before a handful of cameramen and technicians of the television companies. And a public of twenty or thirty millions, anonymous, invisible, mute.

Have no fear—this won't happen. Because athletes are like actors; they need a public or they can't give. But what we are interested in are the crowds. And the crowds will come, not to see, but to be there.

They come because it's life, real life, in its most condensed form. Have you ever seen a documentary film about the life of a plant or a flower? Within a few minutes we watch a development which in reality takes months. You actually see a rose grow and unfold within thirty seconds. It's done by "speed-up," a technical device which is the opposite of slow-motion. Sport, in a way, is a speed-up. With one blow or one ball or one last burst of speed the future of a life may be decided. It may mean the beginning of a great career—money and success. It may mean the beginning of downfall—poverty and oblivion. Perhaps you don't realize it at the moment. But you may years afterward, looking back and reconstructing the course of a human life.

Have you ever watched a poker game with big sums at stake? Such a game is exciting even though you personally have nothing to gain or lose. You realize that one card may win or lose the labor of years, that it may well be a shortcut to a man's fate. But poker, after all, is played by people who don't move a muscle in their faces. You can't see the passions raging within you can only guess at them.

In sports you can see—even if you don't see. You must see. Here passions break out to the surface. Sport knows no masks. The physical strain is much too great to leave any room for pretense. You not only see the naked athletes, you see naked all their hopes, fears, frustrations, desires and passions. Isn't it an exciting, thrilling, wonderful show? Who wouldn't want to see it, to be a *voyeur* at a keyhole behind which unfolds life—real, without pretense or niceties, powerful, stripped! ##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So You Haven't Got a Scent?

Continued from page 43

does the other guy go about it?"

The answer is simple. It's the old story of the bees and the flowers. When a zinnia, gardenia, or what you will, gets itself into that state of mind that makes the human buy candy, write poetry, and pony up outrageous cover charges, it seems to be in a bad way. The blooms haven't the resources of humans. No, they have better ones. Instead of tearing around to dances and night clubs, your zinnia works up a seductive scent and waits calmly for it to work on the John Aldens of the insect world. It gets them every time. Well, at least we haven't run out of zinnias. So much for the flowers.

After casing the clover, man turned his attention to the animals. They worked on the same principle. Taking a gander at the nearest beaver, musk ox, or sable, man found that it had a simple technique. Comes spring and thoughts of love, and the little beasties don't run themselves ragged. Not in the least. They work up a reek that you can almost see on a sunny day, and when it gets strong enough, they're irresistible.

With all his faults man is not exactly a chump. Reasoning swiftly that what was good for a beaver was good enough for him, he conked the nearest over the head, pinched the castor (the beaver's love philter) and tried it out on himself. To make assurance doubly sure, he ground up a few roses in the original recipe, and with two strings to his bow set up shop as the first Don Juan. Screeno!

As time went on, an ambitious youngster anxious to set himself up as the local ball of fire would work out a new perfume for his adornment. Until international agents pinched the formula, he'd do all right. Thus perfumery was raised to the status of an art.

Like all good superstitious humans, the boys decided to keep on the good side of the powers that be. Taking no chances, they used their most precious scents as sacrifices to the gods. The original purpose was served again, this time in the field of sacred love.

Many's the time and oft, the clergy has tried for a monopoly on the perfume industry. One of the last to try was Moses, who banned the use of perfume except as an offering on the altar. But when did sacred love win over profane?

The Egyptians were the first to discover a practicable method of making new perfumes through distillation. They expanded the industry and were straightforward about the end in view. They manufactured and used perfumes for the seduction of women. Diogenes should have tried Egypt while looking for an honest man. (While on the subject, Diogenes himself used perfume, on his feet and legs.)

After the time of the Egyptians, notably Cleopatra, the history of perfume and seduction are nearly one. But a little highjacking was done. Up to this time, the male of the species had practically a monopoly on scents. Being the active and pursuing half of a love match, he had taken help from the beasts and flowers. Along about this time the ladies decided that they had been missing out on a good thing. When they took a hand in the game, things began to pop.

When the male first started falling into the pit which he had digged, Cleopatra was Glamour Girl Number One. She did a job on Mark Anthony that hasn't been forgotten yet. For her use of perfumes in taking Mark, refer to Shakespeare's *Anthony and Cleopatra.*

Let's take a look at the names traditionally associated with perfume after the ladies muscled in. Cleopatra, Messalina, the Medicis, Catherine the Great, Pompadour, Du Barry, Elizabeth of England. Wow! For an all-menace outfit you'd have to shop around quite a while to beat them, and their main weapon was perfume.

Cleopatra spent fortunes getting scents from Asia Minor. She did very well with them. Messalina was the outstanding Roman courtesan when the competition was terrific, but she was always equipped with the costliest and rarest perfumes of the Roman world. Du Barry and Pompadour need no tie-in with perfume. You can nearly smell them yet.

Throughout history perfume has been the heavy artillery from boudoir to bagnio, and you know what Napoleon said about heavy artillery. In America the men have been doing their best with no artillery support at all, and a pretty good best at that. But the tables are turning, and we're heading for something nearer a square shake for our money.

The mechanism of perfumery, even as practiced by these adepts, is simple. There are only five senses through which you can make an impression on the female. You have to appeal to them all.

Trying them in order we find sight first. All right, you're well-groomed, but it's one to five you aren't beautiful. Few of us are. Then we have hearing. Will your dulcet tones linger with the girl? Will she coo in retrospect over your *bon mots?* You're darn tootin she won't. Third comes touch. You say you have large, sinewy muscles? Brother, the nearest wall is harder. She won't remember those. Leaving taste out of this argument, that leaves the sense of smell. That's where you've got to score . . . How are you doing?

It certainly is the sense of smell that works strongest, for or against you. It's the nose that conjures up remembrance of things past. If you don't believe us, ask Proust.

Try it out on yourself. Can you close your eyes and picture every detail of your one and only? Nei-

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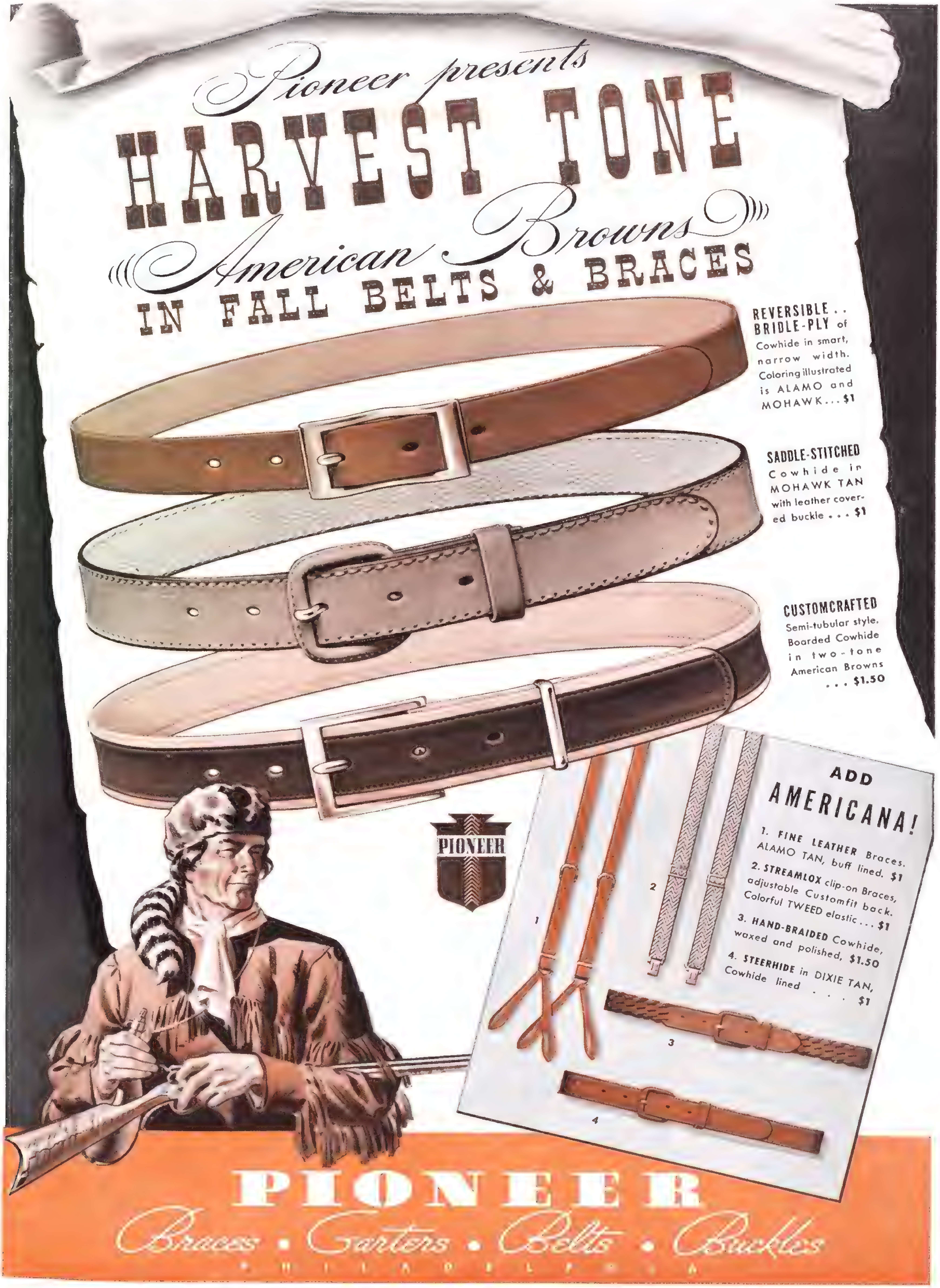

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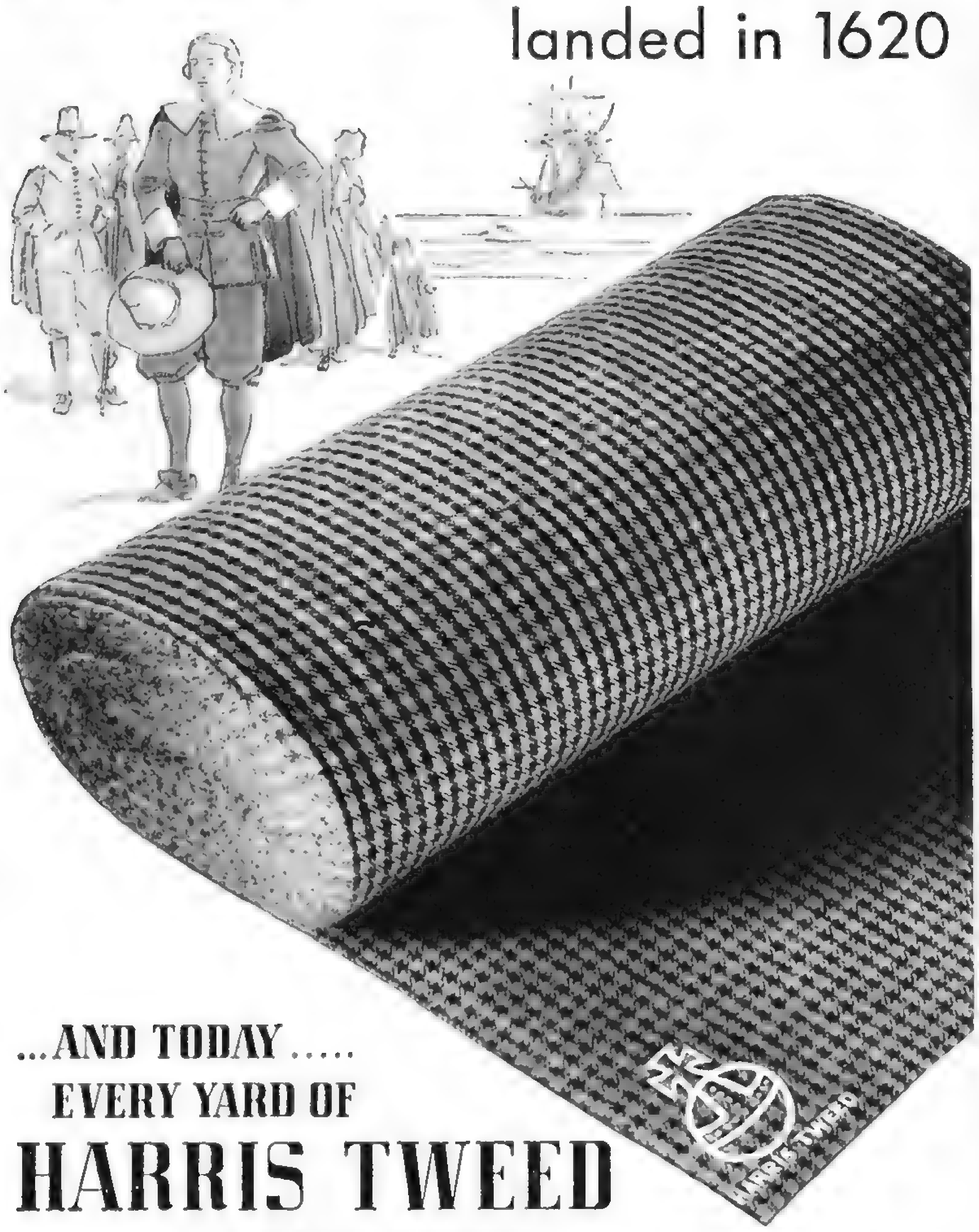

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So You Haven't Got a Scent?

Continued from pages 43-128

ther can ninety per cent of us. Do you recall her voice so clearly? Neither can we. But think back to the time when you caught a whiff of her perfume. Does that bring her back to you? It most surely does.

A vagrant scent can send your mind racing back to some of the loveliest memories you have. It works the same for the little woman. If a whiff of Nuit de Noël brings back that New Year's dance so clearly, think how an odor can work on the mouse. Why the devil do you think she uses a trace of perfume on her stationery?

In this day and age you are lucky enough to be able to bring woman's deadliest weapon in on your side of the war between the sexes. Judicious use of scented toilet preparations, careful checking of offensive odors, supplementing your shower with a touch of cologne; these are simple actions, but just try them and see. You'll get results in a large fashion.

Thank fortune you're emancipated enough to be able to do this. You have hit the day when these toiletries for men have a definite social acceptance. If you want to get out there in the groove, more power to you.

What's your odor, Mister? ♯♯

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from page 91

ber the tremendous vogue of the Polish novelist Sienkiewicz, especially in *Quo Vadis* would enjoy even today an opportunity to see again Weber and Fields's burlesque, called *Quo Vass Iss?* The heroine Lygia was Lithia; a famous character was Zero and the Strong Man was Fursus. The tall DeWolf Hopper was Petrolius, and he looked impossible in a short Roman toga.

Those who wish to recapture the humor and slang of those days should read the late Norman Hapgood's *The Stage in America* (Macmillan 1901). It is invaluable. Here are some parts of *Quo Vass Iss?* as reported by him:

"Ross: I have just returned on the limitus vestibulus from Asbury Park.

Hopper (Petrolius): You must have a thirstus fit to float a galley. Thou art an easy Markus.

Finishus Ross told about the mystery of Lithia's drawing a lobster on the sand, and Warfield, who was superbly picturesque as Hilo, a hobo philosopher, admitted, Verily, this stumpeth me.

Hopper: Let us to the boozeorium.

Fields (to Weber, acting the strong man, Fursus): Tell me your pipe story, and how you twisted the neck off the jackaxe.

Weber: It wasn't a jackaxe. It vas a wild, untamable borax."

In another performance De Wolf beat his chest with a baton, which he handed to the low-necked Lillian Russell, with the suggestion "You do that."

Mr. Morell in his biography of Lillian, describes the opening night when Weber and Fields had made up their quarrel, after eight years. This was then (1912) the best theatrical news in America. "Lillian's first entrance brought a gasp of wonder and delight. The jewels she wore were said to represent a fortune of $150,000. William Collier . . . said, "She wore a pink gingham dress with a blue apron sprinkled all over with cracked ice."

Mr. Morell has an excellent adjective to describe Felix Isman's book on Weber and Fields. "That glowingly nostalgic biography."

I make no apology for using so much space on Lillian Russell. She is a fixed star in the theatrical firmament and will outlive many playwrights and tragedians. Compare her fame today with that of Louis James, Thomas W. Keene, John McCullough, John Malone, Alexander Salvini, Margaret Mather, and many others. She died in 1922, and as Browning said of a great poet, "The air seems bright with her past presence yet."

Entirely apart from the merits of the cases and I should have to know more about them to express an opinion, I wish to call attention to Westbrook Pegler's powers of invective. His daily column has matter as well as manner; but it is the manner I am thinking of. When I was a student in a public high school, we read Cicero's orations; the one against Catiline we enjoyed the most, because Cicero used the method of direct denunciation. Many people find pleasure in reading a savage review of some new play or book, so long as the person attacked is neither a blood-relation nor an intimate friend. But my enjoyment of Mr. Pegler's philippics has nothing to do with that. It is purely an artistic enjoyment. His attacks are works of art; they are masterpieces of denunciation, containing satire, ridicule, passion, founded on a hatred of duplicity and treachery, the whole mixture coming to a boil at exactly the right moment. In a different sense from theatrical slang, they are smash hits.

It is interesting, in the very year when we beheld the military success of a government upholding everything hostile to and irreconcilable with American and British conceptions of individual freedom, that two able and important biographies of our two greatest Presidents should appear, *George Washington* by Waldo H. Dunn and N. W. Stephenson, and *Lincoln: The War Years*, by Carl Sandburg. These two heroes are not only our greatest Presidents, they are among the world's greatest public men. They are the only rulers I can think of who were never injured by power. A man with power is able to injure per-

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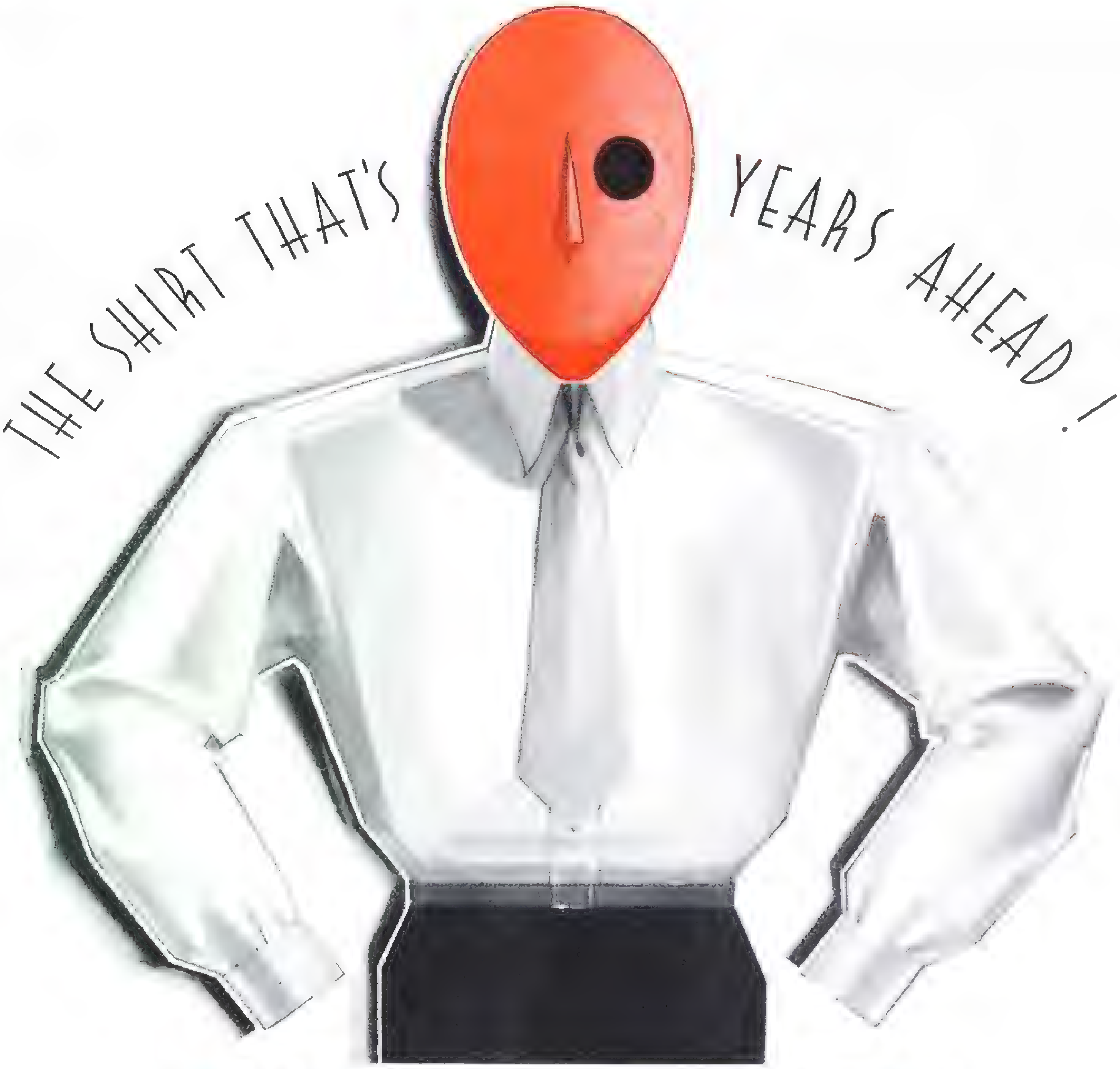
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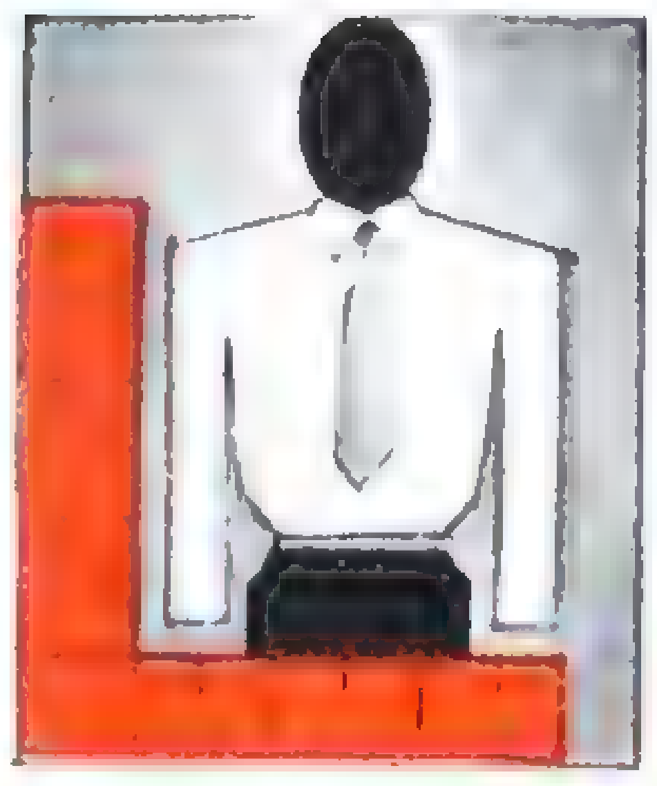

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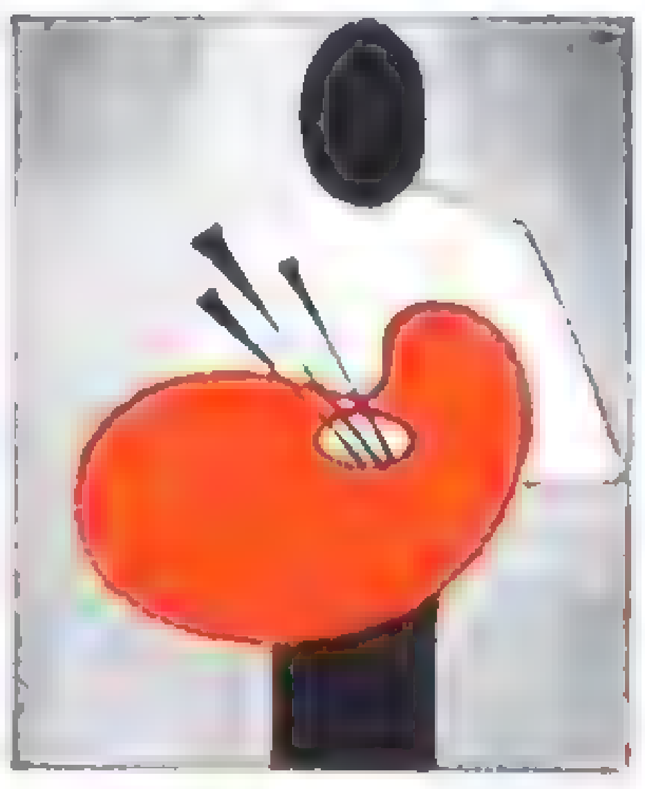

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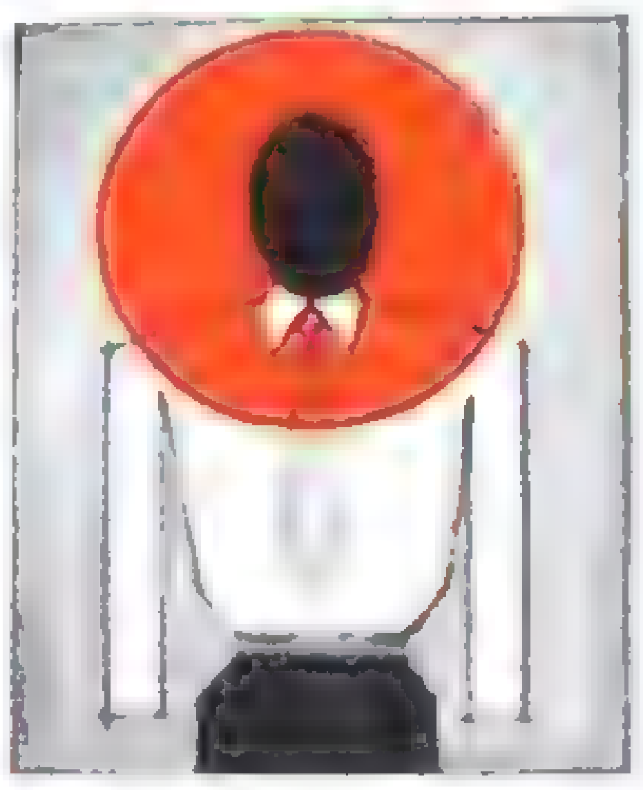

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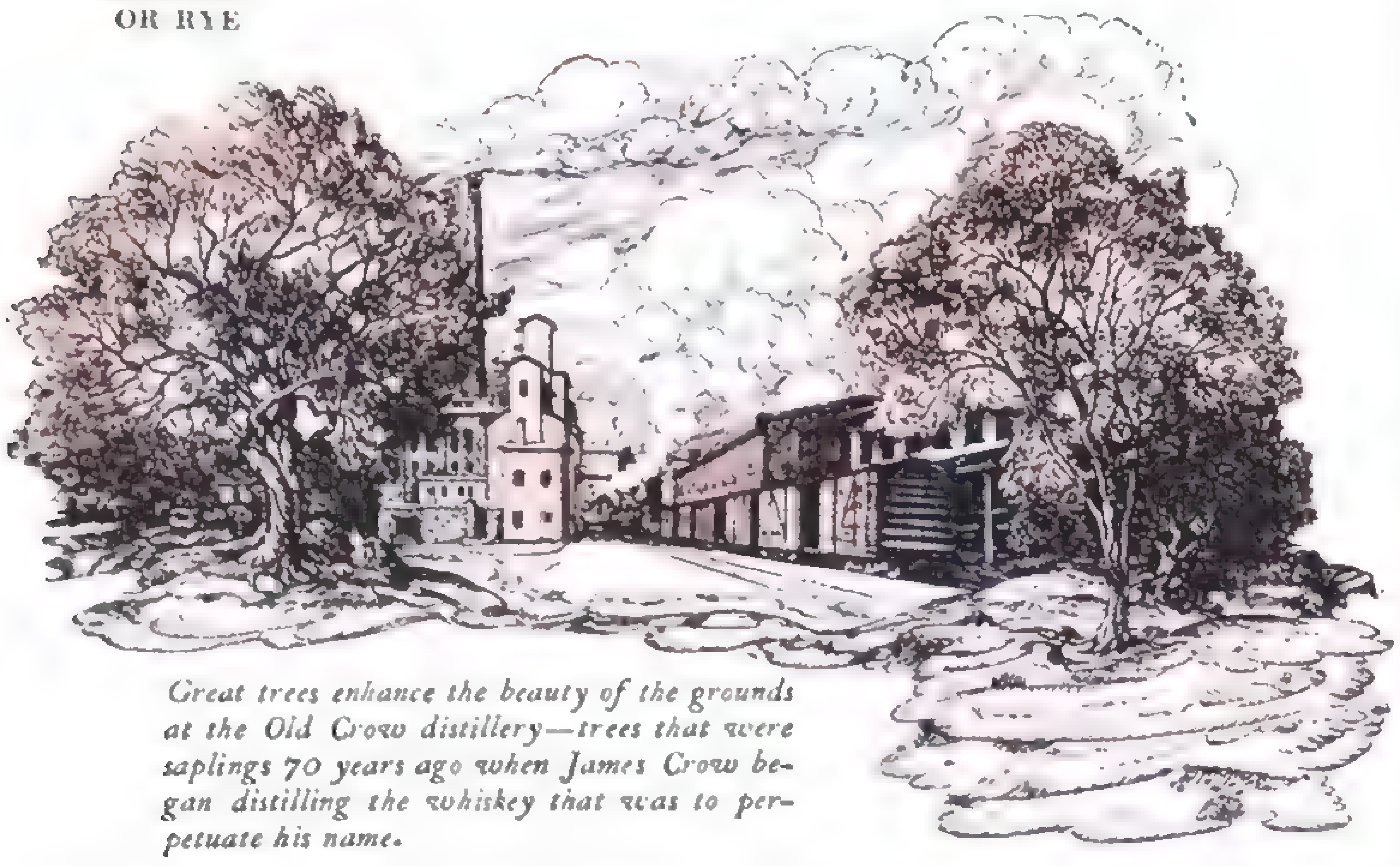

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Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from pages 91-130

sons he does not like, but in nearly every instance he himself deteriorates because of an intoxication far worse than alcoholic. One has only to look at the portraits of Napoleon to see degeneration. The Napoleon of the Italian campaign has the face of a poet, an idealist: the Emperor, with that ring of fat around his neck, looks like one in whom all good impulses had died. But Washington and Lincoln, so unlike in so many ways, were alike in this: the more power they had, the more unselfish they were, the more modest, the more devoted to their country.

No country in history had such a group of geniuses at its cradle as the United States: Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, Hamilton, and other men of first class caliber. Washington was inferior to Jefferson in scholarship, to Hamilton in knowledge of public finance, to Franklin in nearly everything. Yet these three men, when they looked at Washington, they looked *up*. From the social point of view, when Lincoln called his first cabinet meeting, he seemed like an uncouth stranger who had entered the wrong room. But his superiority became apparent.

A young girl asked me once, "Were the men who founded our country really great men, or do they seem great because at the time our country was relatively unimportant?" That was a good question, but I told her the answer could be found in world history.

When Washington died, in 1799, all the flags on the British men-of-war in the English Channel were placed at half-mast. A tribute to a victorious foe!

The greatest single piece of good fortune that happened to our Revolutionary War, although I have never seen it mentioned, was the suicide of Lord Clive. He had returned from India and was so bored that he killed himself. But suppose he had lived just a little longer and the British Government had sent *him* across as leader of their forces!

The two biographies I have mentioned should be in every man's private library. They are worthy of their subjects.

It has often been said that great occasions produce great men. There is no truth in this. The War of 1914-1918 did not produce a supremely great man anywhere, either in statesmanship or on the field of battle, and one difficulty with all the countries Hitler has conquered is that there was not one truly great opponent.

I am complimented by an editorial in that admirable daily newspaper, *The Christian Science Monitor*, in the issue for June 1st. The article is headed *Standardization*, and the second paragraph begins, "We find William Lyon Phelps saying, "Regimentation is the enemy of progress." My remark is not particularly striking; but Emerson said "Do not argue; repeat the assertion." And few things need to be repeated oftener than attacks on Regimentation. Among the innumerable disasters to civilization caused by the German control of the continent of Europe is the change from variety to uniformity. There is no vital difference between Communism and Fascism; both require an absolute, irresponsible dictator and both require uniformity of conduct, speech and thought from the clergy, research scholars, and teachers, down to the humblest illiterate. The Germans have already announced that they intend to destroy the English *gentleman* and substitute for him the man working; the major subject taught in every school and university will be mental slavery to the State, which means the particular politician who happens to control the State.

What this is in practice is shown by Mr. R. C. Hutchinson's admirable novel *The Fire and the Wood*. I recommend this book because it shows what slavery to the State means to the individual; and because it is a consummate work of literary art. I am delighted that it has been chosen by the American Literary Guild for September. It is the finest new novel I have read in 1940.

In an interesting article in the *Ottawa Citizen* (Canada) by W. J. Hurlow, he says that the King of England in a broadcast to the Empire last Christmas Day made a quotation from a poet that not a single listener could "spot," not even the late Lord Tweedsmuir. The poet is M. Louise Haskins and the volume from which the King quoted is called *At the Gate of the Year*. I am sending for a copy; it is published by the Musson Co., Toronto.

In a magazine for men, books of poetry should be mentioned, for, although royal courtesy was shown to a woman poet (I hate the word poetess, which should properly be applied only to some male versifyers) the fact is that poetry and music are pre-eminently the manly arts; one reason why women appreciate them more than men. In the history of the world there has never been one first-rate woman composer; and very, very few great women poets. There are far more great feminine athletes.

Which brings up an interesting question. Is there in the world today a single poet of the first class writing English, male or female? By the first class I mean a poet in the same category as Wordsworth or Keats. And if not, it is the first time such a vacancy has occurred since 1564. Kipling and Housman, both great poets, died in 1936. Yeats, the Irish poet, died in 1939. I do not know whether Yeats belongs in the top flight or not. I recommend to my readers not the slender volume of his posthumous poems, which are well enough, but the single volume of his collected poems, and especially (p. 223) the one called *The Tower: Sailing to*

Byzantium, dealing with old age, where the old man speaks of himself as "sick with desire and fastened to a dying animal." The second stanza should make one buy the book.

> An aged man is but a paltry thing,
> A tattered coat upon a stick, unless
> Soul clap its hand and sing, and louder sing
> For every tatter in its mortal dress,
> Nor is there singing school but studying
> Monuments of its own magnificence:
> And therefore I have sailed the seas and come
> To the holy city of Byzantium.

To go suddenly from the sublime to the ridiculous, it is well known that Yeats hated George Moore. But curiously enough, he mentions an instance of Moore's nonsense where I think Moore was accurate. If I remember rightly, both were at a primitive inn. They had round steak for the meal; and Moore said it tasted like brown wrapping paper. Yeats said such a remark was absurd; but Moore was right. Round steak tastes exactly like brown wrapping paper.

Somerset Maugham took for the title of his new (and last) collection of short stories *The Mixture as Before*. Among innumerable definitions of an optimist is "One who makes at night lemonade out of the lemons that have been handed to him during the day." This title was the title of an unfavorable review of his previous volume; and in his preface he shows exactly why such a remark is not only a compliment, but indicates the goal sought by a professional writer. These stories are the work of a master, and their technique should be studied by literary aspirants, while others will simply enjoy them.

George Arliss, in a Supplement to his Autobiography called *My Ten Years in the Studios*, talks engagingly about his Hollywood experiences (he likes the producers, the actors, the pictures, and Hollywood as a place of residence) and says many shrewd and interesting things about the differences between the art of the legitimate stage and that of the picture. It interests me that when the motion picture actor can make so much more money than on the legitimate stage, he or she is so eager to attain success on the latter. St. John Ervine, who does not like motion pictures, says the only actress who has really succeeded in the pictures without any previous experience of the legitimate, is Greta Garbo.

A new life of Sheridan is *Here Lies Richard Brinsley Sheridan*, by Kenelm Foss. It is an interesting study of the man and his times. He was not a saint and had many faults; but his unpardonable sin was forsaking the theatre for politics.

The author of *The Rivals* and *The School for Scandal* was a traitor to his own soul. His two comedies and Goldsmith's *She Stoops to Conquer* are the only great plays in English between 1616 and 1892, when Oscar Wilde, Bernard Shaw, and J. M. Barrie brought genius back to the stage.

One of the most continuously exciting detective or murder stories I have recently found is *The Hangman's Whip* by Mignon G. Eberhart. Helen Reilly is the sister of John Kieran of *Information Please* and *The New York Times*. Both are children of a former President of Hunter College, who brought them up on the ancient classics. She has produced a murder-tale well above the average in *Death Demands an Audience*. My own high-brow favorite purveyor of murders, Michael Innes, has failed with his latest, *A Comedy of Terrors*. Previously I said that whenever E. S. Gardner writes a story with the title *The Case Of* he is all one could ask; and when his story begins *The D. A.*, he is dull. I have tried in vain to finish his most recent, *The D. A. Goes to Trial*.

I shall not recommend any murder stories unless I find them wildly exciting.

The most original murder story I have read in some months is *Inquest* by Percival Wilde. The scenes are laid right up my alley, in the northwestern corner of the most beautiful state in the Union — is it necessary to name it? Well, then, you guessed it, Connecticut. This story not only becomes thrilling as it progresses, but the characters are worthy of a high grade realistic novel. The ingredients are Mirth and Murder. I cannot possibly describe this novel, because it is unlike any previous specimen I have seen. I guarantee it to all the readers of this magazine; with hearty congratulations to the author and the publishers.

* * *

The last two years have been the open season for physicians; not professionally, but as authors. Beginning with Victor Heiser's *Odyssey* the books have come thick and fast. There are two classes who, if they could break the seal of confidence, might write surprisingly intimate treatises on human nature—novels, biographies, letters, or what not. I mean, of course, Roman Catholic priests and physicians.

A priest once said, "I don't know what the heart of a bad man is like; but I know the heart of a good man, and believe me, it is something terrible!"

Well, the most exciting and diverting book by a physician that I have read in many months, is more objective than subjective. This is called *Doctor at Timberline*, and is by Dr. Charles Fox Gardiner. The only reason it is not yet a best-seller is because it is published by The Caxton Printers, Caldwell, Idaho. That is an excellent firm but they're far from the centers of distribution. I am certain that everyone who reads this amazing book will share my enthusiasm. Anyone who should read it and not be delighted with its thrilling excitement and its humor ought to consult the author at once, not as a writer but as a physician. ++

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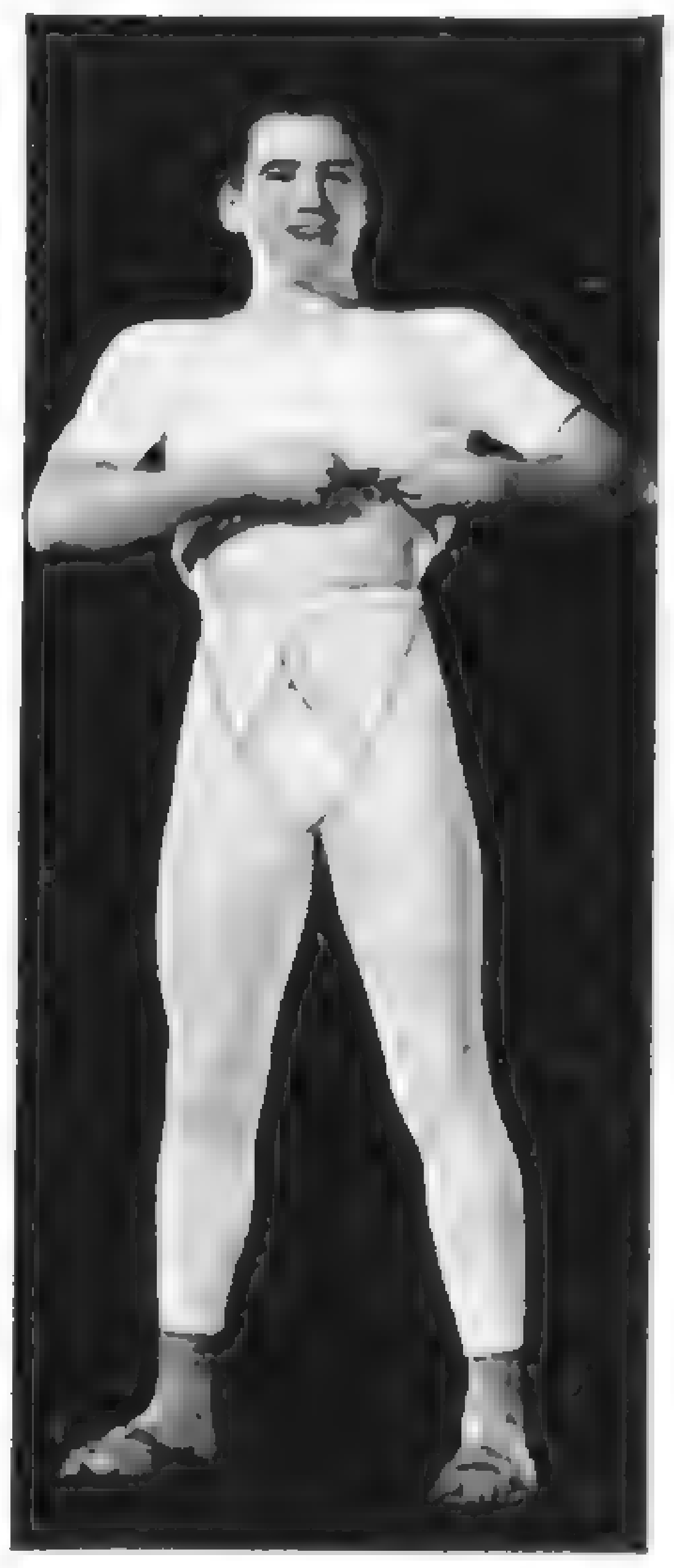

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The Eagle Screams in Africa

Continued from page 58

imagine that a colored missionary is the right man to send to Africa. He is distrusted by the whites (often, let it be said, without justification) and laughed at by the blacks. Also there is the danger that he may feel the call of the jungle and revert to type. That has happened. We have had cases of missionaries, both black and white, who have arrived full of godliness and zeal but who have finished by casting off their clothes and "going native" to such an extent that they have had to be deported from the country. Life on a lonely out-station among Africans who refuse to take anything seriously, and in a climate that saps the energies, is a severe test of character. Many missionaries try and brave it out for years without leave. Not all of them succeed.

Here is an interesting assignment for a newspaperman who wants a trip through Africa. Find out exactly how many millions of dollars Americans of all denominations subscribe to African missions and then come out here and see whether they are getting value for their money. If the investigation does not provide a series of articles which any newspaper would be pleased to publish I'll stride through the streets of Cape Town clad in breeches hung with Colt revolvers—and that's saying a lot!

Whatever anyone may tell you about Theodore Roosevelt and the other great white hunters who followed in his footsteps, it was the American business man who first discovered Africa. First of them all were the insurance men who combed the country in the 90's and made it pay.

They found what must have been an insurance man's paradise. Imagine it, there were wealthy men in the country who had never heard a talk on insurance in their lives. They actually did not know what an insurance company meant and they listened spellbound to the sort of stuff which today makes a babe in arms say "Yeah." What is more they fell over one another to take out policies.

I have it on the authority of Eric Rosenthal, the author, that Jas. A. Cavanagh who afterwards wrote *Transvaal Travels of an Insurance Agent* took 692 applications for policies during his visit to Africa in 1895-6. Of these 597 were completed, covering an amount of 2,426,000 dollars. He traveled 5,500 miles by train, 4,000 by buggy, 2,000 miles on horseback and 2,800 miles by cycle—but was it worth it!

Cavanagh arrived at Cape Town in 1896. He used to drive about in a cart from which floated the Stars and Stripes and in neighborhoods in the Transvaal where the British were unpopular he had handbills circulated which said: "Jas. A. Cavanagh, the Notorious Fenian and Boer Spy, is in Town. Beware of Him." After that, naturally, everybody wanted to meet him.

Compared with this Theodore Roosevelt's feat in sending back some 6,000 specimens for the National Museum of Natural History seems somewhat tame. However, Kermit Roosevelt had the distinction of shooting a "bongo" which until that time was the mythical beast of Africa.

Among that advance guard of insurance agents was one Isidore Schlesinger, who is said to have cleaned up 50,000 dollars in commissions at the start. Today he is the Pierpont Morgan of Africa with a great chain of cinemas, insurance offices, estates, cafés, hotels and advertising agencies. He even tried newspapers.

His interests are enormous and no man, not even Cecil Rhodes, has ever equaled the ramifications of his commercial enterprises in Southern Africa. There is a saying in Africa that when the South African gets to Heaven, or elsewhere, he will find that the decorations and the catering are by Schlesinger.

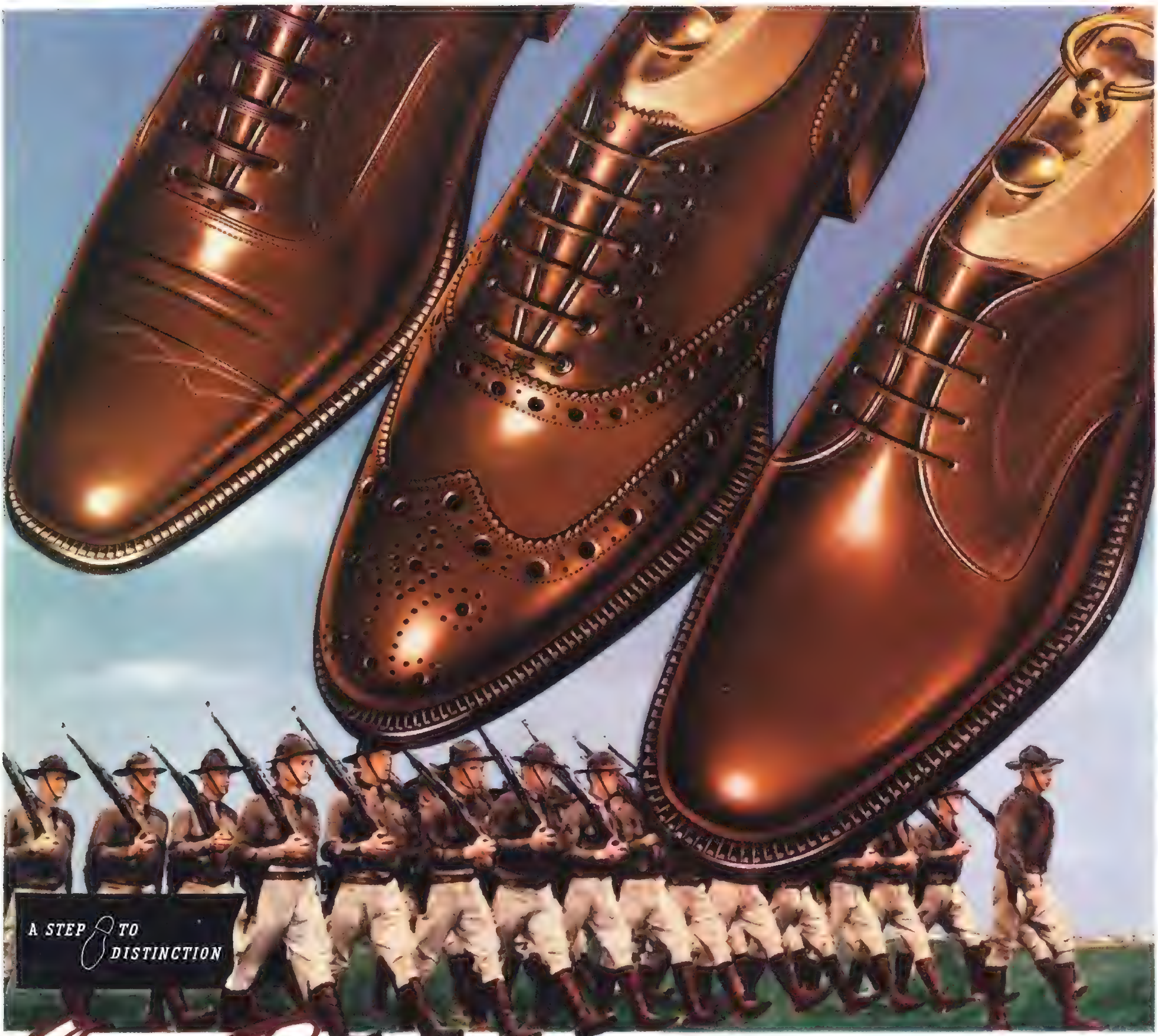
American mining engineers are among the historic figures of Africa. First and greatest of them all is John Hays Hammond who played a considerable part in developing the world's greatest gold field in Johannesburg and who also has his place in the history of the British Empire. Hammond was one of the "Reformers" who challenged President Kruger. He was arrested and sentenced to death but was eventually released on payment of 125,000 dollars to the South African Republic.

Herbert Hoover also visited South Africa and there was a reminder of this in 1928 when the Mayor of Johannesburg received a letter from the United States. "Dear Sir, (it read) I am informed that Herbert Hoover, the Republican nominee for President of the United States, voted in Johannesburg, South Africa, in 1912. Will you please inform me by return mail if that is true or not?"

The dark plot of which this letter was so obviously part was foiled for there were no records of any kind. In any case nothing was more unlikely than that Hoover could have voted in South Africa.

There was yet another American who came out to us—and his was perhaps the most hopeless mission of them all. This was "Pussyfoot" Johnston who toured Africa trying to persuade us that "drink was a Bad Thing." It took nerve, that did, in the land of the "sundowner." It was while Johnston was on tour that importers of whisky in one particular African territory raised the price and a newspaper in that area made the classic announcement that "the cost of living has risen by 50 cents a bottle."

Poor Johnston! He had some magnificent audiences but the seed fell on stony ground. If he made converts I can only say that in nearly twenty years in Africa I have never met one of them. #



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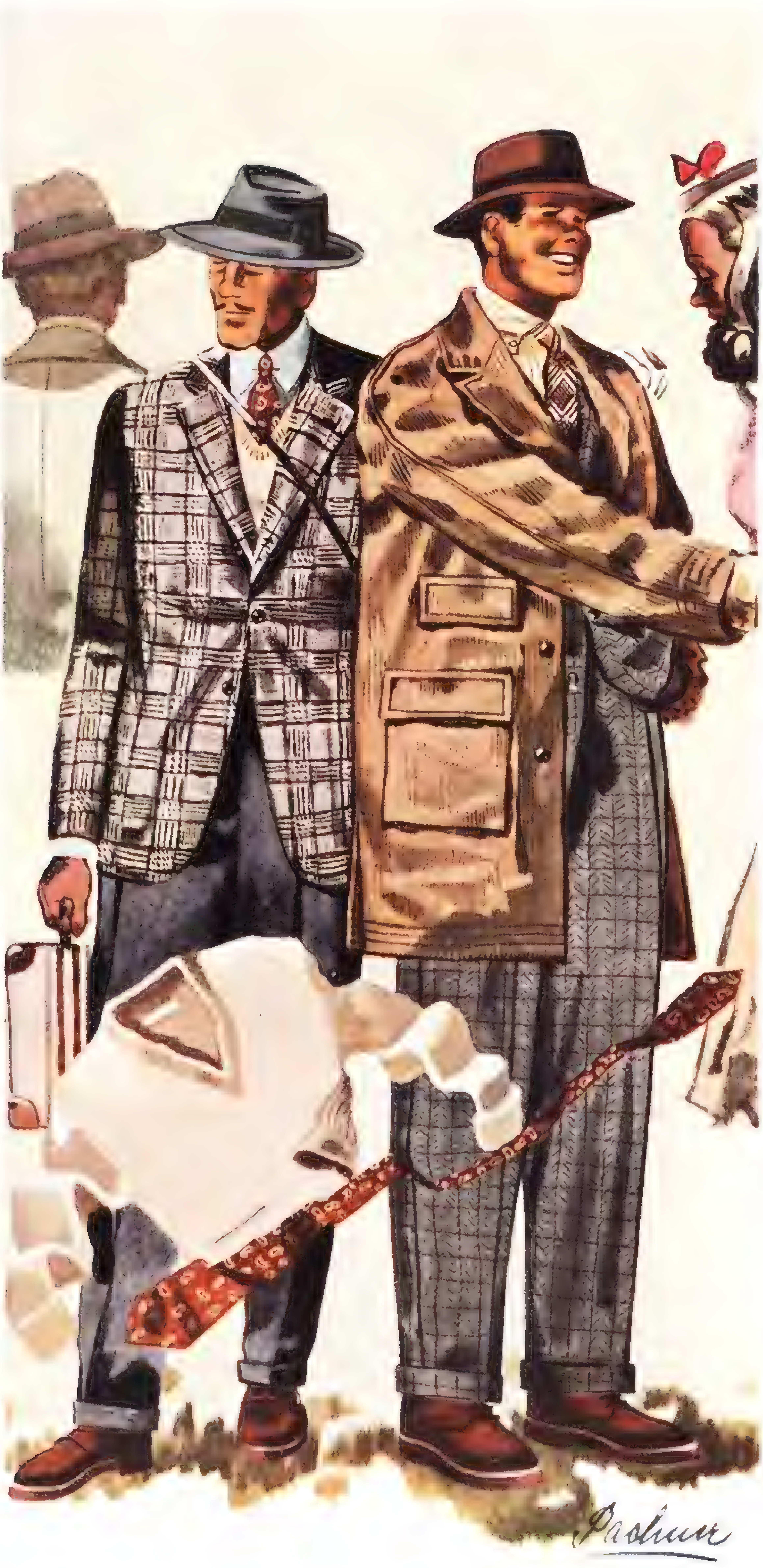

fashion cuts a melon

Evidently the Fashion Staff decided to declare a dividend right here on this page. If you will get out your calipers, you'll find the drawing contains more fashions per square inch than any two other drawings combined. In addition, we offer you, without extra charge, a portable radio and substantial portions of a man going away and a girl staying, perhaps for dinner.

But for all that, since space is a-wasting, we had better quit bragging and start describing. These be country fashions. The man with the portable wears the slope crown hat—a right smart model with the crown higher on one side than on the other, achieving a casual effect. The brown Shetland jacket carries red and blue border stripes in Glen Urquhart pattern. The oxford shirt, a mixture of blue and green, is worn with a copper-colored twill silk tie. The suede front slip-on calls for some sort of blurb having to do with "smart practicality." You get a better look at it in the close-up drawing, showing its knitted wool sleeves and back. The slacks are grey flannel and the shoes are brown reverse calf with red gum rubber soles.

The other candidate wears a corduroy coat that is making fashion news. First observed at the smart Eastern universities, this garment has gone far since then. It has raglan shoulders and railroad stitching at the bottom and at the cuffs; its short length allows freedom of leg movement. The hat is brown felt, with flat-set brim turned down all around, a smart note in itself. The Lovat colored tweed suit carries a dull red overplaid. Accessories, all highly compatible, include a tan striped oxford shirt with button-down collar, red Glen Urquhart plaid wool tie and ankle-high brown reversed calf chukkas with rubber soles.

All of the articles of apparel encompassed on this page are earmarked for country wear, and the two men are attired expressly for the purpose of getting in a spot of leisure activity, assuming that isn't too much of a contradiction in terms. More specifically, they are setting an example of how to dress for hunt meets, horse shows or just general knockabout country wear.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

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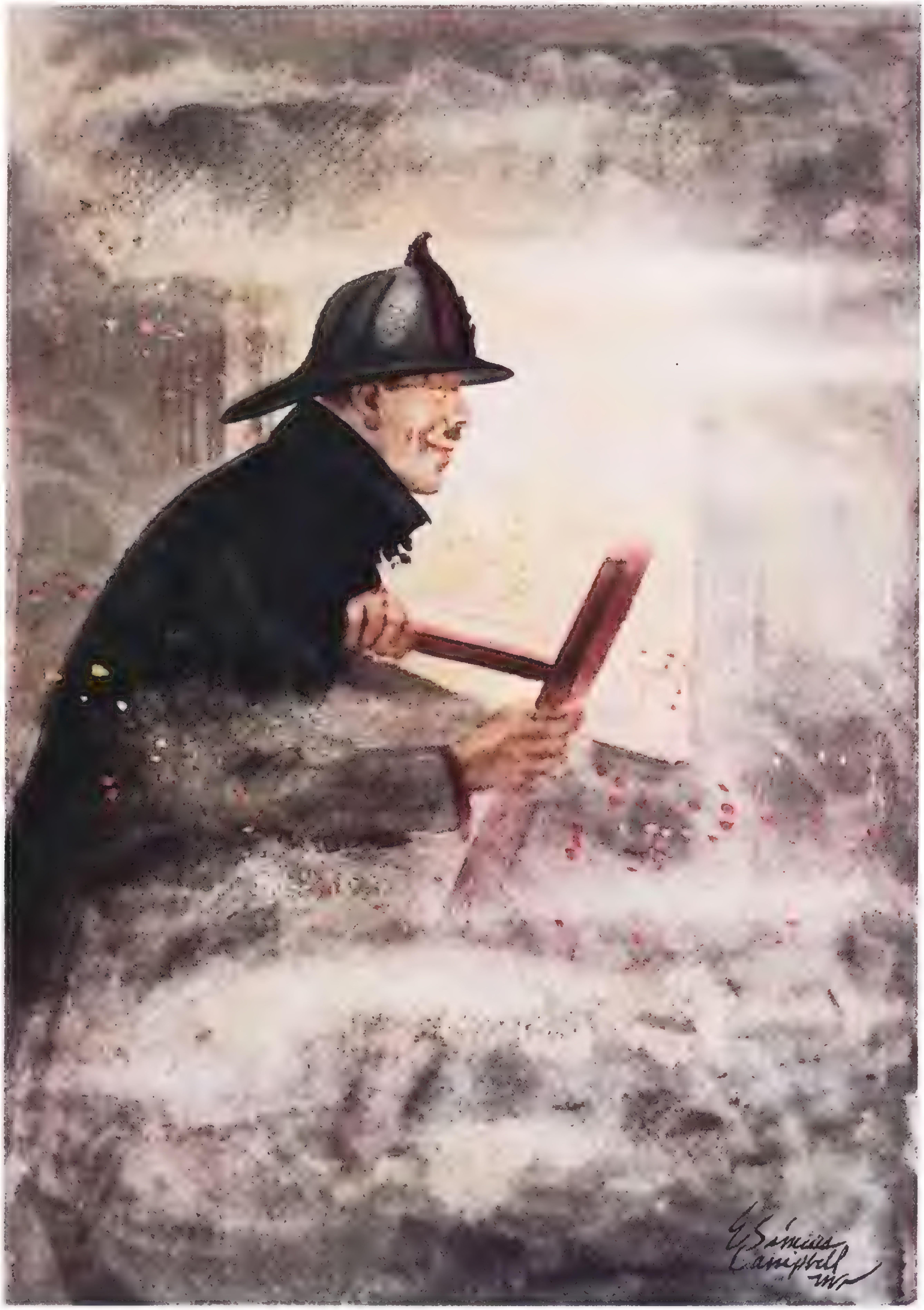

"*Shucks, leave it off lady—there's nobody on the streets this time of night anyway*"

How to Wage a Beautiful Friendship

Continued from page 29

after a hole in one are enormously increased. And diamond rings and fur coats have lost none of their appeal.

Therefore, the ideal friend would be a successful sportsman with lots of money.

As for the most successful method of making friends, 23,578 of the women interviewed agreed upon the following order as the best procedure.

1. Cocktails
2. Dinner
3. Movies
4. Highballs
5. Swing (A large minority voted for rumba).
6. Highballs
7. Private car (A large minority, composed mainly of women over 45½, voted for etchings).

Going to the movies is absolutely necessary for the man who wants to establish a beautiful friendship. In the first place, ninety-nine out of a hundred pictures are about tender emotions and therefore the pictures serve as propaganda rather than as distraction. Furthermore, practically all movie lovers are handsome as sin. The friend in the orchestra seat is somewhat justified in hoping that the lady will confuse him for the rest of the evening with Gary Cooper or Clark Gable.

But most important of all: in the movies he learns that he need not have any inhibitions about what he may say to a lady. The man on the screen can utter the most frightful nonsense and Greta Garbo, Marlene Dietrich and Myrna Loy fall for it. The movies teach the prospective friend one lesson: nothing, nothing is so vapid that it cannot be said to a lady.

All the young men who carried out the investigation for me agree on one point: that the American woman still shows traces of an antique attitude. Fundamentally her approach is businesslike. Somehow she feels that she is in danger of having something put over on her.

Personally, I think the girls are all wrong. And, incidentally, Shakespeare thinks so too. But anyhow, to a large extent this is the attitude of American womanhood.

In business they call it sales resistance. ⋕

Not As Bad As They're Pictured

Continued from page 81

who travel in smart society and have so many servants they can scarcely be thought of in the same class with the Carries who do their valiant work in a little cottage on the edge of town. In a realistic interlude, we may even see Marjorie Rambeau as a Hooverville tramp fighting for her pay—"You owe me four bits!" she screams as a man hustles her out of his shack. Yet all these girls are clearly pursuing the same occupation, if with varying skills, equipment, and luck. In pictures, they usually come to the same bad end.

While the professional lady of films is even today often presented in the manner of the first peep-shows, there has been some progress toward realism in dealing with this subject. To the eyes of today a Theda Bara film is comical not only because of the crude heart-throb scenario and the ham acting: what happens is comical because we now have a truer conception of motivation. The lady of evil, preying upon mankind, destroying homes for the sheer joy of wallowing in the wreckage, is no more. For those who do not remember how it was done in *A Fool There Was*, a little refreshment may be in order:

Our Hero, happily wedded, gets promoted into the big money and sent abroad on an important mission. The Bad Woman, in her den of iniquity, reads of his promotion. This den is a dim joint strewn with couches. The vampire is in the act of tossing the bones of the last victim onto the garbage heap. She has guzzled up his entire fortune, and what was once a proud man is now a groveling drunk, wild-eyed, pitiful, and still her thrall. As she curses and kicks at him, the shoulderstrap of her gown keeps slipping and she keeps hoisting it up. Hot stuff.

Our Hero boards the ocean liner, and the vampire is right on deck, casting herself in his path. Her last victim drags himself off the refuse pile and pursues her, with gun. He meets her on the liner, puts the pistol to her bosom. But Theda—we can almost see Marlene Dietrich in this scene—faces him down, with a seductive and tantalizing smile; she tickles his nose with a rose, and he drops the gun, and begs her to come back to him. She scorns him, so he shoots himself. The vamp steps over the blood; we next see her slinking to the rail, and her next victim. Theda drops the rose, Our Hero, alas, picks it up . . .

In the Theda Bara era, evil character was thought to be a necessary component of evil doing. A bad woman was just bad. And once a man got into the clutches of such a creature, he went the whole way: drink, drugs, desertion of family, complete ruin. However, the postwar world couldn't take this for very long. The Vamp conception was, let us say, a cultural lag.

It may be some comfort to fans of Theodosia Goodman that off-screen she led a most respectable life; the lady married director Charles Brabin, and is now a leader of Los Angeles—not Hollywood—society; the aristocratic and exclusive world of Los Angeles admits very few of the cinema parvenus.

No one ever took the place of Theda Bara on the screen, perhaps because the conception of

Continued on page 140

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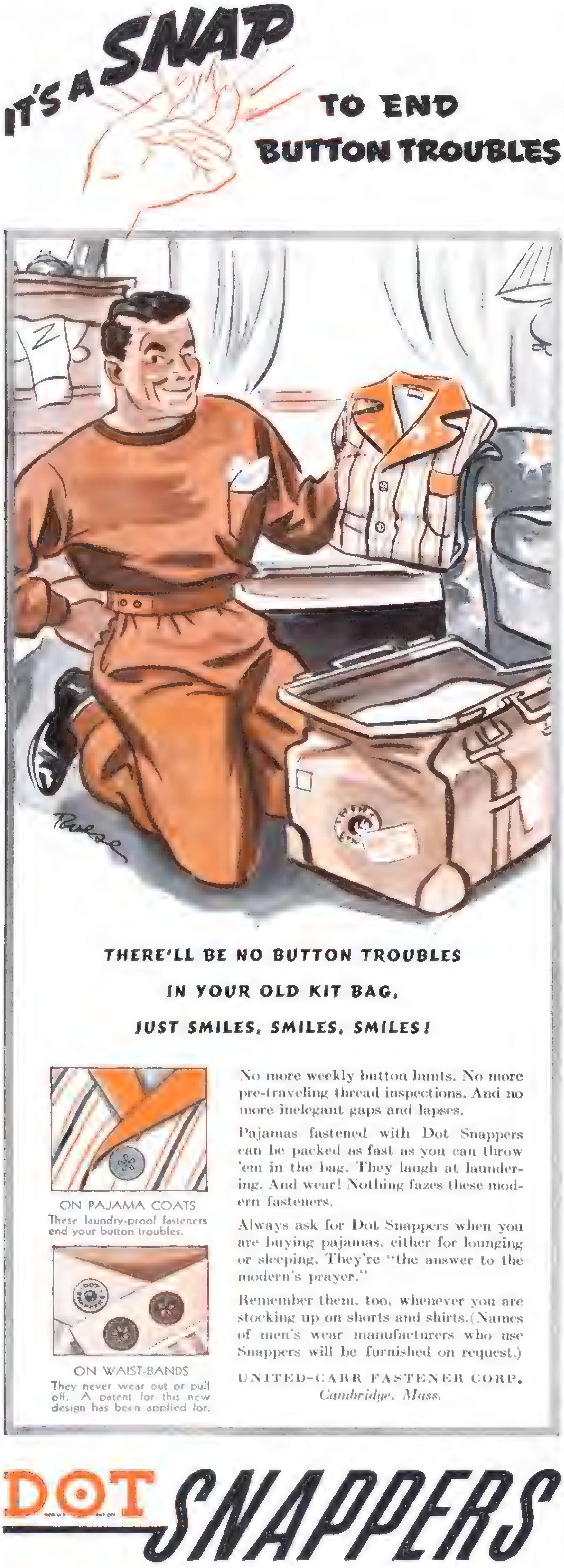

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These laundry-proof fasteners end your button troubles.

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DOT SNAPPERS

Not As Bad As They're Pictured

Continued from pages 81-139

woman as sheerly destructive became unacceptable.

The woman of evil diminished, became the slinky, Oriental charmer or temptress, the Nita Naldi type, and the type played by Myrna Loy in the early period of her career; later, of course, Myrna became screen wifie No. 1. A change that would have been inconceivable for Theda.

The Nita Naldi type could be a foil for Valentino, but already the evil vapor was giving way to the romantic haze; now the bad woman was merely a dancing girl, a damsel whose service to mankind was somehow legitimatized by her being Oriental. She supplanted the sex vampire.

At the very same time, the tradition of Camille was creeping up on the screen. Here, let us point out two conceptual variations on the theme of the professional lady. A courtesan is closer to social forgiveness because she is a fairly exclusive article, and capable of Love. Perhaps the courtesan comes nearest to the kept woman of modern ideology, though there is more glamour about the courtesan, because of the exciting sense that any man has a chance with her. No such excitement breeds around the kept woman, who is more faithful than a wife. Though, to get ahead of our story, it was the idealization of the kept woman, and not of the courtesan, that brought the Big Cleanup in 1933. They didn't like *Back Street*.

The pure courtesan story, done more often than any other, in films, is the tale of Camille, who gets knocked over by Love. For Camille, society has always permitted sympathy: because she dies. The second extension of legitimate pity is in the direction of Madame X, the poor girl who was seduced, who had a love child, and was forced to live a life of sin in order to put her child through an exclusive school; in the end, she atoned for all, by going to jail. There are innumerable variations on both stories.

Camille has the supreme virtue of being playable by a star in her prime. And she doesn't have to be shown growing old. Nazimova, Pola Negri, Norma Talmadge, Garbo—all went through the routine. Though the tale of the lady of white flowers is essentially refined, it affords opportunity for earthiness in some of the professional girls who are friends of Camille, and in the Garbo film this atmosphere was rendered with appetizing realism by Leonore Ulric, whose stage specialty has always been the street tigress.

Pola Negri was the prototype of this passion-personification—the girl so surcharged with emotion that she was obviously doomed to be destroyed by Life. One of Pola's earliest endeavors was a pretty obvious piece entitled *The Yellow Ticket*. But Pola's fallen women could scarcely be called normal; her fiery emotionalism gave these cases a special glamour; she could never delineate the ever-enduring, average woman of the streets.

As the twenties got into swing, the movies discovered the most serviceable substitute for the professional lady, since picturing her on the screen was always bound to offend a considerable section of the populace. With the spotlight on Flaming Youth, the Bad Woman lost her place to the It Girl, the Hot Baby, the Wild Mama in short, the amateur competition. Clara Bow, Bebe Daniels as "the wildest woman in New York," Mae Murray, took all the glamour away from the Camilles.

All this time, Madame X trudged along; Ruth Chatterton was her best interpreter in that period, doing particularly well with the Frisco Jenny variations—as the seared, hardened old dame with the golden streak of motherhood ever in her heart.

As the silent film approached its climax in realism, there were even some extremely unrestrained presentations of women of the streets, but in place of glamour, the films went into reverse. The dregs. Most lurid was a version shown in *Street of Sin*. Locale is a London slum. In a garret room sleeps Emil Jannings, bully. With dawn, a girl comes home from the streets. She counts her earnings, secretes one coin in her webbed stocking, gives him the paper money as he wakes. He discovers the holdout, beats her up and takes the last coin, then pitches her out. The girl played by Olga Baclanova in the conventional tight skirt, loose blouse, with unkempt hair and smeared mouth, crawls back to her man while he is shaving. But when he falls in love with a Salvation Army lassie, she betrays him to the police.

That same year, the garden variety of Camille—Sadie Thompson—flowered on the screen, and Sadie's numbers were to prove legion. Gloria Swanson, the silent Sadie, at once softer and more aristocratic than the inevitable Joan Crawford Sadie of the thirties, was an early example of casting against type. The human heart under the painted face seemed to be in for exploitation.

Though Sadie was distinctly not a lady, there was one aspect of the story which made presentation possible. It was the same aspect that brought Anna Christie within the realm. In these stories, and in so many stories of the type, the life of shame may be discussed because the girl is not, at the time of the story, actually practicing her occupation. She is going somewhere, or maybe trying to go straight, or taking a vacation for herself. Even a Garbo can cry "I *was* in a house," without loss of face.

Another way around the matter, discovered in the twenties, but brought to perfection only in the last decade, was through the flexible institution of the café girl.

Ostensibly, she has a legitimate occupation around the joint. She sings songs, or shakes a tummy. The audience is not really certain whether she is or isn't, does or doesn't. She is often the Boss's girl—not married to him, but obviously his "favorite."

This formula, of course, served Dietrich from Morocco 'round the world, Joan Crawford is equally adept at the specialty, and relied on it for her comeback film, *Strange Cargo;* Claudette Colbert, Jean Harlow—practically every star went through the routine. Mae West finished it off, by making it funny. There were innumerable twists to the situation. The café girl could have a higher reason for holding such a job—a patriotic reason, maybe spying; Garbo played this one, in *Mata Hari*, and Miriam Hopkins used the same device in so recent an epic as *Virginia City*. Though usually, in such pictures, some pains are taken to show the lady goes home alone.

In the early thirties, just before the Big Cleanup, a few films went so far as to show the gay ladies leading happy lives. Rowdiest and rawest and nearest to nature of these was *Convention City*, a satire on the typical sales assembly at Atlantic City. The amount of rushing in and out of bedrooms was terrific; the only sop to purity was a plot attempt to indicate that Joan Blondell was up to nothing worse than the badger game.

At about the same time, Jean Harlow did one of the most sympathetic and natural of the Rain roles; in *Red Dust* she was a minx en route somewhere, interrupted by Clark Gable. Came love, and when he offered money, she said "Not this time, big boy!" for even "her kind" could be insulted.

A few superb touches got in before the Big Taboo. Most memorable was a segment from *If I Had a Million*, in which Wynne Gibson played the sailors' tart to whom an eccentric legacy brings a cool million. The emissary is directed to seek her in a waterfront dive, where the bartender informs him "Yah, this is her place of business." Presently Mabel Smith comes downstairs, with a man, closing her purse as he hands her some money. "There she is, mister, she's available," says the bartender. From Mabel Smith we then get astonishment at a man merely wanting to talk to her. After receiving the million dollar check, the flabbergasted Mabel, sitting near the bar, responds with her automatic hug and kiss to the first sailor who comes along, but suddenly realizing her new independence, she socks the astounded would-be customer. Then she goes and registers at a super-swank hotel. In the bedroom she carries out the dream of a lifetime: she removes the second pillow from the bed. Once under the sheets, she recalls one more desire. She has, out of habit, got into bed wearing her stockings.

Now she peels them off, and sinks beautifully to her rest.

This classic gesture might be said to have inaugurated the humanization of the hustler. It showed the world from her point of view, rather than showing her in the light of worldly judgment.

That's when the cleanup came, and for some years the poor girls were simply swept from the screen.

Once or twice a little lady managed to peep in through a back door. Mr. Goldwyn, the venturesome, tried a fancy entrance. He was discovering an actress named Anna Sten; and since so many other great talents had won their way with a scarlet letter, he picked on Zola's *Nana* for Anna. By the time he got through dressing her up to suit the new morality, Zola's robustious cousin of Camille seemed to be a picture about a southern deb, old style, continuously getting ready for her coming-out party.

That was the period, it will be remembered, when so many of the great feminine stars began to lose their box-office appeal. Garbo, Crawford, Dietrich—all the Camilles and the Madame X's apparently couldn't make it, the straight way.

Came the dawn however, as the studios learned innuendo. They invented a game of getting around the very censorship they themselves had set up. And in *Valiant Is the Word for Carrie* they astonished themselves by proving how far they could go under the Code. The thing became a matter of technicalities, as in gangster pictures. The actual firing of a gun might not be shown, but death by gunfire could be shown. So, as long as the lady wasn't actually shown pocketing her pay, life in the business could be indicated. And of course like the gangster, she had to have her past catch up with her, finally. In *Valiant Is the Word for Carrie*, this was said, in so many words.

Gladys George made Madame X Carrie a completely fresh and believable being. True, men were never seen getting more than a glass of beer in her little cottage at the end of town, but people called her a bad woman, and the little boy who became friendly with her got whipped for same, so it was pretty clear what she was. And even though she reformed for the sake of two waifs, and spent years as a laundress, she had to go to jail in the end.

Compared to the clinical episodes of solicitation and pandering in the Helen Hayes 1931 version of Madame X—the *Sin of Madelon Claudet*—the Gladys George cottage was nothing to get excited about. But Gladys took up where Helen left off, in the human and sympathetic portrayal of the illicit lady. And both proved what the Gloria Swanson version of *Rain* had indicated, that casting "against type," with nice girls to play bad ones, was more effective in pictures than on the stage.

A few barrelhouse interludes crept in, perhaps as a result of Mae West's sin-kidding. In 1936,

Continued on page 142

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Not As Bad As They're Pictured

Continued from pages 81-139-141

in a rather stiff film called *Angel*, Dietrich was shown meeting a lover in a Paris house of assignation. Laura Hope Crews provided a hilarious bit as the Russian noblewoman in charge of the institution. A similar scene, but with a straight bawdy house in place of the house of assignation, got mixed up with the San Francisco earthquake in a Bette Davis film of last year. The madame, however, was too kind-hearted to put the little lost Bette to work—not the type.

It remained for the slum play, *Dead End*, to bring back the plain streetwalker, as is. In the shocker-scene where the gangster sends for his childhood sweetheart, only to find her a diseased streetwalker, whose last tender act is to spare him from kissing her and running the chance of infection, honesty reached the screen.

A girl named Claire Trevor played that part; director John Ford and producer Walter Wanger remembered her in casting the part of Dallas, in *Stagecoach*. "You have to live, no matter what happens," is Dallas's explanation of her past. But when a man, even a criminal, wants to marry her, we get the old hokey "You don't know what I am!" Oddly enough, this time the Hays office relented, and permitted a last minute elopement toward the Mexican border and a new life.

Encouraging. Add to that, the gay lady portrayed by Norma Shearer in *Idiot's Delight*—maybe she's just a stage-girl courtesan, but there certainly have been many men in her life, and she has no more visible means of support than has the gown she wears.

So it seemed as though things could be shown pretty much as they are when Mr. Selznick started to film *Gone With The Wind*. There still were arguments with the Hays office, about references to the "girls" in Belle Watling's place. But these were minor things, compared to the amazingly liberal way in which Belle's relationship to the community was shown. The most remarkable thing about Ona Munson's portrayal of Belle Watling was the sense she conveyed of Belle's fulfilling, for the man, a need that could scarcely be called physical. Through the years, she was Rhett's friend; she could understand him far better than could his own wife. It was not the realistic trappings of Belle's salon that excited objection, but this socially and psychologically honest presentation of the bad woman as a normal element in the life of a man of the times.

Cast against type, and with only a few short scenes in which to make her characterization memorable, Ona Munson built up her portrait by sociological methods. Friends took her to a few joints in New York and San Francisco; she was surprised to learn that practically all professional ladies do have a tale to tell about keeping a child in an expensive school. As did Belle Watling. And Ona Munson was further impressed when, walking on Fifth Avenue once, she saw a smartly dressed girl whom she had met at a certain apartment a few nights before, in the course of her studies. Though Ona smiled and nodded, the girl walked on as if they had never met. So the part about "if you should see me in the street you don't have to say hello to me," was true, too.

The battle, however, was not yet over. When Ona Munson and Vivien Leigh and Olivia De Havilland went to Atlanta for the big preview of *Gone*, there was a reception by Junior Leaguers for the stars. The girls posed with Scarlett and Melanie, for press photos, but hesitated at being photographed with the actress who had portrayed Belle. The South was quite a bit riled at the idea of including a scene showing Belle Watling's money being accepted to support a soldiers' hospital.

However, since more Americans will see this film than any other ever made, it is apparent that the public accepts honest presentation of this type of woman. The effect is already seen in such later pictures as *Primrose Path*, in which two generations of professional livelies nearly become three; there is a call-house scene in which a girl is described to a prospective client as "cute as a bug." Of course, she is saved, on her way to a life of shame, by her husband. But in the meantime it is encouraging that the Belle Watlings are at last being shown as real people.

Curiously, Scarlett herself got to play the scarlet lady in her next picture, *Waterloo Bridge*. The Vivien Leigh treatment is most instructive, for this is a re-make of a 1931 film in which the girl was played by Mae Clarke. The basic story is the same—an officer, home on leave, falls in love with a girl he picks up; she loves him too, and when they are about to be married, rather than reveal her professional past, she commits suicide. But the 1931 version was replete with open scenes of solicitation; the present film shows the refined way around the subject. The girl is a highly-sheltered dancer; she loses her job when she misses a performance in order to keep a farewell date with her betrothed, and only when she believes him to be dead does she take to the streets, forced by hunger, careless in despair. And there is no name-calling, in the climax. Facing his mother, the girl reveals what she has been by a throaty, "You are very naïve . . . that most horrible thing, that you refuse even to think of . . . it's true!"

It is a heartening evidence of increasing skill on the part of film writers and directors, that even while they have to say these things more circumspectly, they are managing to show more truth, in their characters. What's naughty can be shown—but nicely. #

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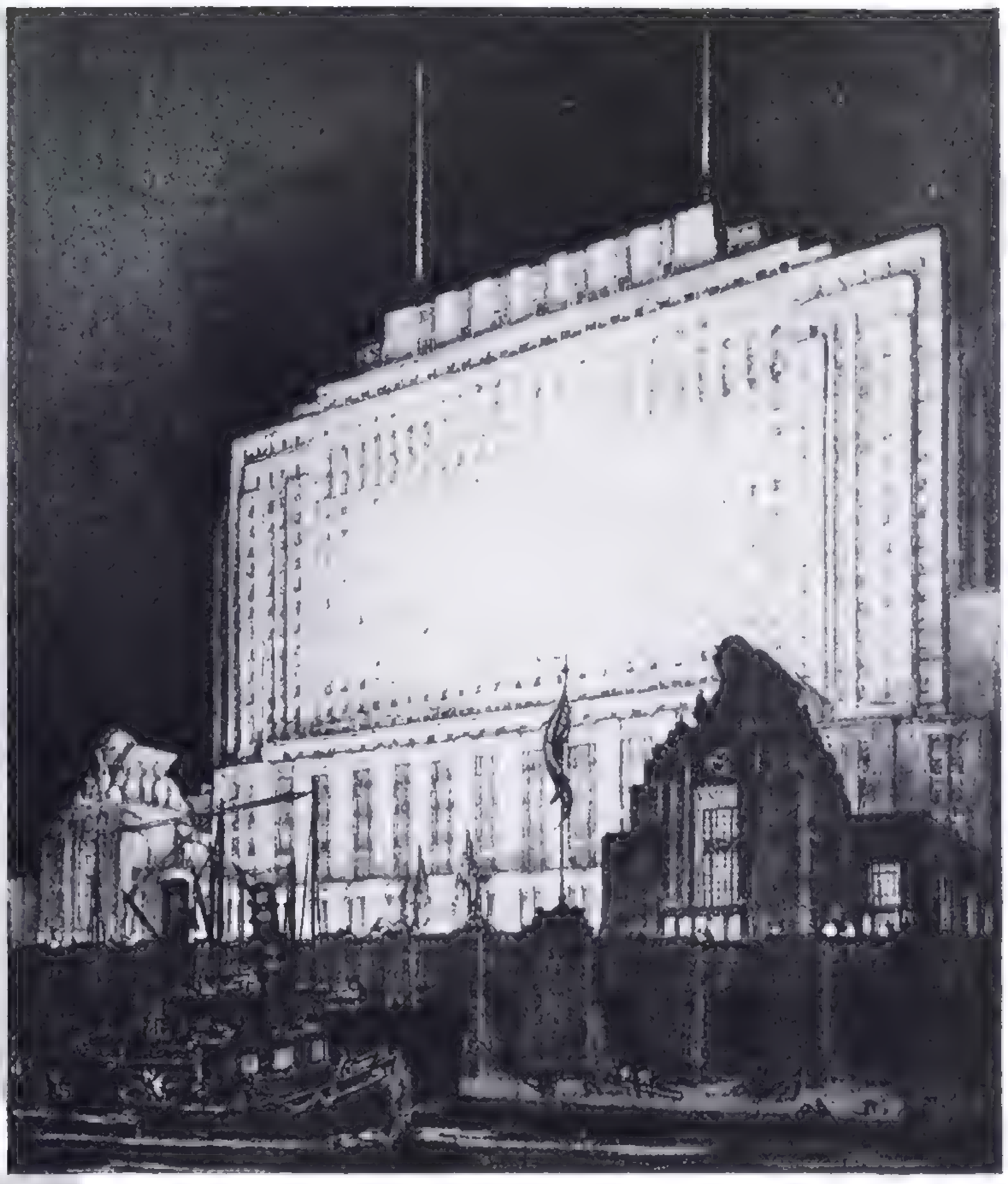

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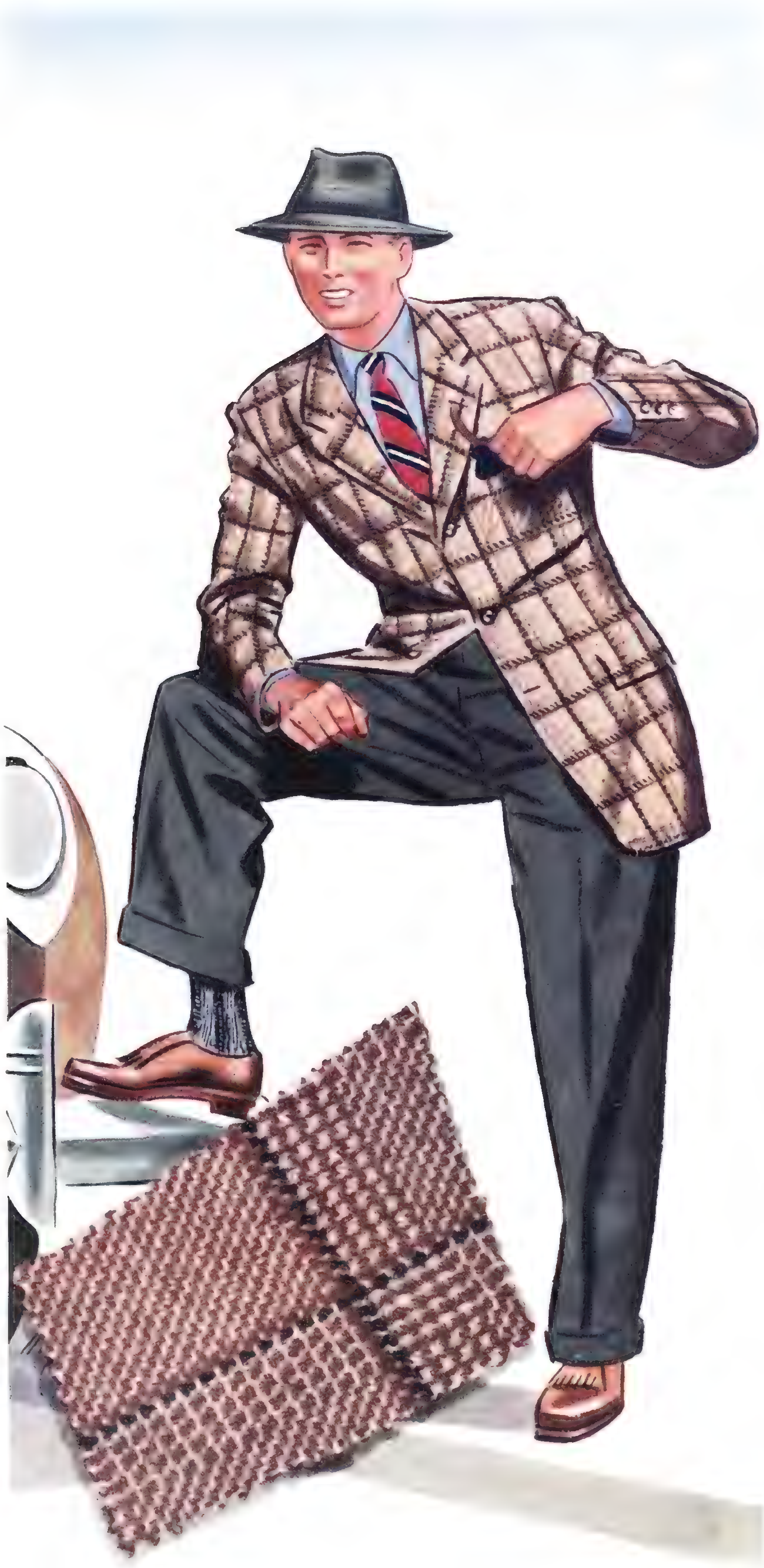


a very model odd jacket

There are two ways of differentiating college students from normal human beings. You can detect them (a) by the fact that they're always leaning against something and (b) by their clothes. This chap, obviously, gives himself away on both counts.

Don't mistake us by assuming that university wardrobes are a virtual uniform, however. As a matter of fact, fashions evolve more rapidly on campus than anywhere else. It's just that the undergraduate somehow manages to identify his clothes with his occupation, if you want to call it that, no matter what he wears. With reference to the undergraduate in hand, we can be more specific. The combination of plaid jacket with solid-colored slacks is a typical university style. It can and should be copied elsewhere, with smart effect, but it nevertheless connotes the campus.

The jacket in the combination shown here is the typical three-button single breasted model with notched lapels. Its slight extra measure of length dates it autumn, 1940, and its long lines are not impaired by a sharp indentation at the waist. The shoulders, of moderate width, conform to the easier lines of this "straight-hanging" type of jacket. The back of the jacket, we can assure you, is perfectly plain—not a pleat, nary a tuck. A center vent, however, adds to the ease of the jacket and makes it more convenient to reach into the trouser pockets. We're telling you all this so that you'll have something to go by when it comes to the selection of an odd jacket. You could do a lot worse than to pattern after this model, stitch for stitch, and you'd have a tough time doing better. The fabric is also worthy of comment; it's a Shetland whose brown and cream-colored threads set off a blue overplaid. The close-up of the fabric in actual size shows how the design is formed.

The rest of the outfit may be rattled off as follows: the new stitched model rough felt hat with narrow felt band and felt binding at the edge, button-down oxford shirt, crocheted silk tie, solid grey flannel slacks, vertical-striped wool socks and fringed tongue sport shoes. These shoes have seamless tops and are made of a single piece of leather.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

with apologies to SIR WALTER SCOTT

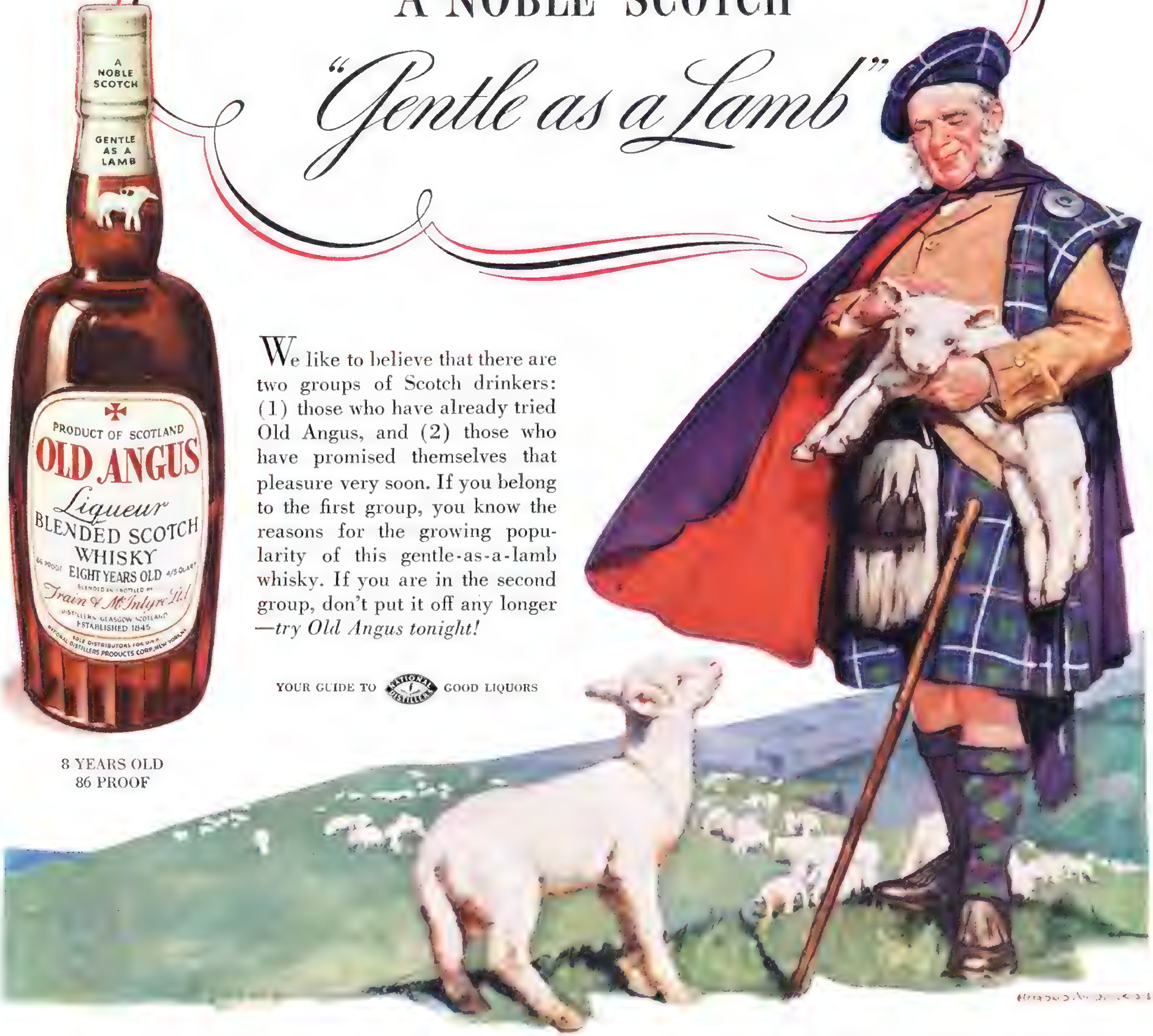
Breathes there a man with soul so dead who never to himself hath said:

I must try

OLD ANGUS

A NOBLE SCOTCH

"Gentle as a Lamb"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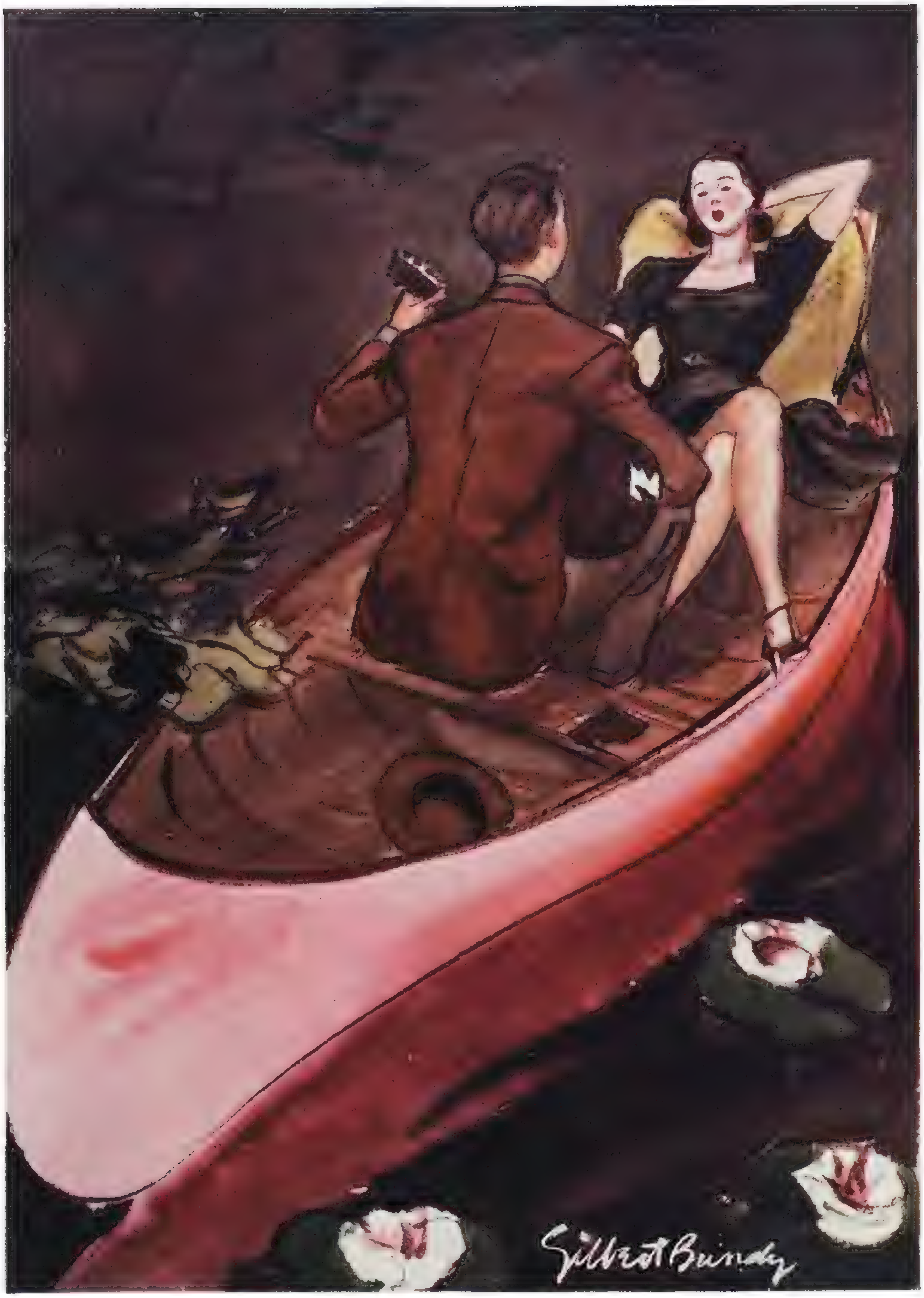
Gilbert Bundy

"Well, I don't swim and I can't walk on water, so stop asking foolish questions, Mr. Wilson"

came out on the road over a stretch of gravel so his footprints would not be so prominent, and turned to the left. This was his regular way to go to Wenchell's every morning. The road was a long way around and he was hitting his schedule as he walked whistling into Wenchell's yard at exactly seven o'clock. He paid no attention to the house but went right to the boiling kettles and started to kindle a fire. As he expected, Doc Waldeau's car was in the yard, but it would be too late for that. There isn't any cure for a twenty-two over the ear. He dragged the hose out of the shed and unreeled it toward the house leaving the nozzle end in the big iron kettle. As he started to connect it the world seemed to crash around his head. Gus—Gus Wenchell, the man he had shot, was yelling at Doc Waldeau, and telling him he had to do something. He was yelling about some "She." My God what had he done. Was it the Old Woman? Then he got it. It was Peggy. He leaned weakly against the house and sobbed. But he had to pull himself together. The Doc was coming out now and Gus with him. Gus saw him.

Where have you been?

Just got here. Been hunting over by the Frenchman's.

Gus looked at him suspiciously. Good God. Did he suspect? The way Gus was looking at him was turning him cold. He could feel the sweat begin to run down his back.

Gus grabbed him by the arm and pulled him in the kitchen. There was a pool of blood on the floor under the window.

So you've been hunting?

Yeah, up around the Frenchman's after partridge. Didn't get any, not even a shot. Came back through the swamp along the railroad and right up here.

Something seemed to flash in the back of Gus's eye. He was glaring now like a dog going mad. Bill tried for the door but Gus shoved him hard into a chair. He was too scared to speak now. He knew Gus knew. What in hell had he done to give it away? Then it came to him, even as Gus spoke, it came to him.

So you were hunting, you little liar. Then where in hell is your gun?

He broke for the front of the house but was crashed to the floor halfway across the living room. The edge of the table stunned him as he fell and he didn't feel the first blow of the cleaver that shattered his lower jaw. #

Esquire on the Record

Continued from page 105

City. A rare opportunity to study opera's beginnings, this is a definitive edition of the early Seventeenth Century masterpiece. No opera-lover will be without it.

Haydn: ("London") Symphony No. 104 in D major. Sir Thomas Beecham and London Philharmonic Orchestra. Columbia M-409. This is the great Haydn—the deep-feeling seer who inquired, perceived, and was resigned. When this was first played in London-town—yes, even so short a time ago—that city knew a happier day. But this music will outlast Hitler and all his satellites. It speaks finally of a realm of the spirit beyond and above material conflicts. The performance is Sir Thomas' best, the recording superlative, and there is a welcome booklet of notes by Nicolas Slonimsky.

Scarlatti: Gia il Sole dal Gange; Secchi: Lungi dal caro bene; Liszt: Now Peace on Earth is Given from *"Saint Elizabeth."* Florence Easton with Karl Kritz at piano. International Record Collectors Club, Bridgeport, Conn. An autographed record by one of the greatest of living singers and a collector's item. Madame Easton still retains her voice and here gives all a lesson in what once was known as "style." She sang the Liszt aria at the Metropolitan during the World War.

FOR THE SEASON

Beethoven: Leonore Overture No. 1 in C. Arturo Toscanini and the BBC Symphony. Victor 15945. A Toscanini hallmark . . . to start off your programs on long winter evenings by the fireside.

Buxtehude: Organ Music. Played by Carl Weinrich on the "Praetorius" organ at Westminster Choir College, Princeton, N. J. Musicraft Set No. 40. Buxtehude, in case it's slipped your mind, was the incomparable Johann Sebastian so admired that he walked fifty miles on foot to hear him play. The "Praetorius" organ has been specially constructed to play music of Bach's time. Its finely focused tone and well-modulated registration is eminently suited for recording. Carl Weinrich, who knows how to handle both Buxtehude and the "Praetorius," offers you an album that, if you enjoy organ music, will stay in your collection.

Ravel: Daphnis & Chloe—Suite No. 2. Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra. Victor Album 667. A so-so performance, clean-cut and competent, but not the kind that sends chills down your spine. Will go to the incinerator if Koussevitzky ever re-records his 1930 discs.

Smetana: Quartet No. 1, in E Minor ("From My Life"). Played by Curtis String Quartet. Columbia Set 405. Also recorded by Primrose String Quartet. Victor Album 675. These two recordings are different in their approach. The Curtis is youthful, exuberant, overflowing with vim and vitality. The Primrose ensemble is quieter, more reserved and accomplished. Which you prefer depends on what you think Smetana's quartet should say.

Tchaikovsky: Song Recital. Maria Kurenko, accompanied by Serge

Continued on page 154

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS

THE SHERIFF BACK HOME WRITES, 'HERE'S TO OUR NEXT PIPELOAD OF PRINCE ALBERT, AND MY BEST REGARDS TO CHUBBINS'
THAT'S NICE, DAD... OH! HERE'S THE PARADE!
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THIS CITY'S RIGHT ON THE ROUTE TAKEN BY THE FAMOUS U.S. ARMY PIONEERS, LEWIS AND CLARK, IN 1804
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LEWIS AND CLARK WERE SMART—THEY AVOIDED TROUBLE WITH THE INDIANS BY GIVING THEM CULTIVATED TOBACCO
YES, I GUESS THE INDIANS WERE PRETTY THANKFUL FOR A CHANGE FROM THEIR OWN HARSH STUFF
YOU BET. EVEN LEWIS AND CLARK'S TOBACCO MUST HAVE BEEN A GREAT IMPROVEMENT OVER THAT HOT-BURNING INDIAN VARIETY
JUST IMAGINE HOW GRATEFUL EVERYONE WOULD HAVE BEEN FOR OUR MODERN COOL-BURNING PRINCE ALBERT

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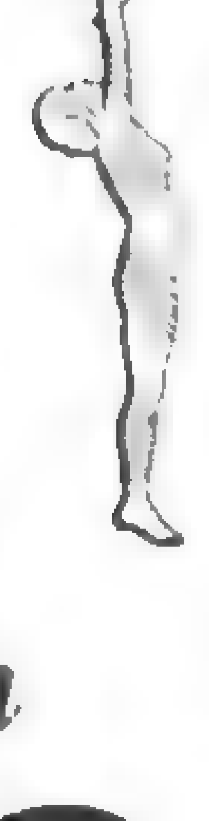

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Esquire on the Record

Continued from pages 105-153

Tarnovsky, pianist. Victor Album 678. Eight unfamiliar lyrical essays and two chestnuts *None But the Lonely Heart* and *At the Ball*, sung by a mistress of the interpretive art who now resides on Chicago's North Shore. Madame Kurenko hereby does lovers of Tchaikovsky a great service and they will want her album for their collection.

For Moderns

John Alden Carpenter: Song of Faith. Chicago *A Cappella* Choir directed by Noble Cain. Victor 26529-26530. Patriotic verses with stirring calls are in vogue just now. This is an older but timely expression by the Middle West's No. One composer brought forward to increase our feeling of national unity.

Castelnuovo-Tedesco: Cipressi (Remembering the Cypresses of Usigliano di Sari). Played by the composer. Victor 16449. The celebrated Italian, now residing in New York, delivers an impression of his native land . . . "picturesque, somber, suggestive, poetic . . ." say the blurbs. To me, it's still-born.

Roy Harris: Symphony No. 3. Serge Koussevitzky and the Boston Orchestra. Victor Album 651. Authorities agree—that is, more than they usually do—that this score marks a milestone in American musical history. It is Harris' best work, less experimental, more personal than many of his efforts. It begins broadly and catches, according to Paul Rosenfeld, "the limitless feeling of the plains, the fierce impulse and frustrations of the American migrations, the long patience of the poor . . ." Whether or not you find all that, you may like it anyway.

Serge Prokofieff: Classical Symphony in D Major, Opus 25. The Minneapolis Symphony conducted by Dimitri Mitropoulos. Columbia Set X-166. Perhaps fanatical modernists will be disappointed by this surface, though clear and literal interpretation of Prokofieff's First Symphony, now nearly a quarter of a century old, especially as it is coupled with the Scherzo from Mendelssohn's Octet, Opus 20. I prefer the subtle humor and buoyant lightness of Koussevitzky's reading (Victor 7196-7197).

For the Week End

From Bach to Boogie Woogie. Sylvia Marlowe, harpsichordist. General Set G-13. You must have this and hear how the harpsichord does it. You may not want it longer than a week end but then the kids can pack it off to college.

Program of Standard Guitar Selections. Julio Martinez Oyanguren. Decca Album 118. Mr. Oyanguren is good, does his stuff pleasingly, simply, convincingly. The selections aren't much: *La Paloma*, the famous Brahms' waltz, Massenet's *Elegie* and Schubert's *Serenade*—all a bit nostalgic and suitable for Indian summer.

Rimsky-Korsakoff: Nightingale and the Rose and *Arensky: On the Winds of Dream.* Rosa Ponselle with lush violin obbligato by Mischa Elman. The dark, vibrant voice of America's greatest soprano once served great music. Have the record companies nothing better on "ice" than this cheap salon stuff?

Strauss: Dedication and *All Soul's Day.* Nelson Eddy accompanied by Nathaniel Finston and orchestra. Columbia 17185-D. Mr. Eddy's velvet tone here rubs only the surface of the songs, but it caresses the ear and will be a must for the collections of his fans.

Tchaikovsky: Quartet No. 1 in D, Opus 11. New York Philharmonic Symphony String Quartet. Royale Album 33. Also recorded by Roth String Quartet. Columbia Album 407. This marks the disc debut as a quartet of the first desk men of our nation's oldest orchestra. They have assurance and animation if not ideal tonal blend, though their days together should improve this. The Roth Quartet, recently reorganized, sounds better than it did on its last release, has a warmer tone. Neither of these recordings is first-class. Here's another instance where you can take your choice. The Philharmonic ask $3.50; the Roth's $5.50.

For the Incinerator

Albeniz: Nocturne ("*Cordoba*"). Orchestrated and conducted by Charles O'Connell with Victor Symphony Orchestra. Victor 36318. Lacks flair, Latin objectivity . . . and why orchestrate Albeniz? Another disappointing filler for the Black Label Classics.

H. Casadesus: Le Jardin des Amours. Societé des Instruments Anciens. Columbia 69870-D. This must have been a family labor of love, but these sensitive musicians should record valuable works designed for our collection and not for the junk heap.

Prokofieff: Peter and the Wolf. Alexander Smallens and Decca Symphony Orchestra with Frank Luther as narrator. Decca Album 130. An attempt to bring *Peter* down to the folks. Compare it with Richard Hale and Serge Koussevitzky's account (Victor M566) and you'll know why it flops.

Rachmaninoff: Piano Concerto No. 2 in C Minor. Benno Moiséivitch and London Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Walter Goehr. Victor Album 666. Competent, routine output that unfortunately isn't sufficient to energize this rhapsodical prosody, especially while Mr. Rachmaninoff is around. Best thing to do is junk it until there's a re-recording by the composer himself. ⌗

Esquire on the Record

Continued from page 154

BEST SELLERS

RCA Manufacturing Co., Inc., Camden, N. J.

Permanent

(Red Seal)

Four Novelty Waltzes (Johann Strauss); Arthur Fiedler & Boston "Pops" Orchestra. M-665

La Mer (Debussy); Serge Koussevitzky & Boston Symphony Orchestra. M-643

Leonore Overture No. 1, in C Major (Beethoven); Arturo Toscanini & B B C Symphony Orchestra. 15945

Manon—"En Fermant les Yeux" (Le Rêve); Carmen—La Fleur que Tu m'Avais Jetée; Jussi Bjoerling. 12635

(Black Label)

Symphony No. 8, in B Minor (Schubert); Bruno Walter & Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra. G-9

The Nutcracker Suite (Tschaikowsky); Eugene Goossens & London Philharmonic Orchestra. G-5

Transient

(Standard Popular)

Ballad for Americans (Latouche-Robinson); Paul Robeson. P-20

Song Hits of the 20th Century—Volume I; Victor Mixed Chorus. P-21

(Victor Popular)

Where Was I?; Make-Believe Island; Sammy Kaye. 26594

Concerto for Cootie; Me and You; Duke Ellington. 26598

Shades of Jade; Till Tom Special; Lionel Hampton. 26604

(Bluebird Popular)

Imagination; Say "Si Si"; Glenn Miller. B-10622

Midnight Stroll; Fine and Mellow; Erskine Hawkins. B-10709

Make-Believe Island; Poor Ballerina; Mitchell Ayres. B-10687

Haynes Griffin, New York City

Four Novelty Waltzes (Johann Strauss); Arthur Fiedler & Boston "Pops" Orchestra. Victor M-665

Symphony No. 1 in B Flat Major (Schumann); Koussevitzky & Boston Symphony Orchestra. Victor M-655

Scaramouche (Milhaud); Piano-Duo—Vronsky-Babin. Victor 12726

Spanish Rhapsody (Liszt); Egan Petri Pianist, Dimitri Mitropoulos & Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra. Columbia X-163

Where Was I?; Make-Believe Island; Sammy Kaye. Victor 26594

Devil May Care; Fools Rush In; Tommy Dorsey. Victor 26593

Imagination; Charming Little Faker; Tommy Dorsey. Victor 26581

Playmates; Thank Your Stars; Hal Kemp. Victor 26469

The Breeze and I; Little Curly Hair in a High Chair; Jimmy Dorsey. Decca 3150

Musicraft Records, Inc., New York City

The Revuers (The Girl with Two Left Feet); Album No. N2

Buxtehude Organ Music; Album No. 40

Toccatas and Fugues for Organ (Bach); Volume I & II. Album 36—37

The American Songbag; Carl Sandburg. Album No. 11

Trio Sonatas for Organ (Bach); Album No. 6

Satires (Night Life in New York series); John Hoysradt. Album No. N1

American Folk Songs; The Old Harp Singers. Album No. 41

Decca Records, Inc., New York City

The Breeze and I; Little Curly Hair in a High Chair; Jimmy Dorsey. Decca 3150

On Behalf of the Visiting Firemen; Mister Meadowlark; Bing Crosby & Johnny Mercer. Decca 3182

When the Swallows Come Back to Capistrano; Where Was I?; Tony Martin. Decca 3246

Boog It; Six Lessons from Madame La Zonga; Jimmy Dorsey. Decca 3152

Songs of the South African Veldt; Josef Marais & His Bushveld Band. Decca Album 113

Foster Music Company, Minneapolis, Minn.

Music of Johann Strauss; Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra. Victor M-262

Symphony No. 5 in C Minor (Beethoven); Felix Weingartner & London Philharmonic Orchestra. Columbia M-254

Variations Symphoniques for Piano and Orchestra (Franck); Walter Gieseking with London Philharmonic Orchestra. Columbia X-10

Moonlight Sonata (Beethoven); *Minuet* (Paderewski); Ignace Jan Paderewski. Victor 6690

Polka Dots and Moonbeams; What's the Matter with Me; Glenn Miller. Bluebird B-10657

Lover's Lullaby; You've Got Me Voodoo'd; Charlie Barnet. Bluebird B-10662

Irene; Alice Blue Gown; Orrin Tucker. Columbia 35440

Alice Blue Gown; My Wonderful One; Glenn Miller. Bluebird B-10701

Let There Be Love; The Peasant Serenade; Sammy Kaye. Victor 26564

Rabsons Music & Camera Co., Inc., New York City

Sibelius Society Vol. 6; Sir Thomas Beecham & The London Symphony Orchestra. Victor M-658

Symphony No. 1 (Schumann); Serge Koussevitzky & Boston Symphony Orchestra. Victor M-655

Concertino for Clarinet and Orchestra (Weber); Reginald Kell & Symphony Orchestra conducted by B. W. Goehr. Columbia 69869

Scaramouche (Milhaud); Bartlett and Robinson. Columbia 69835

Latins Know How; It'll Come to You; Leo Reisman & Orchestra. Victor 26579

Dance-Sing Record; Kitty Carlisle. Rabsons No. 5

The Breeze and I; Little Curly Hair in a High Chair; Jimmy Dorsey. Decca 3150

It's a Lovely Day Tomorrow; You're Lonely and I'm Lonely; Eddy Duchin. Columbia 35475

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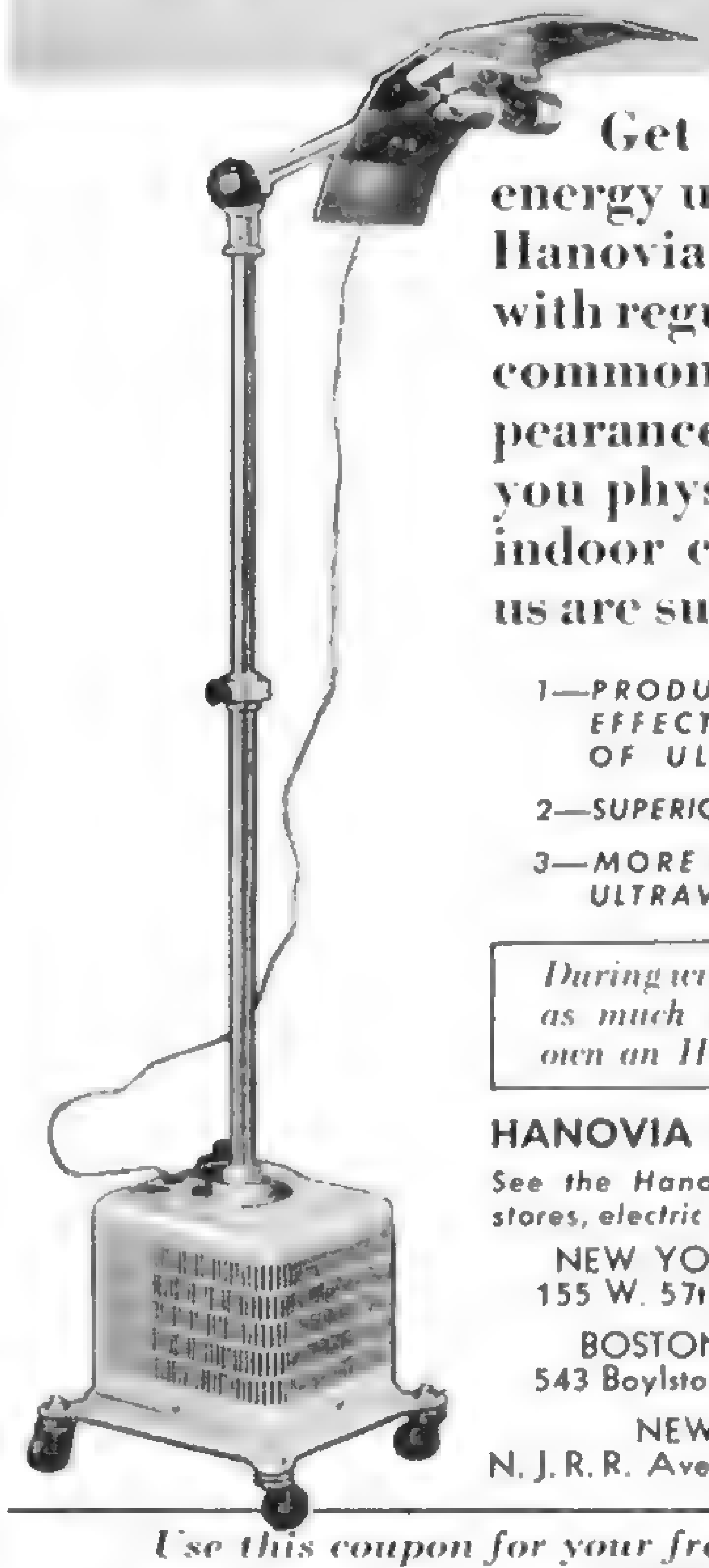

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ES-10

Composer With a Light Touch

Continued from page 85

to say I love you in a song.

The next area of conquest for Kern is the show which wanders between musical comedy and operetta. Kern served a brief apprenticeship to revue and pushed into his own field; his rival when he began was Victor Herbert; many years later Irving Berlin, after a longer time with the single shots, began to write songs for complete shows; and only about five years ago began doing shows for the movies.

In that field Kern wrote whatever had to be written, and one good musical show requires a lot; it requires a love song; a song in the prevailing tempo which may or may not be suitable to the love theme; a song which can stand production and will repay a lavish set, a large chorus, and so on; a dramatic song; a comic song; and now and again a specialty for a star. Any man who sets out to do all these things, wants to be an all-round chap—and to think of things that would astonish you. If he can write all the songs and make them hang together, he's heading for the head of the class.

Kern was right there and, naturally, he proved himself in the almost dainty series of songs with which he displaced the heavy Viennese waltz-love-song. Remembering that he wrote most of his songs before the vogue of anti-love songs, it is remarkable how full of feeling and how unsentimental his melodies are. The *Siren Song* is as gentle as a summer rain; *The Way You Look Tonight* is just on the edge of being passionless about love; *Once in A Blue Moon* is something you might say to a friend. What a composer of songs has to say about love is too often determined by his librettist; but a good lyric writer knows his composer and they work well together; and when one composer speaks in the same tone of voice over many years, you can say that he is speaking for himself, no matter whose words he is using. So you would say of Kern that he never forgot the simple feelings and the simple tunes of his childhood; that his student years in Germany gave him a sense of the charming and perfectly rounded melody; and that somehow he was saved from the banality of those who attempt to recreate folksong by the fact that he was born an American and went to work early in the American musical theatre.

And that makes it all the more interesting that Kern should be the one composer of our time who has written a melody which, it's a fair bet, will presently be considered a genuine folk tune: *Ol' Man River*. It is quite possible that certain songs by Berlin will become so woven into the American habit of making music that they will be national songs; but they will not be mistaken for a Negro spiritual; I have heard audiences clamoring for Paul Robeson to sing it after he has finished a group of spirituals: and he has sung it, feeling, as he once told me, that there was no great gap between the ancient form and the new song which so completely captured its spirit. Possibly experts in the field can take *Ol' Man River* apart and find the notes and groups of notes which come from individual Negro songs; to my mind the song resembles none in particular, and surpasses dozens of authentic spirituals in musical power. You don't find the same passion in anything else Kern wrote; you find it only rarely in American utterance of the 20's.

But Kern's real strength is in his lightness of touch, the smooth curve of his melody, the playfulness with which he comments on his material. He's the man to set a fairy tale, to recall a childhood superstition, to celebrate the incredible circumstance that two people meet and fall in love—with one another! He is the most nostalgic of popular composers, never wanting to go back to anywhere, but always going back in time to the 1890's, the 1900's. He is the songwriter of the happy ending—and the happy beginning as well.

He is, incidentally, one of the least publicized of composers. Ten years ago Franklin P. Adams wrote a Profile of Kern for *The New Yorker*, and told nearly all that's known of the private life of Jerome David (thank you, Mr. Adams) Kern. He was married in 1910, he loses prodigiously at poker, he made a magnificent collection of first editions and sold them for 1,800,000 dollars in January 1929. He also sold whatever stocks he had before October 26th of that year. These facts, and some very amusing stuff besides, are in Mr. Adams' story and little remains to be told. Mr. Kern is fifty-five years old; he isn't as active as his admirers would want him to be; and I think he's been living in California a good deal of the time.

But I'd like to note that ten years ago Mr. Adams spoke of prophets who whispered Kern is the White Hope of American music. And for himself, he climbed on the bandwagon, "while I can still get a seat." I don't know whether anyone looking back, now, would say that Kern had been a white hope, but he has justified every legitimate hope about his work. Because he has created a body of music which is full of brightness and beauty, which is all his own, and which is inalienably ours.

Man the Kitchenette

Continued from page 96

where an oyster caught a mouse—that the shells close on the nose of an unhappy gourmand of a mouse or even sever a tiny paw from the rest of the body. The valves are open when the oyster eats its diatoms, minute plants or organism on the debatable borderland between plants and animals, and it eats with its mouth, because an oyster has a mouth!

Both Mr. Kessler of the Fishery Council, and Mr. Thompson, head of the Grand Central Terminal oyster restaurant, assure me that it is very easy to tell a good oyster—meaning a healthy one—from a bad one. The shells of the live oyster are tightly closed, while the shells of the dead are a little open. Sometimes the shells of the dead oyster are closed too; in this case the shell ought to be tapped, and if there is a hollow sound, the oyster within it is very likely dead. But it is easy to see if an oyster is good after the shells are open; the live oyster (remember that they are eaten alive) is full of liquor, and looks alive in other respects too; the dead oyster has no liquor or very little of it, and it is shrunken.

Most people are under the impression that during the summer months, in months without an "r" in them, it is dangerous to eat oysters, and that they cause very serious ptomaine poisoning. This is an entirely wrong conception. Oysters may safely be eaten all the year 'round, only they are protected in certain months like game during the breeding season. As you probably know oysters are propagated and they spawn during the summer; at this time they are not interesting to eat; they are lean, and much too soft, but no more injurious than in the winter. For instance, the Long Island variety—claimed to be the finest in the world—are planted for spawning around New London; when the young are about one year old, they are transplanted to the deep, pure brackish salt water of Long Island Sound, left for another year, when they are dredged; the smaller ones are thrown back. This method of transplanting goes back as far as 95 B.C., when Sergius Orata, the first man ever to own and operate an oyster bed near Rome, discovered this form of propagating.

American or foreign, oysters like to be in 70 degrees Fahrenheit water; they like a current, but not too much of it; plenty of microscopic food, and a mild winter. Long, hard winters are fatal to them, and they have to fight many enemies besides the weather. Shrimps, for example, love oysters; love to eat them, especially the young ones. Mussel, starfish or fivefingers, sea hedgehog, and the shore crab, eat more oysters each year than all the patrons of the Grand Central oyster bar—and that runs into millions. Monkeys take a great toll, where there are monkeys near the sea; they open the shells shrewdly and commendably, much like connoisseurs, with flat, thin pebbles, and persons who have seen the apes at such functions, assert that they eat the oysters with the greatest delight. Is it possible that our relatives even know of the secret powers attributed to oysters—their aphrodisiac quality?

Perhaps it is because of this characteristic that oysters used to be mostly a man's dish; but since sex can once more be spelled with a small "s," and it is not shameful for women to think of it, they have taken to oysters too. Besides women are the ones who take dietetics more seriously, and they have learned that this shell food contains phosphorus, calcium, iodine and iron, all essential minerals, and that it is one of the most easily digestible foods. They are also an established help in the case of mental or physical fatigue. But since we are on the subject, let me tell you how women react to oysters; often they cannot face one at first; but once they have swallowed an oyster, they become real devotees, although very seldom eating a whole dozen, especially in America where the molluscs are so large.

Not only the largest but the best. The U. S. really produces wonderful oysters, and her beds are the most important in the world. France is second, England third, then Holland, China, Japan, India and Ireland are among the great oyster-producing nations. In America there are three distinct varieties: the Atlantic, the Olympia, and the Japanese oysters, the latter called Japanese only because long ago the seeds were imported from that country. In America, oysters are cultivated in every state along both coasts, from Massachusetts to Texas, and from California to Oregon, Washington and Alaska. The annual volume is tremendous, over eleven million bushels, valued at five million dollars to the fishermen alone. The Lynn Havens from Virginia are the largest, but they are not very much liked in New York, I am told. Cape Cods, salty but very tasty New England oysters, are the favorite in New York, and Blue Points—but then my secret informant told me that there are no more genuine Blue Points; they died out and only the name remains. Chesapeake Bay oysters are also large and their flavor is exceedingly good. The Pacific Coast ones, the Olympias, are very small but very good, and according to connoisseurs there are no other oysters in the world that can surpass them for pan roasts, stews, or omelettes.

The best oyster that ever happened to America were the Toke Points, favorites twenty-five years ago. They were bred in New York and transplanted to the state of Washington. But these oysters lasted only a few years; they would not propagate and finally dis-

Continued at top of page 159

★ A TOWER OF HOMES ★

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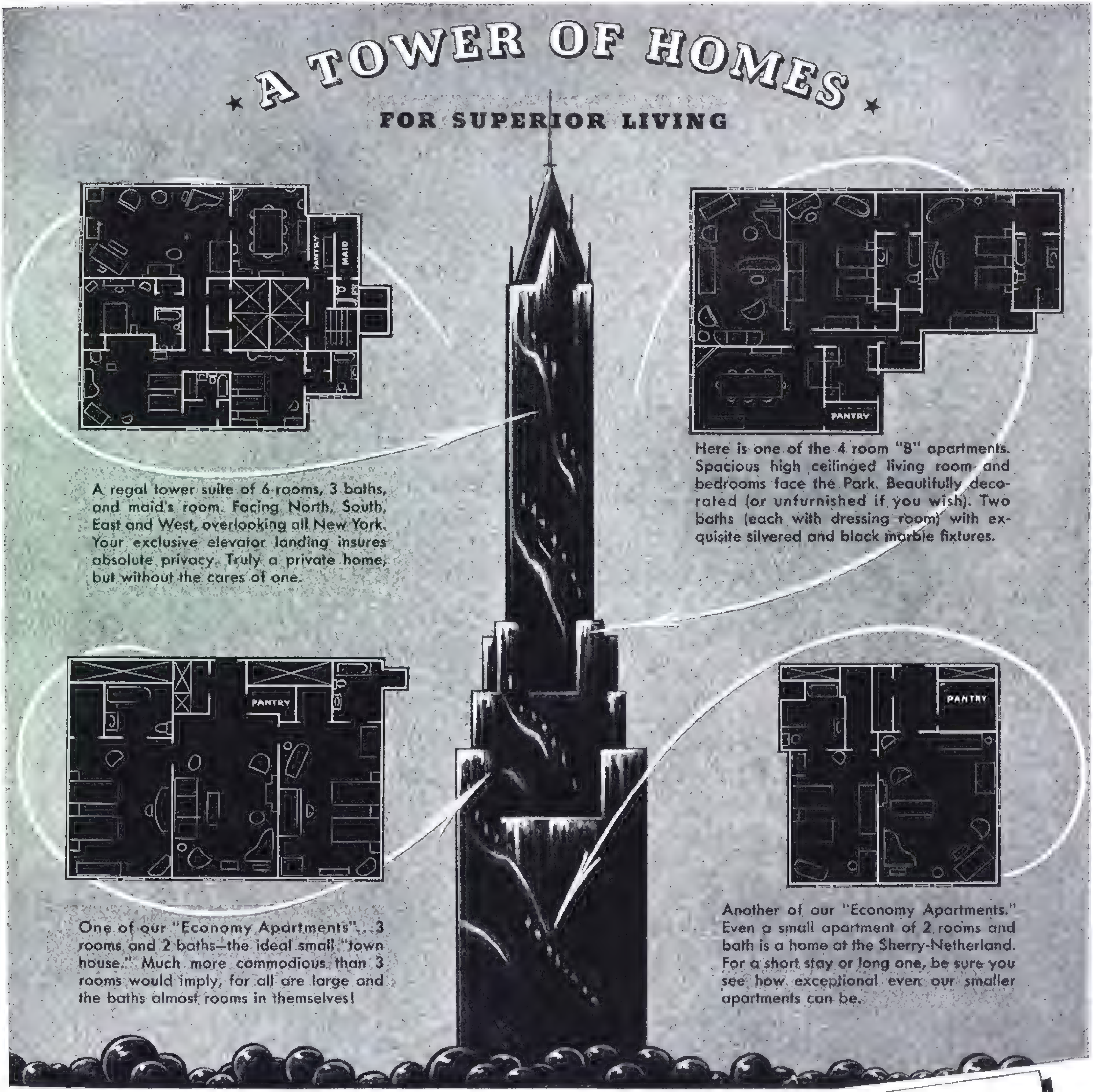

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CHRISTMAS · AMERICAN STYLE

(Note: See Page 39 Before Reading This Message)

Let's not fool ourselves. The most ecstatically applauded features in America's only Magazine for Men inevitably spring from the soul-stirring thrill of feminine beauty. That's as it should be.

It's also as it should be that Esquire, this year, is dedicating its forthcoming Christmas issue to the complete glorification of femininity, and for two reasons. What better gift could Esquire choose for its loyal readers than the most popular feature in Esquire's rollicking repertoire, served up on a mammoth silver platter in countless variations? Moreover, in one of the few remaining countries where man can gaze at woman as something more than a bio-sociological cog-in-a-machine, what more timely and tidy reason is there for decking the halls than warm, vibrant femininity?

* * *

Hence a Christmas Esquire filled to overbrimming with beautiful girls, more bewitching and more numerous than any sultan ever dared dream of. Hence, by turning to Page 39 of this issue and drinking deep of the intoxicating charms of the Varga Girl, you'll feel in small measure the electric numbness awaiting you on page after page of the enlarged 1940 Esquire Christmas number!

For instance, as just one of its Christmas "extras" this year, Esquire will present a twelve-page, bound-in calendar, featuring an appropriate, exciting new pose of the Varga Girl for every month of the entire year! What's more, there will be an especially prepared verse by Phil Stack to make each page of your Varga calendar complete!

* * *

Even without the increased proportions of this year's Esquire Christmas issue, and even without the additional color pages, special inks, extra inserts that are being incorporated in this year's celebration, Esquire's Varga Girl Calendar would in itself assure a lightning sellout at the newsstands.

And therein, as in all dreams come true, lies the catch. For the number of copies is limited. So take a tip to assure yourself of getting your share of the most unique and tasty issue of Esquire ever published. Either enter or renew your subscription to Esquire now, or take immediate steps to reserve your copies at your newsstand.

Then just rest up for the surprise and thrill of your life!

WATCH FOR THE DECEMBER (CHRISTMAS) ISSUE OF

Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

ON SALE NOVEMBER 15TH

NO INCREASE IN PRICE

Man the Kitchenette

Continued from pages 96-156

appeared almost completely.

In France there are two distinct types of oysters; one type is called "huitres sauvages," and as the name implies they grow wild; the French call the cultivated kind "huitres parquées." The best oysters in France were the Marennes (perhaps you remember the full and pompous title from French menu cards: "Les huitres vertes de Marennes"), Belones ("fines Belones") Armoricaines, and the Portuguese vertes. Marennes (small, fat, yellow, and exceedingly tasty) and Belones were always the best and they became prohibitive shortly after the World War on account of the mines in the ocean which poisoned them. One can imagine what will happen to them after the present goings on in their clear water. Armoricaines were large and very much sought after, and the name is not a misspelled Americaine; it simply means that these oysters come from Britanny, which was called Armorica under the Romans. Portuguese or Tagus oysters, with their big and ugly shells, are lean, thin, underfed and greenish in color. They are not as bad as they sound and taste of the vitality of the sea more than the expensive kind. They are called Portuguese because once, long ago, a vessel bound from Portugal was laden with a cargo of these oysters; having entered the Gironde, the captain thought the oysters dead from the long voyage, and threw the cargo overboard. They propagated in enormous proportions and still do, and are the most reasonably priced in France.

It was fun to eat oysters in Marseille, whether in the Vieux Port, right on the street, standing up, winding your way through the adjoining narrow streets later on (where the heavily made up "womenfolk" snatched your hat to force you to follow them to their seraglios), or at that excellent old restaurant at the corner of the Canebière and the Quai des Belges, in great comfort, sitting down. It was strange but I saw mostly workmen indulge in oysters at Marseille. And in other little coastal towns too, peasants and workmen who also knew the art of good living, sat on cheap wooden chairs at modest little restaurants with beautiful names like Trois Pigeon et Poste, or Hôtel-Restaurant Dignes et de la Paix. In France green-shelled oysters are much esteemed because they are supposed to come from a sea of rich vegetation; consequently they are painted with dyes known only to La Manche fishermen.

There are quite a few oyster beds in England, but only the ones at Colchester, near London, and at Whitstable, near Canterbury, deserve mention. The Colchester oysters have a large white shell and their flavor is excellent; the best are called "Pyefleet." The Whitstables are smaller. You can't get a Colchester oyster at Colchester or a Whitstable at Whitstable, and you can't get very many of them up at London either. They are becoming a bit rare, and I imagine that even today the mayors of the two little old fishing towns make a beautiful fuss on St. James's Day when the season starts; they dress up in ancient ceremonial robes and go out dredging with the dredgermen in the municipal boats. The mayors carry silver oysters in their pockets to compare if the live ones are the regulation size; if not, they are thrown back—in theory. In reality, even if they are smaller than the silver pattern, the mayors can't wait, neither can the whole population, nor can St. James's Day. The English take their days and rites and duties and oysters seriously. I am not enthusiastic about their oysters, be it the most expensive Pyefleet; to an American oyster-eater they seem to be as tasteless as middle-class English women. Dutch oysters, called Ostenders, used to reach the London market before the war, but they were not so alluring either.

The Japanese literally live on fish, and we all know how fertile they are. Oysters and snapping turtle as a food are in special esteem in Japan, and the famous longevity feasts (celebrated on a man's sixty-first, seventieth and eighty-eighth birthdays) wouldn't be perfect without them.

I have asked many an oysterman if he ever found a pearl in an oyster. Without exception all of them answered in the negative, but George Roland, head man at White's Oyster Bar, answered with a question: "Have you?" I had to admit that I never even knew a person fortunate enough to find a pearl in an oyster, and then Mr. Roland told me that he never did either, and since he has traveled a great deal in his life, advised me to go to Geizen or Bahrein in the Red Sea to satisfy my curiosity. That is where the best pearls in the world are fished. "You probably will be able to pick up a splendid string of Woolworth's there," he said, then added, "the world's wholesale market of pearls is in the hands of Parsee merchants in Bombay; their traveling salesmen exchange Woolworth pearls for the real ones of the natives." Mr. Roland also told me that pearl divers never eat an oyster, and then added in a half tone: "I don't either."

I admit that it took me quite long this time to arrive at the recipes; but Americans have the good habit of insisting on knowing what they are eating. Oysters should be the outstanding course on a bachelor's dinner during the fall and winter months for several reasons. Among them is that oyster dishes are very easy to prepare. Only if you don't have experience in opening them, tell the fishman on the phone to open them, and send them up packed in ice. Beer, stout, dry white wines, champagne, go well with oysters; red wine is not entirely forbidden, but it leaves a disagreeable coppery taste.

Ruffled Oysters

Take a pan or casserole. Toast a piece of bread, cutting the crust off, put the toast in the bottom of the pan, and moisten it with the liquid of the oysters. Put eight oysters on the toast, pepper and salt them, and put with them a bit of butter. Place the pan in hot oven, cook until the oysters "ruffle." Serve with slices of lemon. And don't bother to serve on plates; Ruffled Oysters taste best out of individual pans or casseroles.

Dutch Oysters

Roll the oysters in yolk of egg, and then dip them in bread crumbs, salt and pepper them, and fry in butter. Serve with melted butter on the side.

Broiled Oysters

Drain the oysters and lay them on a napkin to dry. Pepper and salt them, and broil them on oyster broiler or small gridiron. The oysters must not smoke, and they must be cooked quickly. Put a bit of butter on them just before serving.

Oysters Rarebit

Bring one cup of oysters to the boiling point and save the liquor. Melt two tablespoons of butter, add ¼ pound of fresh cheese, cut in small pieces; ¼ teaspoon of salt and a sprinkle of Cayenne. When the cheese has melted, add the oyster liquor and two eggs slightly beaten. When smooth, add the oysters and serve at once on toast.

Oysters a la Rockefeller

Bake oysters on half shell for four minutes. Remove from oven and cover the oysters with very fine chopped spinach and onion, bread crumbs, cheese and a few dashes of Herbesaint. Bake until brown and serve.

Oysters Mornay

Bake oysters on half shell for four minutes. Remove from oven, cover them with sauce Mornay and bake until brown. To make Sauce Mornay, boil one pint Bechamel sauce with one quarter pint of oyster liquor. Reduce by a good quarter and add two ounces Gruyère and two ounces grated Parmesan cheese. Put the sauce on the fire again for a few minutes and insure the melting of the cheese by stirring with a small whisk. Finish the sauce away from the fire with two ounces of butter added by degrees.*

*For the last three recipes I am indebted to Mr. Thompson, general manager of the Grand Central Terminal oyster restaurant. #

The Slave Girl from Judea

Continued from page 44

truly as clever a minx as ever walked on toes. She has no serious flaw that cannot be cured. Here in the market I am forbidden to lay a finger upon her. But buy her and take her home, close the doors and shake a stick in her face, and this great flaw which she says is in her very soul—this flaw will leave her suddenly. Mark my words. A stout stick goes with her. The price? She is worth more than double of what I ask. Examine her carefully; 550 for a treasure and a jewel. And you will never regret it."

"I have no need of a girl."

"Perhaps you need a horse instead," said the girl, and there was a roguish twinkle in her eyes.

"A horse? Yes. Or I could use two strong camels."

"One in the kitchen and the other in the garden," said the girl, turning her head and laughing heartily at her own joke. Then suddenly her face grew serious and looking up she asked: "You are from Judea?"

"Yes. How could you know?"

"Well, I can tell by your hair and the set of your eyes and the whole man in you."

"You are smart."

"But why are you here?" she inquired.

"My brother lives in Alexandria. And this is the end of my journey. He will sell the merchandise while I return."

"To Judea?"

"Yes, of course. But now you tell me something. You are not like other girls of Judea for they are ever full of woes. And here you are in chains, in a foreign land, offered as a piece of merchandise free for all to examine and pinch without modesty or shame. And still you laugh. Why is it?"

"That is also part of my flaw," she exclaimed. "It makes me laugh when I should cry and it turns everything inside out and upside down. Come here tomorrow and you will see the whole market place turned into a madhouse. I will do it all myself," she said proudly.

"What are you going to do?"

"Ah! That is a secret. It must come upon them suddenly. It is terrible. They are certain to kill me for it or at least beat me senseless."

"I should not like to see that."

There was a brief silence as she moved close to him, then whispered in his ear: "Buy me. Take me home to Judea and my own people. You will never regret it. I will watch over you day and night. And I will save you more than the price of my purchase."

"How?"

"In one way or another. The cunning that designed my flaw will do it."

Ben Shaba smiled, he needed no more words. If this girl could do all this in Alexandria, then what might she not do in the desert?

She sensed his approval. "Then you will buy me?" she asked softly.

"Yes."

"You will not regret it, I promise you."

Seeing the merchant approach, they paused in their conversation.

"What say you, young fellow? Have you seen a cleaner bag of

Continued on page 160

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The Slave Girl from Judea

Continued from pages 44-159

bones anywhere? Examine her well. I ask but 550."

Ben Shaba was about to approach the merchant to arrange for the purchase of the girl but she stopped him.

"Go now," she said, "and come back in one hour. I am already serving you."

"But someone else may come forward and . . ."

"Fear not. When I see a Greek or Roman approach to look me over carefully, my flaw grows big and most uncomfortable. Who would purchase a devil in a bag? But fear not. I will serve you faithfully. Return in one hour."

Ben Shaba turned to the merchant and shouted: "It's only the price that stands in the way, otherwise she pleases me."

"The price should be 1,000, and all I ask is 550."

"That is too much."

"You can believe me when I tell you I am selling her at a loss."

"Very well. Good-bye."

"Wait, my friend! What would you pay?"

"Good-bye. I pay what is asked or I pay nothing." He started down the street.

"Hold! Take her now for 500!"

But Ben Shaba did not even turn his head. He walked on. He wandered through the market place bazaars looking at this and that but thinking only of that saucy, roguish slave girl Sarah.

When he returned in an hour, the market place presented a scene of great confusion. A milling crowd stood before the steps of the slave market and above all the shouting and noise one could hear her high shrill voice.

"He may not even beat me for it. The judge so ordered. Let him raise but a finger and I will cry out for the sheriff."

And the furious merchant, red in the face, shouted: "I will break every bone in her body! She will be black and blue all over, every inch of her vile carcass . . . If not here in public . . . Oh! I could begin right now! But wait. Wretch! Female fox! Wait until I take you home."

"You hear! You hear! All of you bear witness. He threatens to beat me and break my bones. And the judge has ordered him to keep his hands to himself. He breaks the law and does violence upon an innocent body."

"Innocent!" cried the furious merchant. "If you are innocent then the devil himself has become an angel. Innocent? Listen to her! In the twinkle of an eye, my back was turned just for a moment and I look about . . . What is this? The slaves are gone. She stole the key and gave them their liberty. She went to each and unlocked their chains and told them . . . What did you tell them?"

"I set them free."

"Yes. But how? With what lies? She told them that last night I had married her and as a wedding gift I had presented her with all the slaves. And as she had once been a slave herself and is grateful to the Lord for her delivery, because of this, and also because of her great happiness . . . Then she kissed them on both cheeks and unlocked the chains and set them free! And we had to chase after them and bring them back. Now they refuse to believe it is a joke. You female viper! Tell them yourself it is only a joke. Come tell them!"

"All right. Bring them here!" The slaves were brought forward and she said: "It is not my fault. I hope you will forgive me. But this greasy black bag of money married me last night and . . ."

"It's a lie!" shouted the merchant.

"Judge for yourself. He did everything a groom is supposed to do, and he brought me here this morning only because he is a coward. He has not yet told his wife that she has a young rival. He begged me to hold my tongue and he gave me as a gift . . ."

"It is all a lie from beginning to end."

"And so I freed you. And you are now free!"

"No. No." The merchant was ready to scream and tear his beard. His face boiled so that the words could not form in his mouth.

It was just at this moment that his eyes fell on Ben Shaba.

"My friend, my friend. Come forward. She is the same as she was an hour ago. Say the word. Name the price. And take her away. For heaven's sake, take her away!"

"I say I could not afford her at 500."

"As heaven is my witness, I paid 200 for her. I spent 200 for silks and earrings and bracelets. Everything she has thrown to the wind. She cost me 400 besides the pain and grief and grey hairs and twice in court. Give me but the bare cost. My friend, don't hesitate. A stout stick goes with her. Here. Say the word. 400? No? Be reasonable. Very well. Take her and give me 300 but take her now, at once, this very minute. Take her out of my sight forever. Hurry, call the notary, I will seal the paper and let him count the money, for my fingers tremble so. Oh, my friend! She is yours!"

The notary was called, the paper was sealed and the money counted from one bag to another.

"This should be a lesson to you," said Sarah to the merchant. "Next time you buy live flesh from Judea look you well and hesitate."

"That I will, my sweet serpent flower. Go. And may my eyes never glance at your form again. Instead of a dream you are a nightmare. Alone, you could razzle-dazzle a whole army into defeat. Go!"

Ben Shaba took the girl home to his brother's house where she was very much surprised to find that he had no wife. She washed herself in the pool and the women dressed her and gave her ribbons to put in her hair. Then she came before Ben Shaba and said: "Master, I am ready to serve. You have but to command."

"Go bring the notary from across the street and let him bring paper and reed. I will give you the deed of your freedom."

"No, master. First I must serve you so that the price of my freedom is worked off."

"You could serve me as a free woman."

"Master, take me back to my own people in Judea and they will return to you the money I cost. My clan is not poor and they will be pleased to see me alive."

"Yes, I will do that, but first you do as I order. Bring the notary."

The scribe arrived and in the presence of his brother and his brother's wife Ben Shaba gave the girl back her liberty. And as soon as she was free he took her in his arms and said to her, in the hearing of all: "Get yourself ready. You have only one day of liberty, for tomorrow at this very hour you will stand veiled under a canopy and marry me."

"With my great flaw?"

Then they all laughed and he kissed her.

Later that very day Ben Shaba said to his brother: "Let us rise early tomorrow and hang colored garlands on the camels. And dressed in our very best, let us ride out to the shore of Lake Mareotis. For here there is a rabbi versed in the old traditions of Judea. He would perform the service in the proper manner. Besides, at Lake Mareotis there lives a carpenter called Joseph and he has a wife, Mary, and they have a child. They are from Judea and we have journeyed together a long way and I want them all to be present on this occasion."

"As you wish," said the brother, "so it shall be."

The wedding procession, a train of twenty camels, all bedecked with colorful garlands braided of the most fragrant flowers of the Nile valley left Alexandria the next morning for the shore of Lake Mareotis. Here in the presence of Joseph and Mary was the wedding performed. #

Go Get a Guitar

Continued from page 49

singing. When anyone starts playing mellow chords on a guitar, you want to sing—and you do sing.

Of course there are other advantages, such as low cost, ease of transportation, and so on. These are vital factors in popularizing the instrument, once we make up our mind that it is the best.

I am firmly convinced that if we proceed to adopt the guitar, our people will start singing again.

And this brings us down to the matter of musical education. Now it is my theory in educating the youth of the land in things musical that the education should largely fit the pupil. It is a well-recognized fact that only a minute handful of our population has the natural ability to become first-class professional musicians. Yet we train every child with the idea in mind that he is to become a concert performer.

A teacher can easily discover whether a child has any great amount of musical ability. If the child shows that he does not, then the teacher should ease off on the musical education, and should seek to give the youngster a type of training in music that will be of some lasting pleasure to him. Every effort should be made to keep the child from developing a distaste for music.

The youngster should be taught to play some instrument that is easy to learn, and that will produce a fairly pleasing sound even when played by a person who is not particularly adept at it. Few instruments fall into this class. There is the extreme on the one hand of the violin, truly an instrument of the elect, and nobody but the genius should ever foul its catgut.

In between there is a wide range of instruments. And at the other extreme is the guitar. And this is the instrument that the youth should be encouraged to play.

A youngster can entertain himself and his friends with it. And I know this is true for I have seen a few guitars do their stuff at high school, at college and elsewhere when I was a kid down on the Mexican border, where the guitar has the piano backed off the map.

The musical education of the youth, then, except in rare cases where a child of extraordinary ability shows up, should be fairly elementary. But it should include, I believe, two things which the present musical education seldom gives. That is an understanding of the fundamentals of time, and a knowledge of harmony.

I have been astonished many times to find people who were taught music for as much as ten years who had absolutely no idea of time in music, and no knowledge of harmony. I have asked them to explain the difference in various times. All they know is that in four-four time you count one, two, three, four; and in three-four time you count one, two, three, and so on.

Perhaps they can play a selection in the right time. But they haven't a grasp of the fundamentals.

It is the same with harmony. And to me that is one of the greatest faults with our popular music—it is almost without exception solo stuff. The result is about the same as playing the piano with one finger.

So it goes.

And what would come about in this country if we adopted the guitar and taught our youngsters

Continued on page 162

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Go Get a Guitar

Continued from pages 49-161

something of the music that they can sing and play and take part in?

Well, I take my cue from the nations to the South, particularly Mexico, which I know so well, and whose music has been a source of pleasure to me since I was a child. And I am speaking of its popular music.

In Mexico the guitar is, of course, the national instrument. The people there have been too poor to buy pianos, for which they ought to be thankful, because Mexico is a nation of people who sing.

And in that nation you will find a wealth of popular music, some of it simple folksong, some of it more ambitious compositions with folksong themes woven into them and perhaps built upon the rhythms which have grown up in the various states of that nation.

The charm of this music as contrasted to our popular music is twofold. In the first place it is composed with the idea that it will be sung—and sung by more than one person at a time. It is almost impossible to find a Mexican song that does not lend itself well to harmony—yet imagine a quartet singing *Yah, Yah, Yah, Said the Little Fox*.

And in the second place it has a variety in its rhythm in marked contrast to the monotonous bang, bang, bang of the four-four time of American dance music.

The unbearable thing about our popular music to me is that it is all composed in what amounts to practically the same time. You can accompany any of it by simply keeping up a uniform plunk, plunk, plunk. Sometimes you have to plunk faster—sometimes slower. But you always plunk the same, once you start. This is, of course, due to the fact that our music is composed for dancing, and all our dancing is in the same rhythm—sometimes a little faster, sometimes a little slower.

Even when we dip down into Mexico and pick out a piece of music, we don't play it as they do. There is the case of *El Rancho Grande* (and it is a tribute to our perverted taste in popular music that when we did go to Mexico we picked out a selection so sorry that nobody in that country will ever sing or play it, except to entertain American tourists)—when we got this piece, we changed the rhythm, and do not play it as the Mexicans do.

It is true that a large part of Mexico's popular music also developed with dances in mind. But that nation has an almost endless variety of folk dances, the result being that you have the same variety of rhythm in the songs.

Frequently you will find a popular Mexican selection in which there is a change of time, and even a change of key all in the same piece. I can't recall any such miracle in recent years in any of our popular music.

The Mexican popular music, as I say, is composed with the idea in mind that the people will sing it—and they do.

This fact is not due to any difference in the temperament of the people—nobody can make me believe that.

I believe Americans love to sing just as much as Mexicans. A lot of light is shed on this situation by the reactions of people when they get a little foggy with rum. What does the average male want to do when he gets high? One of three things—or all three of them. He wants to sing. He wants to fight, and/or he wants to get his hooks on the first blonde that he sees.

This indicates to me that the desire for song, for fighting, and for blondes has not disappeared from the land. It's simply dormant. Or maybe there just aren't enough blondes.

No, the urge to sing is there all right. But we manage to stifle it in the youth with the result that the adult feels a little silly about singing, and will do so only when he has shed some of his inhibitions under the guiding light of malt, hops, or rye.

This situation, where it is an offense against propriety and possibly an offense against the law to open up in song, must be changed.

And I see hope on the horizon. I see the possibility of a developing American popular music, taking up where W. C. Handy left off when he composed the *St. Louis Blues*, and carrying on.

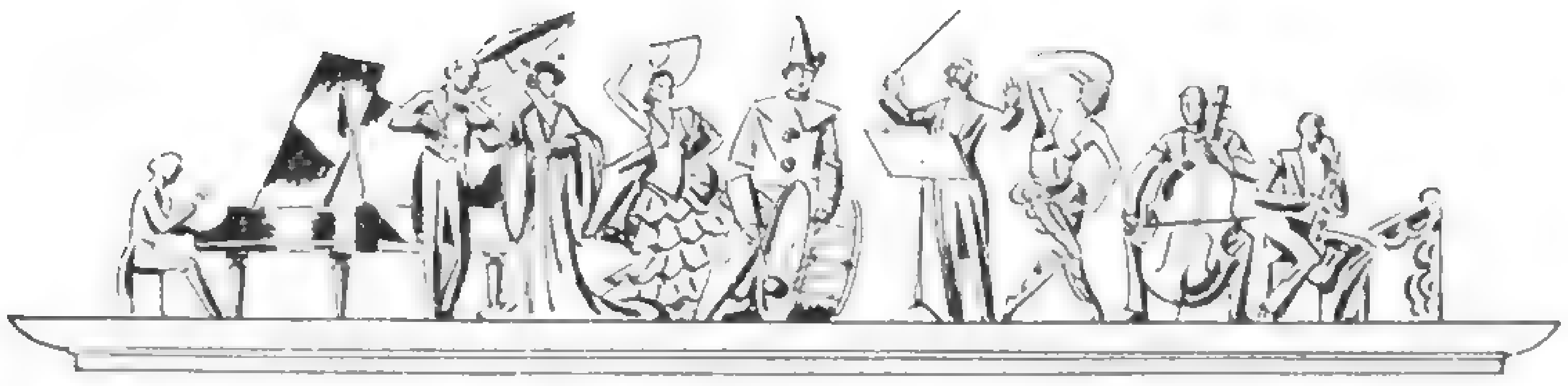
I see possibilities of a developing folk song. Perhaps we will pick up the threads where they frayed and got lost a generation and a half ago.

To me there have been only three elementary buddings of folk song in this country—the cowboy ballad, the so-called mountain music, and the Negro spiritual, with its step-child, the Negro blues. They died aborning largely because the elements producing them were too isolated, too downtrodden and hopeless to pass beyond the mournful and plaintive first stages of folk song.

It is significant, incidentally, to note that the piano figured very slightly in the development of these three forms of folk song. Even in this non-guitar playing nation, that instrument was the favorite of the man who sang the cowboy ballad, the man who sang mountain music, and of the Negro who sang the blues—and I say sang, not played.

So I advise my fellow American to cast about him and get a guitar. I advise him to give some thought to educating his sons and daughters musically so that they will sing.

And when our people start singing, they are going to demand and get a better brand of popular music. Furthermore, they're going to live a fuller, more pleasant life. I even look for a sudden upturn in the birth rate—who can tell? ⌗



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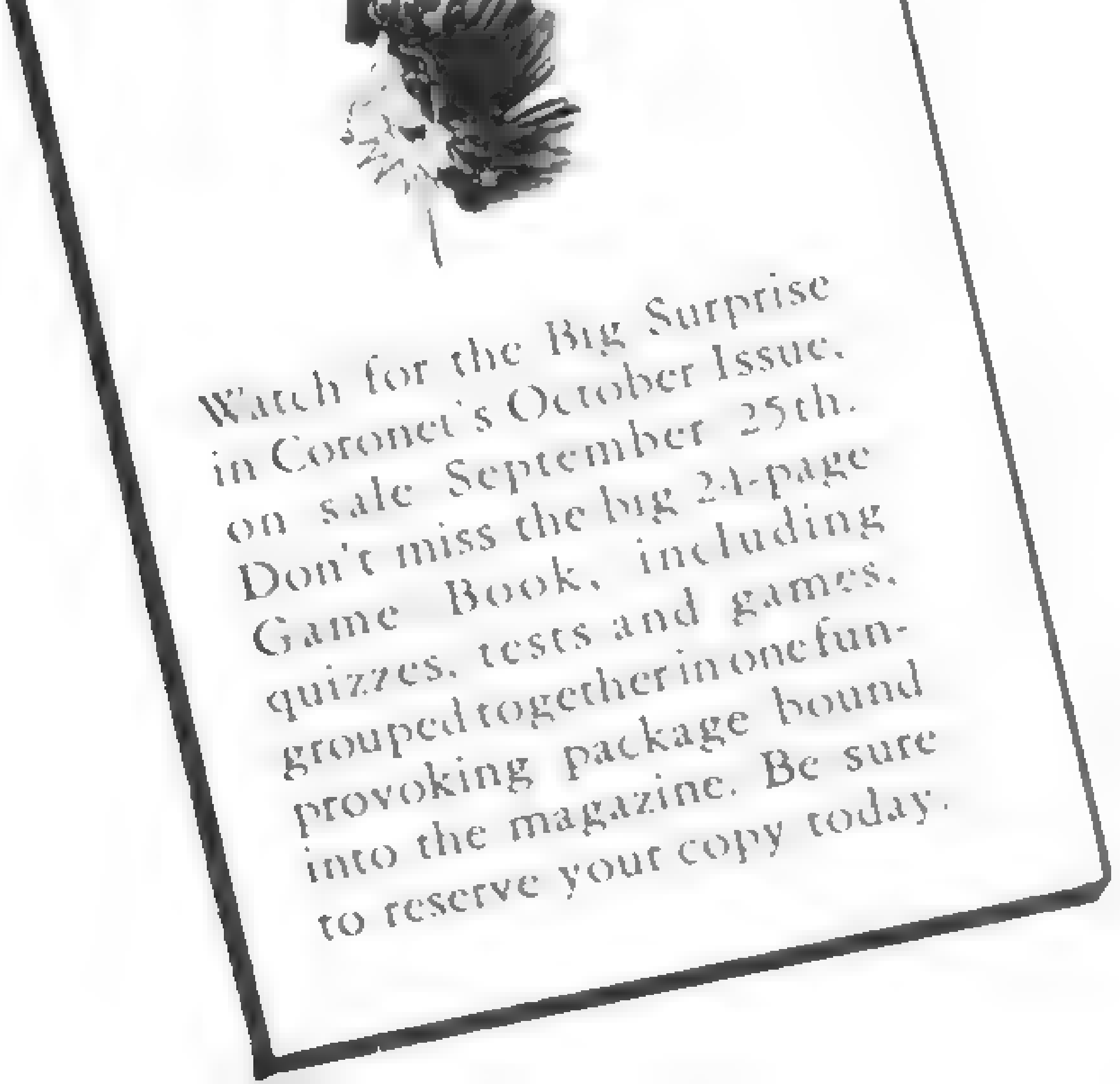

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Henry Strater: Extrovert Artist

Continued from page 74

it in the sense that he was there when the school was in flower, but Paris did not violate his Americanism, or his innocence, if you will.

He paints pictures regularly, he has one-man shows and sends canvases to group exhibitions all over the country. He is glad to see his name in the papers, just as any other artist is, but he is too absorbed in the living moment to want to give all for fame and immortality. Whatever effort he may make for what people call fame he makes, as he ingenuously puts it, because "the children would like it," and there is nothing he would refuse them. In speaking of them—they are three sons and a daughter—his eyes shine with love and admiration. He is particularly proud of David, the eldest, who was born in Paris. David is entering medical school this Fall, armed with a supply of character and tact which will help make him, his fond father believes, a first-rate doctor. Also by paternal report, David has marvelous facility in black and white drawing.

Henry Strater was going to be a writer. In fact, he seemed so far on the road toward professional status in authorship that when, in 1919, from Paris, he informed his people that he was casting his lot with sculpture and/or painting, there was lively opposition. His family suffered from the delusion, Strater holds, that he was going to be a big man with the pen. What promise had he given? Nothing extraordinary. For the Louisville high school magazine he had written several stories of imagination. At Lawrenceville he became editor-in-chief of that school's weekly, continuing his fiction writing. When he reached Princeton around 1915 he became the first freshman to represent his class on the staff of the *Daily Princetonian*, elbowing thirty-six other applicants out at the tape. During his two years at that college he made himself an extra-curricular reputation as the college radical, taking part in the campaign against the snob eating-clubs and letting off youthful steam generally by being agin' the established order. During the long summer vacation—it was an extended vacation because of the infantile paralysis epidemic of that year—he worked as cub reporter on the *Louisville Evening Post*, covering the courts and general assignments and having lots of fun.

He returned to Princeton in the fall, but never graduated. A war was intruding between a generation of Americans and their education. Young men were hearing the horn of Roland; Strater enlisted in the Red Cross in May or June of 1917 and was abroad with one of the first shiploads. A uniformed American in France was still news, and he had to go to Europe before he could find out how much an American he was. A week end found him at Ornans, where the great Courbet had lived and painted. The young man wanted to see the country in which this rebel artist had tramped and to look upon the views this man's eyes had measured. If Courbet could mean this to him, then the bug of art already must have taken a nip out of him.

Clambering over the rocks, Strater slipped, fell and broke a leg. He lay in the ditch until some villagers came along and took him to town on a stretcher. A uniformed American on crutches looked like a hero and the French around Base Hospital No. 2 made so much of a fuss over Strater that he had to spend most of his conversation with them in explaining that he was just a duffer. But no one embarrassed him more than the doctor who ordered him back to the United States. He never, well, hardly ever, felt more like a fool. He wasn't going to return with nothing to show for it. In the nick of time he heard of Captain Graux's need for an American aide. This officer, a Belgian, headed a unit for the repatriation of Belgian refugees. Strater got himself transferred to Graux's unit and helped to return to their homes around Liège, six hundred children who had been refugees in France. In January, 1919, he was demobilized. He could have returned home but he stayed on. A short time before he had watched a painter at work and he was seized with the desire to go and do likewise. He had seen many men doing many things but had never been impelled to imitate their example. There may have been corn stalks in his hair, but, certainly, it would appear that a couple of vine leaves had got mixed up with them.

The moment he was out of uniform he began attending classes at Julian's Academy to which he remained faithful for several months. This was the period when his family was upset over his abandonment of literature. In the spring he returned to his native land. He studied a little at the Art Students' League under Bridgeman, but spent most of his time working in sculpture at the Beaux Arts School. In the summer of that year he saw Ogunquit for the first time, and he never forgot the impression. Years later, while traveling with his wife through France and Spain and while debating the merits of one village as against another, Strater usually settled for the village on the coast of Maine. "Ah, but wait until you've seen Ogunquit!" However, had Ogunquit no other merit, it was the place in which he met and worked with "the best teacher I ever struck"—Hamilton Easter Field.

In the fall he entered the school of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, studying sculpture with Charles Grafly and attending a Saturday sketch class under Arthur B. Carles, both of them admirable and beloved teachers. He sat also in painting classes but felt such little sympathy with

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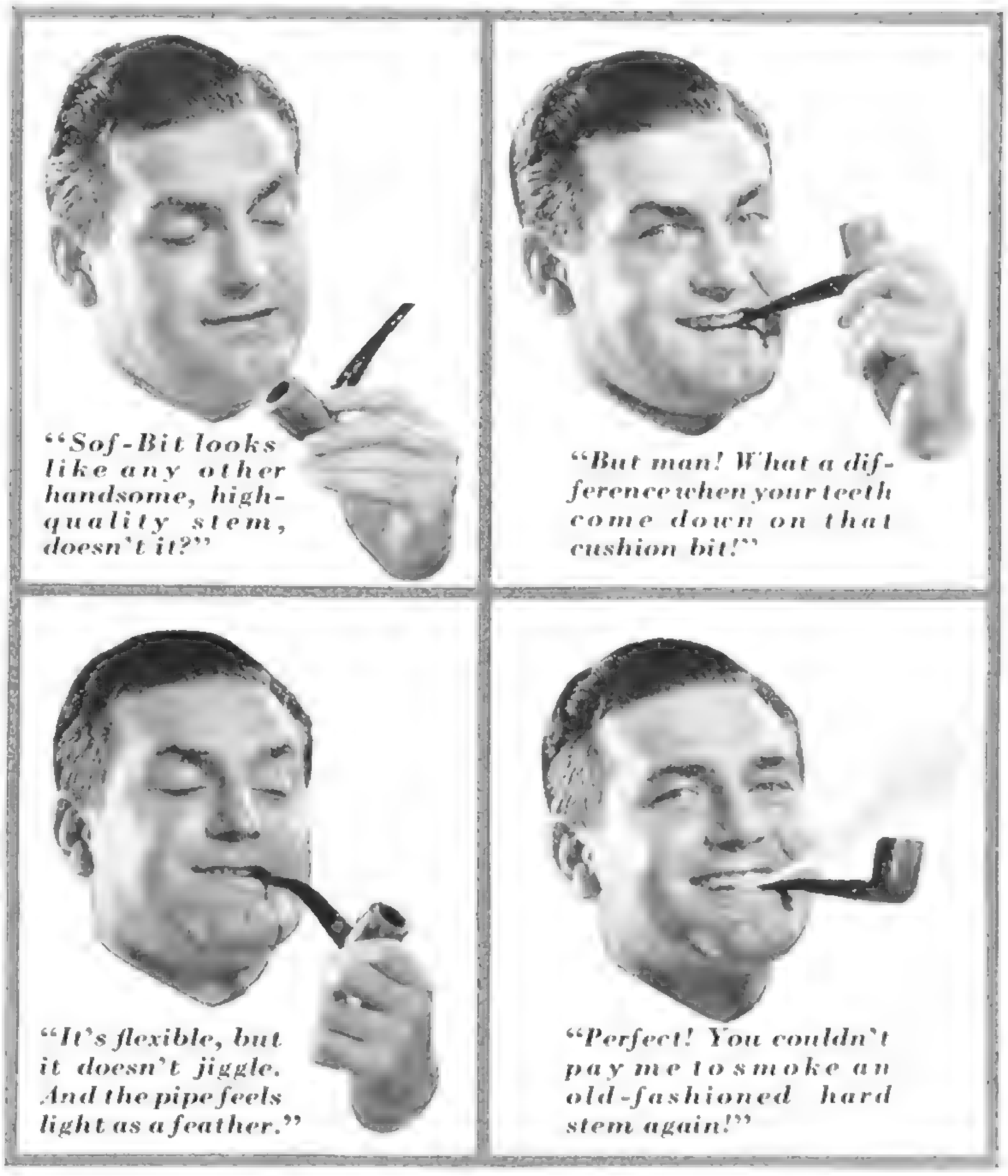
A *Pipe Dream* COME TRUE



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Henry Strater: Extrovert Artist

Continued from pages 74-167

these instructors that he submitted his pictures for criticism only to Grafly. In the spring of the following year he became acquainted with Margaret Yarnall Conner, of Scranton, Pennsylvania, a fellow student under Grafly. Miss Conner became Mrs. Strater at the end of the school year. That summer they went abroad to Spain, studying at Zumaya and at the Royal Academy of Madrid, in Sorolla's class, except that Sorolla was ill and the students worked without instruction. The Straters were in Paris in March, 1921, and remained until 1924. Within that period Strater attended sketch classes at Colarossi's and Le Grande Chaumière, painting and shaping sculpture, but gradually, to his own great regret, he had to abandon sculpture because of the constant need for moving around. He exhibited for the first time in Paris, in the *Salon d'Automne* of 1921, or 1922, at the latest. He took part in the general activities, literary, social and convivial, of the American colony in Paris. He became acquainted with many who have since become distinguished in art and letters but he prefers, as he put it, to stand on his paintings and not on his famous friends. Throughout a rather lengthy conversation I never once heard him utter the "I knew him when" cliché.

The expatriate tide had not yet reached its crest when Strater felt the hunger for his native land. That desire came to all of them, but soonest to him. In 1924 the Straters—David was then three years old—took the boat for the States. The artist has never revisited Europe, has never wanted to revisit it. He feels, he declares, that one life is too short for this country, and although his patriotism is admirable, an excess may lead to a cultural embargo hostile to the expansion of the creative spirit. At any event, since 1924 Strater has passed through, or over, every state in the Union. Following a stay in New York the Straters made a bee line for Ogunquit. In 1926 he built a summer cottage on a cliff and ever since has been adding to it and improving upon it until now it serves as an all-year 'round, if somewhat rambling, residence. He has a pair of strong, capable hands and he did much of the actual building himself. He calls himself a Jack-of-all-trades and that is probably an understatement. Upon his return from Paris, he put out his shingle, so to speak, for portrait commissions. Still under the influence of the Italian masters, he made the prosperous ladies who sat to him look remote and polished off, so that one of his sitters said she wished he had painted her a little more as if she had a future instead of only a past.

Nevertheless he continued painting portraits, at least so long as the commissions held out, and also, among other themes, marines, to which Ogunquit offered constant invitation. Being friendly, likable, folksy and with no sense of superiority to overcome, he worked himself gradually into the life of the community. Always, since high school days, a lover of the outdoors and somewhat of an athlete, he took up fishing seriously around 1929 when he saw a 900-pound tuna that had been harpooned. He got the fever—his phrase—to land one on hook and line, and spent three summers before he caught his first big tuna. He has since landed ninety-six of these monsters, the largest weighing 640 pounds, and this is no fish story. As hereinbefore noted, he founded the Maine Tuna Club, through which he has been drawn more deeply into the life of the state, mainly through the political interests and activities of his fishing companions.

A quest for winter relief from sinus and asthma for a member of the family brought the Straters down to Arizona in 1933. The painter drove his gang all the way from Maine in a second-hand seven-passenger touring car. First they explored the possibilities of New Mexico, but Strater found the closed-circle, self-conscious, artistic atmosphere of the characteristic communities of Taos and Santa Fe slightly suffocating. Leaving his family at Taos, he went alone on a journey of exploration. He was going to find a place which would be acceptable not only as living and playing quarters but one also in which there would be paintable landscapes.

He drove 2,000 miles within the state of Arizona before he discovered the Verde Valley, and that has been his second home since the year in which his eyes first lit upon it. The Straters stay at Soda Springs Ranch, which is at a village called Rimrock, and the nearest large city is Prescott, from which Mayor LaGuardia of New York comes. The younger children attend school at Rimrock, a school with twenty-eight children distributed among eight classes, over which two teachers preside. One-fourth of the registration is Indian. The artist, as is his wont, has made himself very much at home in the community and is at perfect ease with the ranchers, cowhands and Indians of the district. Were not Maine his state home and Ogunquit his first love among American towns, I am certain he could find a seat for himself in the Arizona Legislature. If the Verde Valley has served no other purpose, at least it has given Strater subject matter for his latest two one-man exhibitions.

His first one-man show in New York was given in 1931, at the Montross Gallery. Nothing happened then. Up to the present he has had three other one-man displays in the metropolis. Louisville, Kentucky, gave him a rousing exhibition to signify its pride in this local boy who made good. His paintings have been shown also in

Portland, Maine, in Boston, and at Bowdoin College in Brunswick, Maine, and he has been represented in groups at the Corcoran Gallery in Washington, at the Pennsylvania Academy in Philadelphia, and in Chicago. He feels that after all these years the public is getting around to an appreciation of his work, which he describes as being severely realistic, which sounds like a fair statement. He feels that art keeps going through the spiral of romanticism, classicism and realism, repeating the operation ever so often, and that the movement of this spiral has come around to him and to his work. It is likely that his work has improved, and that people like it because they like it, because his subject matter and his way of painting it fill what need they have of art. ⧺

Prosperity and Justice for All

Continued from page 34

Harvey Saunders. Harvey Saunders, they took pains to make clear, was played by a twenty-nine year-old Broadway actor named Mannie Simms who no longer could get parts on the stage because he couldn't be depended on to show up sober. They printed pictures of Mannie, soused to the ears in various Main Stem hot spots. They dug up Joe Gersdorf's dubious radio career, and splashed it over every other page. They named the actual Republican and Democratic nominees, and printed long editorials about unscrupulous interests bent on deceiving the American people.

This had practically no effect at all. Very few of the countless Harvey Saunders listeners read the papers except to check the ball scores and the Hollywood gossip against the radio accounts for accuracy. Those who did read the papers' accusations unhesitatingly believed Harvey Saunders' word as against that of the press. In vain the papers ranted and raved. Funds kept pouring in to the American Party (enabling Joe Gersdorf to buy a beautiful estate in Greenwich, Conn.), and Harvey Saunders-for-President clubs were organized in thousands of rural hamlets throughout the land.

Harvey Saunders seemed on his way to an easy triumph. In fact his career was going along so smoothly that the sponsors began to complain that dramatic conflict was lacking, and that people would begin to tune out the *Saunders Family* if the result appeared to be a foregone conclusion. Joe Gersdorf saw the light, and immediately created The Aristocrat Party with an unscrupulous tool of Wall Street, J. Latimer Farman, as its candidate. It soon became evident that J. Latimer was a louse, bent on leading America into war so that the munitions companies in which he had large interests could clean up, and that he wanted to be a dictator. But Farman campaigned cleverly and almost succeeded in blackmailing Harvey into giving up the fight. (He uncovered a no-good uncle of Harvey's who had once served a term for embezzlement. Only an eloquent cards-on-the-table speech by Harvey saved the day.)

Interest was at fever heat when Election Day came around, and Harvey's sponsors shrewdly bought up large batches of late-evening time on the networks to broadcast the returns (the first time the Saunders Family had ever forsaken the daylight hours). Joe Gersdorf did a master job of script writing, throwing several supposedly certain Saunders states into the Farman column until the verdict of the tiny state of Rhode Island left the election in the balance. It was nearly 2:00 A.M. before the Farman campaign manager in Rhode Island (also played by Mannie Simms who was a versatile actor and needed extra cash) conceded the election to Harvey.

Harvey Saunders fans went wild with joy. Good old Harvey was going to the White House! The papers kept insisting that Harvey was a fraud, and named the actual winning flesh-and-blood candidate, but very few people, as usual, paid any attention to them. (Something the papers did *not* mention was that Harvey Saunders received twelve million write-in votes in the actual balloting in the nation's polling booths.) A majority of American citizens were firmly convinced that Harvey Saunders was President, and that the winner proclaimed by the press was a figment of editors' imaginations.

Joe Gersdorf now had plenty to do. Having elected his candidate, he speedily inaugurated him, and put him into office. And here is where Joe Gersdorf proved himself not such a bad guy after all, a real benefactor of the American people in spite of the fact that he had feathered his nest handsomely in the process. Because Harvey Saunders made the best president America had ever had. He guided the country into prosperity (by reducing taxes and increasing jobs) and kept it there. He achieved justice for all, lived a model personal life (although he still chose deplorable ties unless Martha watched him carefully), and skillfully avoided letting his country be dragged into war. He solved problems that flesh-and-blood minds in the past had coped with in vain. Everybody had work, and enough to eat and wear. Only crooks and foreign spies ever had anything bad happen to them.

As for the Harvey Saunders public, if life seemed to go a trifle less smoothly during the twenty-three hours and forty-five minutes daily when Harvey wasn't on the air, that was nothing to worry about. Harvey Saunders fans knew that such troubles were purely imaginary ones. As for Joe Gersdorf, he added a twelve-room wing to his Greenwich house, which was a blessing for the building contractors in Greenwich. ⧺

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Black Elves at Twilight

Continued from page 60

birds are here today, gone tomorrow, drifting in like brown ghosts, drifting out as quickly as they came and with as little reason, leaving empty the covers that yesterday had birds in abundance.

So I wasn't much surprised that evening when half an hour went by, and we had seen no hint of a bird above the alder tops.

The blazing colors in the western sky faded slowly and an early star pricked out. Away upriver a faint, confused clamor broke the evening stillness, like the far-off belling of a pack of Beagles. It came nearer, grew louder, materialized into the clarion flight talk of migrating geese.

The flock came on, winging steadily down the valley of the Boardman, passed high overhead, a thin black wedge against the steel-blue sky. The clamor faded slowly away into the southwest.

Still no woodcock.

Allen broke the silence finally. "They're not coming tonight."

"Likely they're not," I agreed. "But who cares? How many times in your life will you stand retreat to an autumn sunset like that?"

He grinned and shrugged. Under our feet the grass was turning silvery with frost. The evening air was like old wine. I could smell wet leaves from the alder bog, and cedars, and the dry smell of dead brakes.

Then behind me Bud's twenty roared, and roared again. Overhead, coming from the darkening east, just skimming the tops of the brush, a twisting, dodging black elf rocketed into my line of vision. It zoomed fast in short, abrupt turns and I'd have known from its flight it was a woodcock if I'd seen it over the veldt of Africa. As I jerked my gun around the bird pitched down toward the wet thickets and was gone.

"They're here," I called to Allen. Even as I said it I saw his double-barrel swing up, point a stabbing lance of red flame straight overhead. I got in a shot at his bird, too, as it zigzagged across the bright strip of rose and saffron that lay low in the west. But neither of us scored and the woodcock plunged safe into the brush.

Our firing line faced the river. The birds were coming down the Boardman from the east, crossing the field just above the skyline. Each one had to run the full gantlet of four guns, broadside, and on some we managed to crowd in two and three shots apiece. They dodged and twisted and turned, and it was like shooting skeet after dark. But no clay target that ever came out of a traphouse deserves to be mentioned in the same breath with a woodcock. Both may come at a tricky angle, but the clay bird flies straight.

A woodcock flying broadside is in a class by himself. And the flight had started so late that darkness was almost at hand before Bud let go the first blast.

We never fired a shot that could not be seen in the gathering dusk, a vivid red stab. Our firing line lit up like a field battery every time a timber doodle went past.

The third one over I nailed, God knows how.

I caught him high, still a long way from the alders. We stopped shooting as soon as a bird was above the brush. There wasn't a chance we could ever find one if it fell in the thickets. My bird's flight ended over the field and he eddied down like a black leaf against the rosy west.

It was too dark on the ground by that time to mark where he fell. I left my stump and went to ferret him out, combing the ground yard by yard. While I was out in the middle of the field three or four more woodcock came over.

By that time Allen had one down. Bud had stopped shooting and joined us in looking for the dead birds. Straight over the black cedar swamp on the far side of the field we saw a stray coming, out of the south, twisting and turning in erratic flight. He was the first to come from that direction.

Bud straightened up and waited for him. He fired a full salvo from his double twenty, and the bird's struts failed, and Bud was away on a search of his own.

I found my woodcock, went back to the stump and missed three in a row. Behind me Bob's gun roared twice and when I turned to look, the sky held no darting bird. I knew he had scored.

Allen and Bud came back to their stands just as two woodcock came in, one on the other's tail. But not in formation by any means. One was traveling high across the sky, the other low above the black brush. Each twisted his separate way at our first burst.

We gave them the full presidential salute but they kept on going and tilted down into the alders to their feeding grounds as if not a shot had been fired.

I couldn't help wondering what the woodcock flock talked about that night as they probed the wet black bog for worms. It was probably the first time anyone had ever shot on that flight and in all likelihood they had been coming there to feed every October for thirty years. But maybe they weren't much disturbed, at that. I'm not so sure they even knew what we were shooting at.

The flight strung on, a steady trickle of birds, for fifteen or twenty minutes more, and our barrage thundered and crashed, and rolled across the river, and the hills on the far side sent it rumbling back.

Now and then a bird was grassed and whoever thought he had rightful claim raced out and combed the open field. The shooting got worse as darkness deepened, and the last five or ten minutes nobody scored.

We tapered off and quit finally when the birds were no more than a flitting hint of black, seen briefly against the yellow-green sky above the alder thickets. The flight was slowing down. Most of the birds were in for the night and it was no longer any use to shoot.

It could never be good hunting for those who delight in a big bag, that evening flight of the woodcock. I shot better than half a box of shells, and if I had killed four more birds I'd have had six. The rest of the scores were about on a par.

But I don't remember a half-hour of better fun afield than we had, perched there on the old pine stumps while the afterglow of the October sunset faded, watching the woodcock come, out of their daytime hiding places, to the feeding grounds by the river, elusive black elves across the evening sky.

In fact I only remember one other half-hour of hunting as good. That was screwball shooting, too.

It happened on Drummond Island, where the mighty St. Mary's River pours into the north end of Lake Huron, one November in deer season. Roland Pierson and I were in camp together. Fall was late that year, and the ground was still bare of snow.

The swamps of Drummond Island were full of snowshoe rabbits—maybe you call 'em varying hares—and fate had played a mean trick on them.

The snowshoe changes coats twice a year. In spring he molts his white winter fur and his brown summer pelage takes its place. In fall he discards the brown, and white comes in again. The result is that he's moderately hard to see the year around, in the dense cedar and alder thickets where he hangs out, and especially hard to see in fall and winter.

When the first snow comes he's wearing half white and half brown, and among the patches of snow and the dead brown brakes and leaves he's about 98 per cent invisible as long as he sits still. In winter, milk white save for his big eyes and the black tips of his ears, he matches his background even better, if possible.

Well, the snowshoe rabbits had molted on time that fall on Drummond Island but the weather man hadn't kept his end of the bargain.

By the time the deer season got under way, in the latter half of November, the hares were better than three-fourths white. And on the bare ground, among the dark green cedars and beside the alder thickets and fire-charred logs of the swamps, they loomed up like gravestones on the prairie.

It was Roland who put forward the idea of using shotguns on 'em. It never would have occurred to me. Considering the disadvantage they were under, plus the normal, stupid ways of the snowshoe unless a dog is at his heels, they held forth about as much promise of sport as a flock of farmyard hens.

Roland's approach was roundabout. He suggested hassenpfeffer. He had no argument with me on that score. "I'll knock the heads off a couple of 'em on the way in from hunting tomorrow afternoon, with the .300," I agreed. "You get a couple. That ought to be enough." I was just about as enthusiastic as I would be over decapitating a hen for chicken and biscuits.

Roland shook his head. "Let's get 'em tonight," he suggested.

"Tonight?"

"Sure. They don't come as easy as you think."

Take my word for it, he was right.

We waited until dusk was just beginning to thicken in the timber. We took to the edge of a big alder swamp behind camp, where we had seen twenty rabbits every time we went by.

We hadn't gone fifty yards when we located one. He was just a blurred patch of white beside a black old stump. I put the twenty-gauge on him and got the surprise of my life. I couldn't see the gun. No, I don't mean the sights. I mean the gun.

I lifted it up against the sky, and the barrel was there all right. But when I dropped it on the rabbit again the black barrel faded into the black brush, and it was for all the world like shooting blindfolded.

I laid my cheek a little closer on the stock, and let the gun roar in the chill November silence.

The white patch never kicked.

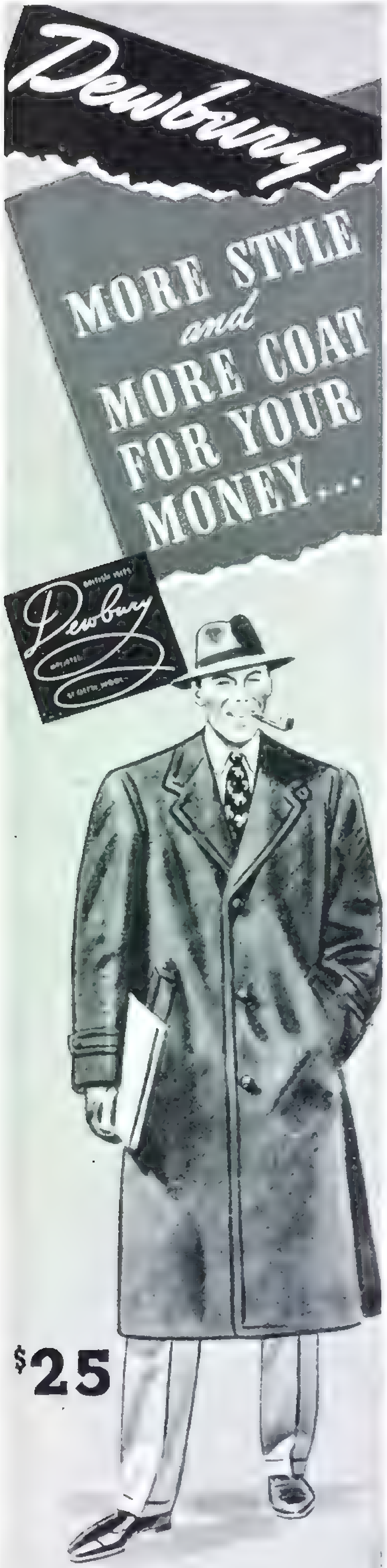
"Get him?" Roland yelled from beyond a tangle of cedars.

"Deader than a doornail," I called back. I was pretty pleased with myself, shooting in the dark that way. I walked up to the stump to retrieve. I had shot, with no particular results, a little patch of ice that covered a puddle of water as big as my hat. There was just enough snow to stick to it and turn it rabbit-white.

I did better on the next chance. That one was a rabbit, and I blasted him out from between his ears at fifty feet with a charge of chilled sixes.

A little half moon was up that night, obscured by a light haze, and the shooting light stayed about the same as the evening went along. We got enough rabbits for hassenpfeffer, crashing around in the brush, chasing 'em out from under windfalls, missing three for every one we killed. Believe me, fellow, it was fun!

That evening and the evening we spent with the woodcock along the Boardman were like nothing else I ever did with a shotgun. I'd like to do 'em both over again. I'd like to find another November swamp, bare of snow and full of ghost rabbits, in the early dusk of a cold fall night. I'd like to go back to that old field beside the river, when a red October sunset is dying out and haze lies on the distant hills like blue fog. I'd like to wait again for the faint whistle of hermit wings, watch for the first black elf of evening, twisting and rocketing toward the alders. #



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these fellows, but I'll never understand your patience with them." He waved his hand to the leader. "Go!"

Doctor Beecham inclined his head. "Forgive us, stranger," he said. "The road is open. Bury thy dead."

The old man bowed, first to the Captain and then to Doctor Beecham. "*Sholom!*" He turned and gave his commands to the younger men.

"*Sholom!*" said the Captain, restoring his pistol to its holster.

"*Sholom!*" the chaplain repeated softly. A cold tingling ran down his spine as he watched the old man being helped into the riding saddle again. The beast rocked as she came to her feet. Other camels snorted and scuffled their hoofs: the snap of a leather whip cut the air. The ram's horn skirled out its signal note. Torches flared and bells tinkled. The caravan was moving forward once more.

"I never see camels moving in the dark," Captain Arbuthnot murmured, "without thinking that they look like dirty, monstrous swans mounted on stilts. I remember my fear of the black swan my uncle brought to our place one summer. He didn't even look real. Maybe that's why I can hardly believe that they're real creatures wobbling past us."

Doctor Beecham looked sharply at him. "Streak of poetry in you, Captain!" he retorted.

The other smiled. "But no quainter, Doctor, than your speaking up for that little caravan . . ." He started. "Should have given them a pass through the gates of Hebron."

"I don't think they'll need a pass."

"No? Well . . . By Jove, it's odd that the torches and noise never attracted a single sniper. They must have been visible for a kilometer or more."

"At least that distance."

"Hm. Don't you think it out of the ordinary?"

"This is the Holy Land," Doctor Beecham began soberly, "holy to three religions. I have often thought that it would be holy even without that: so much blood has been shed here. Long before the Bible period this was the buffer area between Egypt and Chaldea, the bridge between Africa and Asia. Armies trampled across this narrow strip of land, leaving their blood and their dead here. Only in the spiritual sense has it ever been a 'land of milk and honey.' "

Captain Arbuthnot shrugged. "Personally, Doctor, I'd rather be in Hong Kong or Singapore or even back in India, which isn't what you'd call as peaceful as a drawing room."

"As for Hebron," Doctor Beecham went on, "its history must be exciting to anyone who has ever read the King James Bible. Abraham pitched his tents on the plain and lived here. Sarah baked her biscuits here when the Angel of the Lord came with his prophecy about the birth of Isaac. Later Abraham bought the caves of Machpelah for a burial place for Sarah and their descendants. Joshua took the city, David made it his royal capital for seven years. Absalom came here to be declared king when he revolted against his father. Ay, Judas Maccabeus took Hebron from the Edomites—"

"But, Doctor!" the Captain shouted excitedly, seizing his arm, "that old fellow said he was headed for the Caves of Machpelah. They are under the Mosque El-Haram!"

The chaplain smiled wistfully. "So they are, Captain Arbuthnot, so they are! And the Mosque is a holy place from which all who do not belong to the faith of Mohammed are excluded."

The Captain struck his fist into his palm. "Yet you asked me to pass that caravan!" he muttered reproachfully. "It was headed for Machpelah, they said. Damnation, Doctor, we'll have more bloodshed in the morning."

"I don't think so, Captain, I don't think so. Indeed, I am not at all sure that we really saw a caravan moving down the road to Hebron and Machpelah."

"What do you mean, sir? I see the torches, I hear the camel bells. Damme, I can even smell the beasts!"

"I suggest that the Captain ask the sentry what he sees and hears —and smells."

With a hard look at the chaplain the Captain rushed toward the sentry line. Doctor Beecham stared thoughtfully at the indigo sky as he waited. What could he tell Arbuthnot? A man must perceive these things for himself . . . A meteor dropped, winking through the night. "The prophet Hosea said," he reflected, " 'Who is wise, and he shall understand these things? Prudent, and he shall know them? For the ways of the Lord are right, and the just shall walk in them: But the transgressors shall fall therein.' "

The camels were gone, the torches were out, the tinkling had ceased. The caravan would be through the gates and into the narrow streets of Hebron. He could imagine the minarets of the great mosque which stood above Machpelah: in his mind's eye he could see it gleaming phosphorescently on the horizon. For a moment he thought he could hear the soft tones of an ancient dirge, but it was only the wind coming through the oaks on Mamre.

He shuddered at a sound behind him. The Captain had returned.

"The sentinel?"

"Has heard nothing—seen nothing—" Captain Arbuthnot declared heavily.

"I thought as much."

"You mean it was a sort of mirage?"

"What would you say, my friend?"

The other thought a moment and snorted. "The early colonists in this infernal place cleared the swamps and rid the land of malaria. But, Doctor, I'm going in for a stiff dose of quinine anyway. I advise you to do the same!" He turned abruptly and stalked away

Continued at top of page 174

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Curfew in Hebron

Continued from pages 79-173

toward the ghostly file of tents.

Doctor Beecham stepped softly to the sentry line.

"Hear anything, my man?" he murmured to the soldier who loomed before him. "Doctor Beecham."

"All's quiet, sir. No sound, sir."

"The nights are beautiful here."

"Yes, sir."

"Good night."

"Good night, sir."

He walked toward the dirt road. Where they had spoken to the old man, the leader of the caravan, he paused solemnly. The wind was soft and warm again, whispering through the oaks of Mamre. The darkness, still deep indigo, was relaxed now and silken. A night bird cheeped somewhere. Otherwise there was silence.

" 'Who is wise?' " Doctor Beecham repeated to himself. " 'Who is wise and he shall understand these things?' " ##

The Fifth Field Artillery, U. S. A.

Continued from page 67

of the American Standard as the last British ships weighed anchor and departed down the Bay.

The guns were quiet until 1791 when they roared again at Vincennes, Indiana, as a part of General St. Clair's command against the Miamis. All of the officers were killed in this tragic defeat as were two-thirds of the men. All of the Battery horses were killed and the guns spiked and abandoned. The broken arrow at the bottom of the shield of the Regimental coat-of-arms commemorates this disaster.

During the War of 1812, this same Battery's main action was at Fort St. Philip, seventy miles south of the City during the Battle of New Orleans. Although its guns were badly outranged, the garrison at Fort St. Philip withstood a nine-day bombardment and prevented the British Fleet from sailing further up the river to assist at the attempt to take the city.

Between the War of 1812 and the Mexican War of 1847 in which this command fought, probably much to its disgust, as infantry at the Heights of Contreras above Vera Cruz, it was engaged in campaigns for the pacification of the Seminoles, the Cherokees and the Potawatomi Indians.

The command's first battle honors in the Civil War, strangely enough, was in covering a reconnaissance near Yorktown where it had heard the final "Cease Firing" of the Revolution. The Regiment served at Mechanicsville and Gaines Mill during the Peninsular Campaign and for eight days in June and July of 1862 it was so continually in action that its horses were never unharnessed.

The Civil War battle honors continue—"Falling Waters," "Winchester," "Cedar Mountain," "Second Bull Run," "Antietam," "Fredericksburg," "Chancellorsville," and "Gettysburg" where its supporting fire for the Twelfth Corps was one of the decisive factors of the third day of the battle. The star at the top of the shield of the arms commemorates that Twelfth Corps.

During the Spanish-American War, E Battery was organized and first drawn by bulls and known hence, as the "Bull Battery." It arrived in Cuba after the armistice but E and D Batteries later took part with F in suppressing the Philippine Insurrection.

Now it is written somewhere in letters of gold that all good Major Generals were once lieutenants. Among the lieutenants the 5th has had, was First Lieutenant Charles P. Summerall—later Major General and Chief of Staff of the Army. Captain Henry J. Reilly, who had Battery F of the 5th in 1899, asked for young Summerall when he was ordered to proceed to Manila. In the Philippines, Summerall remained long enough to receive two citations for gallantry—against insurgents at San Cristobal River and at Binang, before moving on to China, with Reilly's Battery and taking part in the Allied Action against the Boxers at Pekin.

At the Imperial City, it was Reilly's Battery of the 5th that blew in the gates and they did it because after an ineffective salvo, Lieutenant Summerall decided that it was useless to keep firing into the heavy teakwood unless the exact location of the supporting beams could be ascertained.

He passed the "Cease Fire" to his platoon and walked slowly into the field of Boxer fire and down to the gates themselves. He sighted through the foot-thick gate planks, located the line of the massive cross beams behind, and marked their position with chalk, painstakingly filling in the outline to form a glaring white target.

"Fire on that," he howled and F Battery fired and the gates of the Imperial City splintered and collapsed in a cloud of saffron Pekin dust and young Lieutenant Summerall got to see what was behind them.

You may remember that particular Lieutenant Summerall yourself, after he grew up to be a General—"Feed 'em all, fight 'em all, fool 'em all, Summerall"—from the last war.

And that last war, late-lamented now and dying on the vine like all old wars that have been talked about so long, ad nauseam, that brand new wars have caught up with them, saw the 5th Field again—at Luneville, Ansauville, Cantigny, Soissons, St. Mihiel, and the Meuse-Argonne with the First Division.

And it is with the First Division now in Texas and where, pray, does it go from Texas—what targets do its guns lay on next in anger? ##

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Nobody Wanted Seabiscuit

Continued from page 72

by birth, Tom Smith—though neither had known the other in the home state. Taciturn Tom is the type who never uses two words when a nod will suffice.

Howard wished to strengthen his stable. Yes sir, here's the very horse for you! Grandson of Man o' War. He's on the smallish side—can scamper around turns better than these big brutes. A right handy racing tool . . .

Howard was thinking of the colt's fighting spirit. So Seabiscuit changed hands—for $7,250. That was at Saratoga, August 14, 1936.

Crack Eastern jockeys had tried their necromancy on Seabiscuit when he ran in the yellow and purple of the Wheatley colors: Jimmy Stout, Johnny Gilbert, Francis Horn, James H. Burke, Georgie Woolf, Ira Hanford, Kenneth Knott, Frankie Kopel, Charlie Rosengarten, even the old master of two-year-olds, Raymond ("Sonny") Workman had tried to ride him into the winner's circle. Only Stout, Horn, Kopel and Knott had done so.

Now a shaggy, red-haired fellow from Montana, John Pollard, came knocking at the Howard door. Seeking mounts. Tom Smith jerked a thumb toward the colt's stall. He might work Seabiscuit—show his stuff. Red walked to the horse, and it was friendship at first sight. The colt lowered his head over the half-door, muzzled the jockey, and discovered a piece of sugar . . . Red Pollard threw his leg over Seabiscuit's back—and they galloped to fame.

Perhaps the new owner's attitude toward this dumb brute had something to do with the upward curve in his fortunes. The Wheatley Stable had regarded him as they would the milkman—someone for the cook to receive in the kitchen of the claiming races. The Howard outfit asked Seabiscuit into the parlor of the great turf classics, believing he was a fast horse worthy of stake company. How he responded to this treatment is one of the sagas of the turf.

Though Howard bought him in the shank of the year—when most three-year-old stakes had been run, or entries had closed for the remaining ones—he managed to find eleven handicaps and allowance races for him: contests on the swank courses of the Big Apple, on Mid-West merry-go-rounds, on the new tracks of the Pacific Coast and he won five of them, was third three times, and out of the money only twice.

At the end of the year—1936—he was in the golden circle of the thirty leading money winners in America. Seabiscuit was eighteenth on that list, with total earnings for the year of $28,995—of which $22,940 had been won under the Howard banner. He had started a total of 23 times: had won nine races, was second one time, and third five times. Impressive was the manner in which he won those fall races—easily, which means that once he had a chance to stretch racing legs he held the fields at his mercy . . . even the year's greatest money-winner, Granville—property of William Woodward, Jockey Club Chairman—won only four times Seabiscuit's sum ($110,295) and he was in most of the great three-year-old stakes in the East: the Derby (though Jockey Stout fell off him at the start of that one), the Preakness, the Belmont, the Arlington Classic, the Kenner, the Travers, the Saratoga Cup, the Lawrence Realization—winning the last six.

The next year—1937—the American turf rubbed its eyes. What's this—the Wheatley Stable pass up a good one? Seabiscuit was coming fast—threatened to be a handicap champion, and once Mr. Fitz ran him in $2,500 claimers. His new trainer, Tom Smith, had put the little bay in the front row.

(Little? Certainly not large. He's 15 hands 2 inches high, smaller, even, than his ancient enemy, little War Admiral, who stands 15 hands 2½ inches. If you wish it, Seabiscuit's stride is 20 feet, 11¾ inches, and he's 7 feet, 10 inches "length over all." War Admiral's stride was 21 feet, 1¾ inches, and length over all, 9 feet, 2 inches. Seabiscuit's sustained top speed was, roughly, at the rate of 37½ miles an hour, covering 55 feet a second; though in his great speed bursts he traveled faster for an eighth of a mile or so.)

Some prophets were rash enough to predict that he might—mind you, might—become the greatest money-winning horse in the world's history. He was fast, he never tossed up tail and quit; and he took 'em on at all ages, all weights, all distances, and on tracks East and West. He was in able hands: owned by a man who planned his engagements as a general would map his campaigns; ridden by a jockey who knew the colt's every whim—it was even hinted that the 'Biscuit whispered to Red Pollard when no one was eavesdropping.

Then up rose a jinx.

Some years before, William Woodward's bay colt, Gallant Fox, became the world's leading money winner by taking eleven stakes out of seventeen tries in two seasons' time—for a total of $328,165. That record—great as it was—stood for only one year; for along came a bay horse named Sun Beau—running in Willis Sharpe Kilmer's green, brown and orange silks.

Sun Beau's start had been somewhat similar to Seabiscuit's, in that his two-year-old record was not distinguished; though he started only four times, winning but once. The next year his earnings leaped to $79,909—and thence began a march during the rich racing years, a march from Canada to Mexico which ended at the close of 1931, when he surpassed Gallant Fox's record with total

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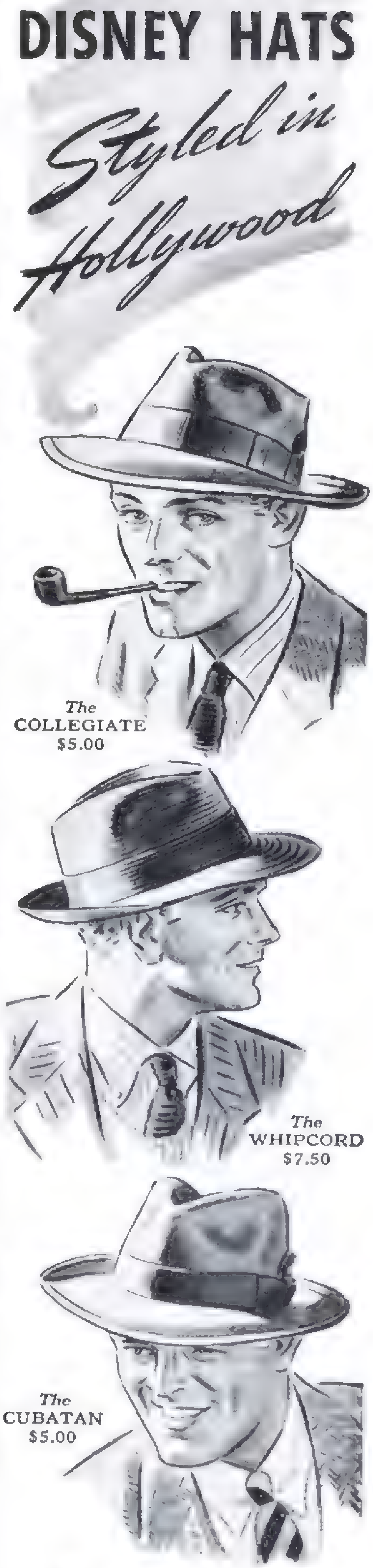

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Nobody Wanted Seabiscuit

Continued from pages 72-175

winnings reaching $376,744.

The moment this crown—Champion Money-Winning Race Horse of All Time—was on Sun Beau's head, a dozen sharp thoroughbreds were avowedly pointed at his record. And at that moment the jinx crept from the barn and grinned: a jinx that let a horse get within hollerin' distance of Sun Beau's record, and then clamped down and removed the contestant forever from the tracks.

There was Phar Lap (*Wink of the Sky* from Australia) which took the old Agua Caliente Handicap in dazzling manner; which had won a total of $332,250—and was looking at Sun Beau. But a fruit tree stood in his California orchard—and Phar Lap nibbled on it. Its bark had been treated with poison to kill pests. It killed Phar Lap.

Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney's Equipoise had set a world's record for a mile around a turn: 1:34 2/5. If he'd won the $100,000 Santa Anita Handicap in 1935 he'd have bumped Sun Beau (he had earned $338,610); but he ran seventh—and shortly afterward was retired.

Then came a dangerous threat in A. A. Baroni's gallant little Top Row. He, too, had once run in claiming races; Baroni saw a speed king in him—claimed him for $3,500. And Top Row justified that faith by setting a world record for 1 1/16 miles at Bay Meadows, California, in 1934—time, 1:42. Here was the horse to make Sun Beau move over. He went on to victory after victory—won the $100,000 Santa Anita Handicap in 1936. Then a leg went bad—and there was no mending. He retired with $213,820 winnings.

Samuel D. Riddle's War Admiral—a son of Man o' War—was highly touted as a candidate. But Seabiscuit ran the heart out of him in their memorable match race at Pimlico, October 1, 1938. Shortly afterward War Admiral did win a cheap winter race in Florida—then was retired.

On these horses—and others—the jinx worked only once, but decisively. It started early and worked continuously on Seabiscuit. You don't believe in jinxes? Neither do Howard nor Smith nor Red Pollard. But the trinity met more hard luck, while campaigning Seabiscuit toward the goal, than ten average stables ever face.

In 1937 the horse was entered in that same $100,000 Santa Anita Handicap. Rosemont nosed him out of first place in a thrilling finish. But the remainder of the year was glorious: this was the season outstanding horses in every American corner ate the little fellow's dust: Time Supply, Special Agent, Aneroid, Memory Book, Grand Manitou, Thorson, Jesting, Corinto, Caballero II, the dangerously fast Heelfly, Burning Star these were only a few which ran second or third as he won the San Juan Capistrano Handicap at Santa Anita; the Brooklyn Handicap in New York; the Butler at Empire City; the Massachusetts Handicap in Boston; the Laurel Stakes and the Riggs Handicap in Maryland—among others. Red Pollard rode him in every race fifteen starts, eleven winnings, two seconds, one third, for a year's total of $168,580. Not only was he handicap champion of 1937, but he was also the year's leading money winner—the second horse being the three-year-old War Admiral, that won $166,500.

It seemed mere bad luck that Seabiscuit had lost the Santa Anita in 1937 by a nose—just an inch or two; so Howard hopefully nominated him for the 1938 renewal. Once more the jinx cackled—and took it out on Red Pollard.

The boy fell from Seabiscuit and broke his collar-bone.

Every jockey in America wanted to take Red's place—jockeys love to put the leg on champions. Finally Sonny Workman was given the mount in the San Antonio—a handicap preparatory to the Santa Anita. The horse was beaten again just by a nose.

Riders were changed for the big race—Georgie Woolf being engaged. Again Seabiscuit made his great stretch charge, running over horse after horse—to be beaten at the wire "by a nose" by the lightly-weighted Stagehand from Maxwell Howard's barn—Earl Sande trainer. (Stagehand carried on 100 pounds—Seabiscuit 130.)

Would he have won both races with Red Pollard in the saddle? No one knows.

Shortly afterward Charlie Howard's phone rang in San Francisco. Belmont Park wanted to stage a match race between Seabiscuit and War Admiral—the champion and the runner-up for money-earning honors in 1937. How about it? Finally the match was agreed on—to be run Memorial Day for $100,000.

Both horses were shipped to Belmont, training began; but Seabiscuit's bad leg troubled him again—the match had to be called off. Unkind and unfair things were said about the little bay fellow who had never cried quits . . . oh yes, the leg strengthened, and he was getting ready for the Massachusetts Handicap at Suffolk Downs—Red Pollard riding again. One morning, after a sparkling workout, Red slid to the ground and met a friend in need.

The friend was training a nag, name o' Modern Youth—and he didn't have an exercise boy that morning. Would Red be doin' him the favor of gallopin' the Youth?

Sure—why not?

The jockey climbed on the critter's back. They started off—the mount tossed Red over his head, and the rider's leg was broken . . . surgeons said he couldn't ride for a long time.

Again the call went out for another jockey. Seabiscuit was ready to start in the Massachusetts Handicap when, on the day of the race, his leg began to swell.

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and the owner was forced to scratch him.

That autumn Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt suggested a match race between Seabiscuit and War Admiral for his Pimlico Track in Baltimore. To be run November first. Howard consented. (Pimlico hung up $15,000—not $100,000.)

In the final arrangements Sam Riddle gained more than one advantage for War Admiral: a starter from New York came to handle the race; War Admiral drew number one post position; Riddle and War Admiral favored a walk-up start—Howard agreed to it all, with the utmost faith in his horse.

The public didn't have the same confidence. Where was Red Pollard? Still in the hospital. Shucks, he was the boy to boot him in. So a majority of the 40,000 who jammed Pimlico that day wagered on War Admiral, making him favorite at 1 to 4. Seabiscuit was 11 to 5 when the mutuels closed.

Georgie Woolf rode Seabiscuit. Howard wanted to bring Red down from the hospital to see the race—the doctors said no. As the horses were being saddled Mrs. Howard, with a wistful little smile, pinned a medal of St. Christopher—patron saint of travelers—to Seabiscuit's saddle blanket. Then the bugle called them to the post.

What the crowd didn't know was this: War Admiral had a fine trainer in George Conway; a superb jockey in Charlie Kurtsinger. But Seabiscuit had a great money rider in Woolf; and on the ground was a masterly trainer—Tom Smith. For years Tom had conditioned horses for match races out West. He knew the turn in every angle.

The results of Smith's training were evident from the split-second the race started. Now War Admiral was a front runner. Seabiscuit usually came from behind: and won his races by a mighty charge in the last furlong. Today the bell sounded—Seabiscuit sprang into the lead, took the rail (he had been No. 2 at post) and was a length in front as they passed the grandstand the first time on the 1 3/16 mile route.

Going into the backstretch War Admiral came alongside Seabiscuit. For three heart-breaking furlongs they ran, nose to nose.

Woolf touched Seabiscuit with his whip, lifted his reins as they came to the far turn. The horse shot ahead of War Admiral—drew away from him. The little brown fellow from the Riddle barn was given a great ride by Kurtsinger—but he had met his master.

In that moment Seabiscuit showed a unique ability—possessed by only one other horse in the memory of living men: the power to make two great runs in one race. Gallant Fox could do it—now Seabiscuit was doing it. His start had been breath-taking—a mighty burst of speed. Now he was speeding up again, charging down the stretch like a fury—War Admiral wobbling behind.

At the wire four lengths separated them—and Georgie Woolf could have opened more daylight. As it was, they cracked the track record set by Pompoon—covered the 1 3/16 mile route in 1:56 3/5.

Half a hundred movie and still cameras whirred and clicked, 40,000 burst into roaring applause as Seabiscuit was led into the victory circle. The conqueror was little interested. Old stuff! He'd won before—and he'd win again. So he turned his head and nibbled a yellow chrysanthemum from the wreath draped over his shoulders.

Of course he was nominated for the 1939 Santa Anita. Maybe Red Pollard could ride him this time. Several weeks before the big race the management of a California track urged Howard to start Seabiscuit in one of the minor races. All the West wanted to see him in action—he'd draw twenty thousand additional people through the turnstile.

Tom Smith's back became rigid. No, no, and again NO. The horse wasn't quite ready for a hard race. Besides, you took a chance on injury every time he stepped from his stall. He might stumble, pick up a rock, be kicked. Save him for the Santa Anita, said Smith. Please start him, Mr. Howard, said the track's management. He's America's greatest turf attraction. Start him on our track—please.

Yes, said Charlie Howard.

Seabiscuit went lame in that race.

An odd silence draped over the packed stands as the champion hobbled back to the line. Thousands had come to see a great horse flash by with colors gleaming; they beheld this: a horse once great. It had all happened in a few seconds.

The word swept through the crowd: he broke down. And a vet who quickly looked at him was quoted: it's tendon trouble—and they don't ever come back from that at his age.

Slowly he was led off—and a few days later the $100,000 Santa Anita Handicap was run without him.

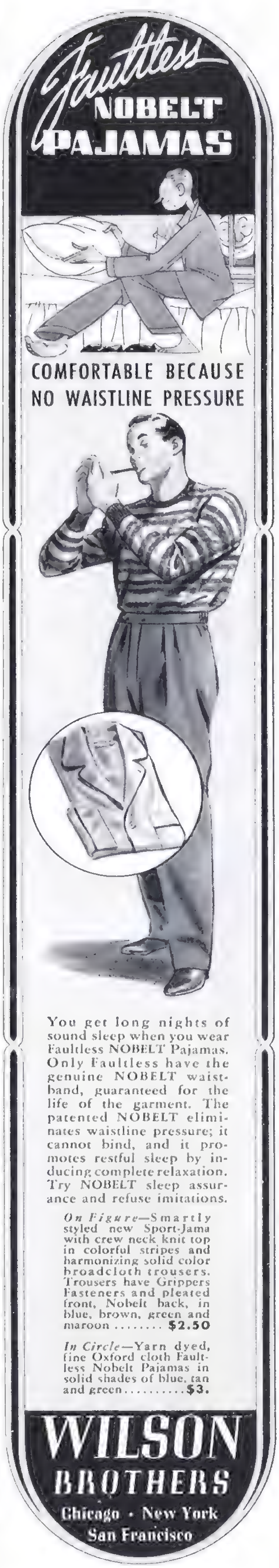
His leg swathed in bandages up to his shoulders, Seabiscuit was carefully shipped to Howard's ranch, where all is quiet among the Redwoods. After a little while he was hobbling in the meadows, where wondering mares gathered 'round. This was the great Seabiscuit.

Perhaps there was a cackling sound in the bush—where jinxes are supposed to hide. Who knows? Seabiscuit had come the nearest of all to Sun Beau's record—only thirty-five thousand dollars behind it. *Tsk—tsk—tsk—tsk!* It had taken four cracks of Fate to lay him—but here he was at last, hobbling with the mares!

Maybe Seabiscuit heard and comprehended those chuckles—or was it merely the soughing of wind through the Redwood branches? His ears pricked forward; the head—carried high—looked around searchingly . . . the fellow always was a fighter.

Ten months crept by, other horses swept into public favor. Johnstown—handled by Fitzsim-

Continued on page 178



COMFORTABLE BECAUSE
NO WAISTLINE PRESSURE

You get long nights of sound sleep when you wear Faultless NOBELT Pajamas. Only Faultless have the genuine NOBELT waistband, guaranteed for the life of the garment. The patented NOBELT eliminates waistline pressure; it cannot bind, and it promotes restful sleep by inducing complete relaxation. Try NOBELT sleep assurance and refuse imitations.

On Figure—Smartly styled new Sport-Jama with crew neck knit top in colorful stripes and harmonizing solid color broadcloth trousers. Trousers have Grippers Fasteners and pleated front, Nobelt back, in blue, brown, green and maroon **$2.50**

In Circle—Yarn dyed, fine Oxford cloth Faultless Nobelt Pajamas in solid shades of blue, tan and green.......... **$3.**

WILSON
BROTHERS
Chicago · New York
San Francisco

Skipper
SPORTWEAR

THE OUTFIT THAT'S AT HOME OUTDOORS

You get masculine ruggedness plus good looks in Skipper Sportwear designed for football weather. The Skipper label marks the highest achievement in sportwear comfort and smartness. Here are two new Skippers for fall.

LOAFER COAT— Pure wool, tailored with new exclusive one-piece body for greater comfort and freedom, half belt. Bagpipe Green and Camel Tan...... **$7.50**

SLEEVELESS SWEATER— Pure worsted English rib, provides warmth without weight. Stone Blue, Bagpipe Green, and Camel Tan..... **$2.**

At Good Stores Everywhere

WILSON BROTHERS
Chicago · New York
San Francisco

Nobody Wanted Seabiscuit

Continued from pages 72-175-177

mons. Seabiscuit's first trainer—won the Derby; was beaten by Challedon in the Preakness; then took the Belmont. Shortly after that he staled off and was retired to stud. Challedon went on and became a good horse. And the two-year-old Bimelech, sporting the green and white silks of Bradley of Kentucky, was unbeaten during the season. And there was Andy K., Bimelech's rival, who had all the breaks against him. They even disqualified him after winning two races, saying he impeded other horses. Alfred Vanderbilt's Now What was the champion filly—

Seabiscuit was only a memory.

Then came word from California: Seabiscuit was going to try for a come-back. What's this? Last heard, the old fellow was at stud, a broken-down cripple. Why, he's seven years old—that's getting on in years for a horse. He never could win this race anyway. It jinxed him.

Oh yes? Well sir, they brought the old fellow down to Santa Anita, and his nostrils quivered with animation as he stepped on the track. That game leg—he didn't favor it at all; and it was no bigger than the others. You been working him out, Mr. Smith? Breezing him a bit, say? There's no answer—for Tom Smith has no time to reply to fools. The horse speaks for himself.

Seabiscuit starts in a race with fast horses—he runs third. Seems like he's on the upgrade. He starts again—with his stablemate, Kayak II—and they both run out of the money. What happened? It was racing luck. Seabiscuit was in the thick of it—fighting to get a chance to use those racing legs.

For the third time since his recovery he goes to the post: in the 1 1/16 mile San Antonio Handicap—$10,000 to the winner. This is the try-out for the Santa Anita. Seabiscuit finished second in it in 1938—Workman riding; just as he finished second in the Santa Anita a week later that year—Woolf riding. But who's that on him today? Red Pollard! The boy is trying to make a come-back, same as the horse.

The bell rings—they're off. Seabiscuit is jumbled up, somewhere, as they pass the stands. He's fifth as they start down the backstretch. Now he's moving up on the outside. Now he's second to the leader, Vino Puro (a Latin-American importation) at the half-mile pole. Now he's challenging the leader—and behind him, coming fast, is his own stablemate, Kayak II.

But Vino Puro holds on—until he cracks as they turn into the stretch. Here comes Seabiscuit! He's passing the leader—and it's Seabiscuit all the way, followed by the great Kayak II, Viscounty, Vino Puro, Heelfly, and seven others.

He equaled the track record that day. Thirty-three thousand persons cheered as Red Pollard rode him into the winner's circle. The jockey, who talks little more than Smith, slid off his back and said, "We are ready now to meet all comers."

March 2, 1940. More than 75,000 persons in the Santa Anita stands—possibly 750,000 persons leaning over radios, listening . . .

"They're at the post—the $100,000 Santa Anita handicap . . . Seabiscuit is No. 13, on the outside—top weight of 130 pounds—his stablemate Kayak II one pound less . . . Red Pollard riding Seabiscuit . . . they're off!"

From Long Island to the Pacific Coast women and men were listening—thousands who never wager a nickel, but were thrilled by the thought of this once-great champion with his once-great rider trying to get through that pack of fast horses.

Seabiscuit was fifth coming out of the starting gate. The field almost jammed at the first turn—it looked as if Seabiscuit would be caught, knocked off stride, shuffled back. But Red Pollard lifted his reins and clucked—the little bay shot forward, clear of interference, then swerved over toward the rail as they went around the first turn.

In front was the lightly-weighted Whichee (114 pounds)—one length in front, ridden by the crack Basil James. Then Seabiscuit. Then came Specify, Royal Crusader, Wedding Call, Heelfly—and somewhere, coming out of the ruck, was Seabiscuit's stable-companion, the fast Kayak II.

Whichee was setting a murderous pace—the first mile of the 1¼ mile route was stepped in 1:36 flat. That's burning up the track. And right behind Whichee was Seabiscuit—clear of all interference. At the half-mile he had crept up to Whichee's throat latch—he was traveling as fast as that speedster was. At the three-quarters he still held his place—a head behind the leader. One horse was bound to crack—it wasn't in the cards that both would carry through with this pace. Behind them, running a marvelous race, was Kayak II. He had swept around the field on the backstretch, he was number six and coming fast as they went into the turn—he was number three as the field swept into the stretch.

Whichee still led. Seabiscuit a head behind. From the stands went up a mighty roar which billowed out to the horses—struck the San Gabriel mountains behind the course—and echoed back to all America:

Seabiscuit!

The old warrior seemed to hear the cry—to know its meaning. His ears went forward, his legs pounded all the swifter—he crept up alongside Whichee—looked him squarely in the eye. James was lashing out with his whip; Whichee had given all he had—he had nothing left.

Red Pollard clucked—lifted his reins again. And old Seabiscuit shot into the lead, drew away from that field. He was making his fa-

KIRSTEN PRICES are REDUCED!

Now you can own the Genuine KIRSTEN... no need to be satisfied with less . . . enjoy the perfect smoke!

NEW "STANDARD" Kirsten
$5.00

THE Kirsten
PATS. & PATS. PEND.
"RADIATOR" PIPE

	WAS	NOW
New Standard Pipe		$5.00
With larger cooling area and bowl capacity than the former $10 size—a genuine KIRSTEN smoke!		
Medium Pipe	$12.50	$7.00
Large Pipe	15.00	8.50
Aristocrat	17.50	10.00

(NOT sale prices—permanent price reductions)

KIRSTEN Cigarette Holder—no filters—no fuss—cleans between smokes . . . WAS $3.00—NOW

$2.00

THE Kirsten CIGARETTE HOLDER

New manufacturing economies cut KIRSTEN prices almost in half! Now you can own the genuine KIRSTEN—the radiator pipe that pre-cools smoke, condenses and traps oils and tars, easily and thoroughly cleanable—at a cost that's easy on the pocketbook.

At leading men's shops, department stores, tobacconists, jewelers and druggists—or write for illustrated folder and Smoking Analysis Chart.

KIRSTEN PIPE COMPANY, Dept. 310
3129 Western Avenue Seattle, Washington

mous stretch charge. They flashed down to the wire—there was open daylight between Seabiscuit and the next horse: Kayak II. Behind wobbled the tiring Whichee—and in the rear came ten other puffing, spent horses.

Basil James was one of the first back, with Whichee. He slid off and ran to the stewards. "Pollard fouled me in the stretch—he cut in on me at the sixteenth pole!"

Just for a moment the throngs were still. Was this the jinx? Was Seabiscuit to win the race and the world's money-winning championship—only to lose it?

Soberer heads remembered that by custom jockeys get ten per cent of stake winnings. You could understand a boy making a foul claim—if he thought he had the least chance at eight or ten thousand dollars. But no interference. The claim was disallowed.

Red Pollard grinned, and walked his mount into the winner's circle. "Seabiscuit is a great old horse," he said, dismounting. "He was in grand condition. When we got on top at the eighth pole I knew we had it from there on."

Pollard weighed out. The result was official.

Racing associations throughout America urged Howard to ship Seabiscuit to their tracks. All kinds of inducements, such as special races, were offered. Why not run his winnings up to a half-million?

No, said Howard. Seabiscuit has run his last race—has brought a happy ending to a great turf career. "He's earned a well-deserved rest. From now on he can take it easy."

So he's back among the mares in the Redwoods. The wind is gentle—the sun is bright—the shadows restful at twilight. There is little sound, save the whinny of a filly, the clump of hoofs as foals scamper over the grass. The wind soughs gently through the branches . . .

* * *

Farm bells rang joyously March 28, 1940 on the Ridgewood Ranch of Charles S. Howard at Willits, California. The distance-running mare, Ileano, had foaled a well-proportioned colt. Seabiscuit is the pappy—it's his first born . . . luck to it! ###

And How Are You?

Continued from page 82

disillusions, aren't you?"

"Very."

"Then you can be honest."

"I don't follow you."

"I mean," she said, "if you have stripped yourself of all grace, all courtesy, all pretense, all romance, all idealism, and have got down to the hard mechanistic core of humanity, it will be no skin off your nose to face the truth, tell the truth."

"I don't suppose so."

"Very well, then, tell me—honestly—what you think of me."

"That's not fair."

"What isn't fair? We aren't playing a game. You've already said you no longer have any feelings and, while I still preserve a few illusions, it will be difficult to hurt me again—or more."

"As you say. Well, I find you lovely. Your eyes are as dark and liquid and speaking as ever. It always seemed you needed never to utter a word. Your eyes told me."

"That sounds a little like a lover's speech."

"It's hard to break all the old habits. This, at least, is a harmless enough one."

"Under the circumstances, yes. But can you tell now what my eyes are saying? And please don't squirm so."

"You must admit it's a little embarrassing. Your eyes—they're trying to say you're still in love with me."

"The conceit of the man. But correct, Mr. Kieran. You see the skies didn't fall with that little confession. We're brave modern people and can afford to say what we think. Now, you."

"I—what?"

"How do you feel about me? I can take it."

"What ever got us into this? There's absolutely no sense in raking up the past. It can only hurt one or both of us."

"Don't be evasive, and besides it isn't the past. It's the present. Do you love me? And I see you retain some emotion. You're actually coloring."

"You can't get rid of the secondary reactions all at once," he said, "but they mean nothing."

"Please tell me."

"If you insist, but don't say I didn't warn you. I love you."

"I am sorry to be such a fool," she said. "You might at least lend me your handkerchief. Well, what are we doing just sitting here? Aren't you going to kiss me?"

"Before all these people?"

"A red-faced old man eating blini and looking down the years; a fourteen-year-old girl in pigtails so dreadfully anxious to grow up, and a wall-eyed waiter whose wife probably beats him. It would be a kindness to them."

"Just as you say."

"Oh, darling. That was lovely."

"You're welcome. Now, where were we?"

"We were behind the green lilac hedge of the sidewalk café of the respectable Hotel Arlington and I was three hours off the train with a bit of legal paper which said I now possessed the independence I had craved all my life. I don't want my independence. I want to be dependent, dependent, dependent! Don't look so owlishly sad."

"It is sad. Sometimes some of the most sensible things are sad."

"I don't believe in divorce. I don't. I mean people once truly married can't ever be separated."

"It is perhaps as exact to say that a true marriage doesn't exist without children."

"That's the point," she said.

"If we only had one—"

"We have." ###

Man! What a Jacket!
It's the SUR-VERSIBLE
Completely Reversible

See Your Dealer or Order Direct

It's actually two coats in one, the truly amazing SUR-VERSIBLE—highly serviceable—completely reversible.

The SUR-VERSIBLE is extremely practical for fishing, hunting, golfing, riding and for general all around comfort. When the weather is fair, wear it with the VELGORA Fleece on the outside. When it rains or snows turn the coat inside out, let the Du Pont Zelan finish Poplin protect you.

The SUR-VERSIBLE is available in four colors for your selection:
Camel — Pine Green — Teal and Luggage Tan. Even Sizes—34 to 46

The SUR-VERSIBLE Two-Way Jacket is made of the famous Velgora Fleece, luxury knitted fabric of regular top coat weight. Two slash pockets — one top pocket — zipper front. The reverse side of the coat is made of DuPont Zelan finish Poplin, durable and water repellent. Two saddle pockets with top zipper pockets.

Priced at only $10.75 by leading dealers. If your dealer cannot serve you, order direct.

UNITED GARMENT MFG. CO., Dept. M, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

United Garment Mfg. Co.
Dept.M, Minneapolis, Minn.
Enclosed is $10.75 for which send me, postpaid, SUR-VERSIBLE

Jacket size...... color.......
Name..........................
Address.......................
City.............. *State*.........

Begin Now With
BETTER DRESS MANAGEMENT
HOW TO BE AN EXECUTIVE
Pacer
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

. . . the sensational sock with garter attached guaranteed for the life of the sock!

● See what you get in 50c Pacer—in sparkling new Fall colors- in both light weight and winter weight.

. . . finer quality, and longer wear because knit with *Cordura Yarn—50% stronger by test!

. . . socks and garters for the price of socks alone!

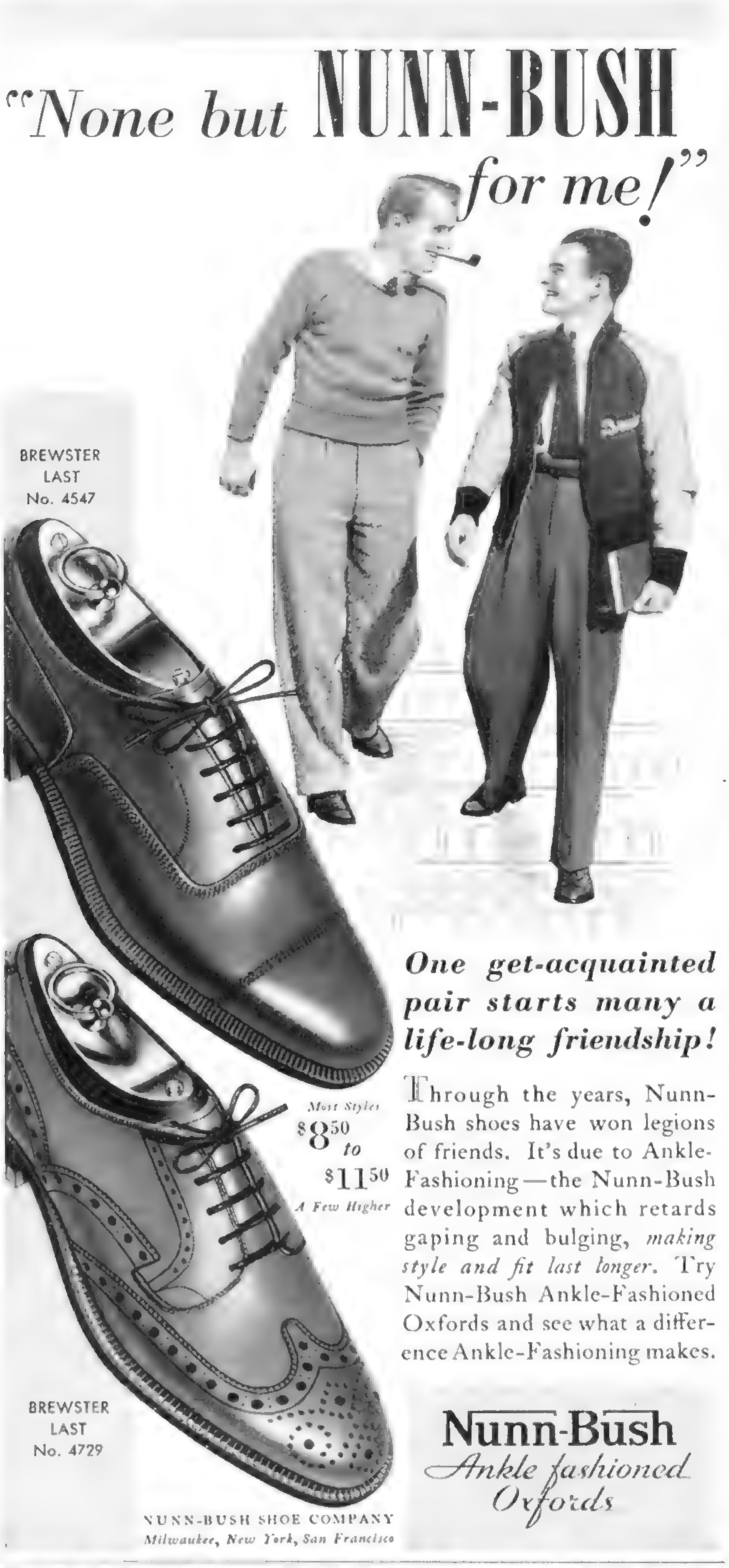
. . . freshly laundered garters with each wearing!

Pacer is also available at $1—in a complete Fall color range, in pure silk, high twist lisle and pure wool reinforced with lisle. At leading stores everywhere!

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY
Milwaukee, Wis.

**DuPont's improved rayon*

HOLEPROOF *Tested* SOCKS



"None but NUNN-BUSH for me!"

BREWSTER LAST No. 4547

BREWSTER LAST No. 4729

Most Styles $8.50 to $11.50 A Few Higher

One get-acquainted pair starts many a life-long friendship!

Through the years, Nunn-Bush shoes have won legions of friends. It's due to Ankle-Fashioning—the Nunn-Bush development which retards gaping and bulging, *making style and fit last longer*. Try Nunn-Bush Ankle-Fashioned Oxfords and see what a difference Ankle-Fashioning makes.

Nunn-Bush
Ankle fashioned Oxfords

NUNN-BUSH SHOE COMPANY
Milwaukee, New York, San Francisco

Keep fit with MASSAGETT
Use Massage — as athletes do

Massagett does the hard work for you—gives you the "professional touch"

In your own home, Massagett enables you and all members of your family, to enjoy the benefits of regular professional massage. Note that only the exclusive Massagett construction (patented) can give this lifelike rotating-patting action, for control at your fingertips, to give soothing or deep-penetrating applications.

There's nothing like Massagett to help you relax after strenuous exercise or a day of high nervous tension. Muscles, scalp, and other parts of body respond amazingly. Easy, safe — with Massagett.

Instruction manual, 50¢ tube of Massagett Cream included.

John Oster Mfg. Co.
Dept. E10, Racine, Wis.

If you cannot buy Massagett from your local store, barber, or beautician, send $16.50 and receive Massagett postpaid.

Roulades and Cadenzas

Continued from page 95

ilk—pleases, it can be only because of their honesty of purpose and not by any depth or range of accomplishment. Alongside their expressionless cooing and mooing, any sort of yelp, yap, or snort would be welcome.

I have never been able to discover whether radio singers emulate announcers or vice-versa. Both are artificial, unconvincing. Both operate on the false premise that humanity is interested in voices for voices' sake . . . and in their faultless production. And, as the microphone requires little of them, they'll be going when we are all dead or until, for lack of exercise, their lungs become tubercular.

Their work is not a fine art; it seems rather to be a business of placing certain ideas before the public with as little realization of their meaning as possible. Glittering with the insincerity and pose of a professional elocutionist, they do not engender half the thrill President Roosevelt puts in a Budget Message.

Music is the most exclusive, undemocratic profession in the world and that being so, and necessarily so, there is no reason why we should hesitate to insist on maintaining the highest standards or refrain from calling charlatans and mountebanks by their right names. The merest novice in a conservatory knows more about the art than some of our highest paid radio musicians. There is no reason for their existence: they are neither competent nor interesting.

And the official commentators sound more untrustworthy in summer than in winter. Their voices tell you they are not even pretending to say what they think, obviously due to their low opinion of our intelligence. To be frank, the only person whose comments on music I've ever imagined tolerating is Charlie McCarthy. With him, at least, I would not be bored.

* * *

You may say that if I don't relish it, there's no law compelling me to listen. That is true. And you may be sure there's no man alive who appreciates more than I the facility with which you can twirl the dial or switch the damn thing off . . . or hold a conversation or sink back and snore through a tedious item . . . or engage in an argument with your nearest and dearest. But I would ask seriously whether any thinking citizen believes that our forefathers have built up this nation and our resistance to Palestrina and Bach through decades only to have us plumped down now and spoon-fed such cheese parings as we had this summer.

It might have done very well for 1919, or even 1929—when we had Rolls-Royces to ride down to the brokers' offices and the *Ile de France* to take us to Europe. It might have gone in my youth at Ladies Aid meetings, Music Supervisors biennials, Rotary Club dinners in the state of New Jersey, in Greenland, Alaska, and other barbarous places; but, in the only remaining artistic capital of the world in 1940, such things should not happen. What will our refugees think? What will Herr Hitler think? What would we think ourselves if we thought?

The truth is that radio now offers the worst and the best in entertainment: the worst when a local station sells time to a department store on Main Street, the best when one of the finest orchestras in the world plays Beethoven for the benefit of the continent. Of late, there has been too much of the former, too little of the latter.

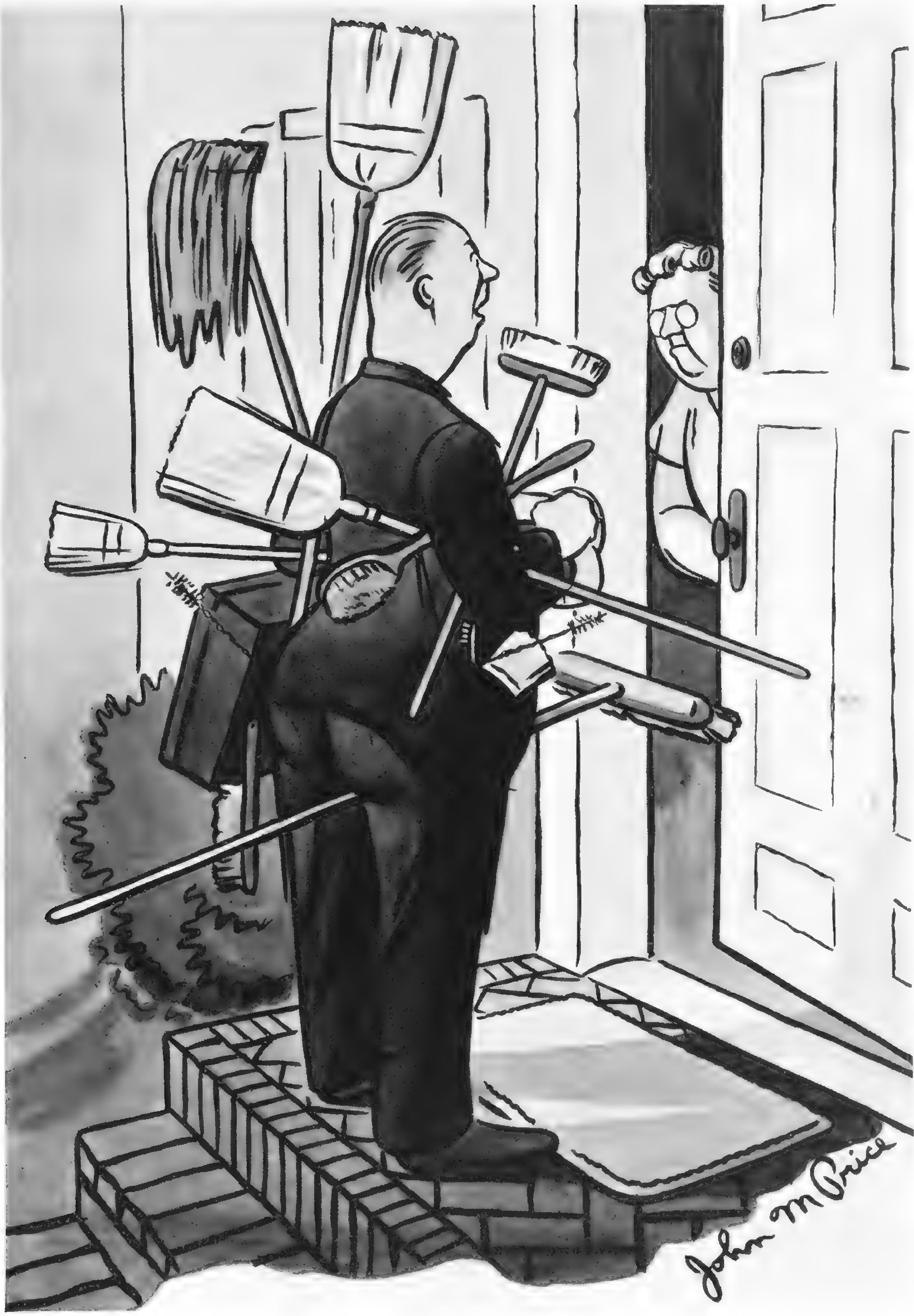
The ALL IS WELL sign has been up long enough. Prison wardens will have to return hardened criminals to solitary or find some equally grotesque method of punishing them to substitute for making them listen to our radio. Broadcasting tycoons have swayed too long in chromium plated vacuums, hearing no word of discouragement or faint praise. They must learn that the business of radio is not always at one with the art: the industry may flourish as a business and be next to dead as a culture force.

There is only one thing to do: the Federal Communications Commission must call in these gentlemen and make them show cause why their privilege should not be revoked. They are operating neither in the public interest or necessity, nor for my convenience.

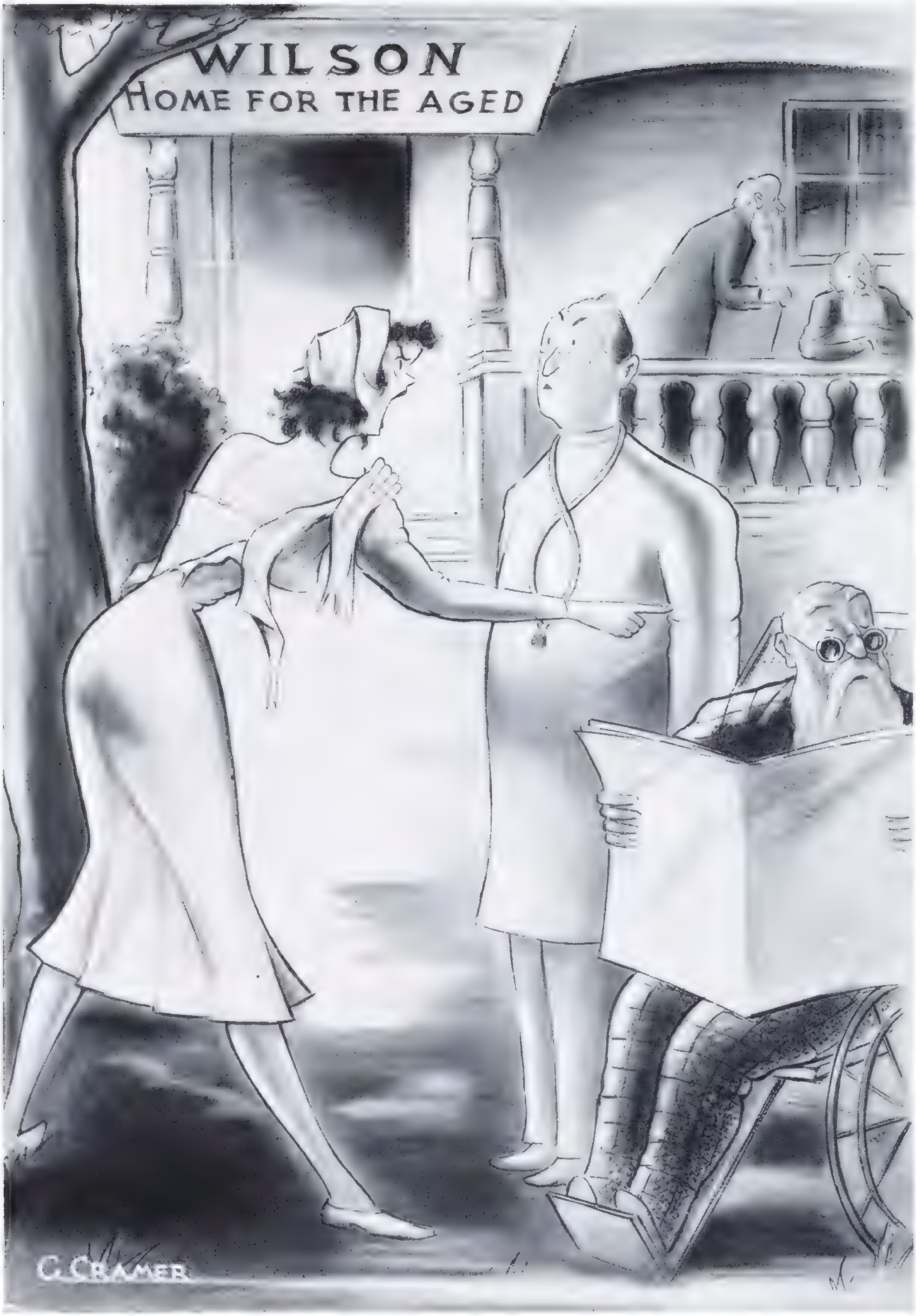
Instead, they are filling our ether with streamlined mediocrity for their profit. A halt must be called. Advertising agencies must be restrained from patting everybody on the back. Sponsors must be taught for experience teaches us this if it teaches us anything that the major errors of life come from assuming ALL IS WELL without stopping to inquire what in hell makes you so certain it is.

There has been enough of this expensive horseplay. We must object vigorously and continuously. Otherwise, we are lost. For the radio is an enervating drug. If the Conventions had not interrupted and Hitler absorbed more and more attention, I positively would not have energy enough left to exhort you today. As it was, I noticed a considerable diminution in my ability to discriminate. My third week of listening didn't infuriate me as much as the first and second. After three weeks, my ear had become so corrupted that I could scarcely tell good from bad. This is the curse of the radio.

You will readily admit, then, the need for violent and immediate action. Otherwise, our aural culture and innate good taste will disappear. Beset by insidious publicity and persuasive reiteration, we will in the end be reduced to gibbering obeisance not only of the idols of the Cave, the Tribe, and the Screen, but of the Radio as well. ##


John M Price

"And what, madam, gives you the idea that I'm selling something?"


WILSON
HOME FOR THE AGED
C. CRAMER

"Doctor, I wish you'd take a look at Mr. Bailey's birth certificate"

Pie in the Sky

Continued from page 92

Dun & Bradstreet, and it is not necessary here to flounder around in the sea of financial machinations that floated air line organization. It is sufficient to say that Mr. Smith's division of the expanding corporation was marked by such vigorous and brilliant polishing of the knocker on the big front door, that when American Airlines grew out of American Airways "C. R." climbed into the saddle.

To make a long story short, "C. R." gave American interorganization Vitamin B_1. He pulled the operating force together into a family setup, threw formality out of the window, greeted every employee by his first name (and actually meant everything this implied).

On the equipment side, he showed amazing foresight and wizardry. In spite of the fact that American's financial setup was as shaky as an acacia tree in 1936, "C. R." reached out and invested in a fleet of DC-3s—Douglas' 21 passenger plane—at a time when other airlines were flying the slower, 14-passenger DC-2s. Although these planes called for the plunking down of some $125,000 apiece, they gave American a bonus in prestige, as well as an edge in operating economy. (Costs stack up something like this: the 14-passenger DC-2s operated for 67.4 cents per mile, but 4.8 cents per passenger mile; the new 21-passenger DC-3s ate up 71.6 cents per linear mile, but only 3.4 cents per passenger.)

"C. R." also started dynamic salesmanship. He instituted scrip (later adopted by all the airlines), reducing fares by 15 per cent where mileage is contracted for in quantity. He put on the first sleeper planes, operating them on the southern transcontinental route. And on top of this, he began selling flying to the public with imaginative and subtle large scale advertising, increasing American's budget from $145,000 in 1934 to half a million in 1938.

"Advertising," said Smith, "should tell the man on the street what flying could mean to him. Instead of talking about technical things, like the number of miles line X has flown, it should get down to simple merchandising facts." Apropos of this was a famous early headline: "He still loves me! He'll be home tonight via American Airlines." This, it should be pointed out, was a strong piece of copy—although somewhat questionable in logic.

But whether advertising did the trick, or drive, or business sagacity, this fact stands out: Under "C. R.'s" aegis, American, in 1937, flew 43 per cent of the transcontinental revenue miles, over a 6.701-mile airway—with books figured in ink as black as the clouds over Europe.

* * *

The most spectacular trail-blazer of all the air lines is United. United is technically the oldest line in the country, since its history involves a continuation of that of the first line to carry passengers and mail on a regular schedule; and is actually the first line to carry passengers from coast to coast.

Outstanding in its development is President W. A. Patterson—an old-timer in the industry, who gained experience and authority with the successive mergers that have made the big airlines the way border "incidents" make wars. Patterson, who is only forty, today, got into air transportation by way of a bank. In 1927, as an official of the Wells Fargo Bank he was tossed over the problem of managing the account of the Pacific Air Transport Company, West Coast parent of United.

When Bill Boeing set up air lines in the east, Patterson resigned from the bank to become vice-president of Boeing Air Transport and the Boeing Airplane Company. Came more mergers. United Aircraft was formed, taking in transportation and manufacturing. Came separation, by government decree—manufacturing by itself, transport on its own. Patterson stepped into United's transport end—now called United Air Lines—as president.

* * *

Under the guiding eyes of Patterson, United did a whale of a pioneering job in the industry, and cooked up a vast series of innovations. Hostesses, for example, were first introduced in United planes—registered nurses, trained in all the niceties that make reclining people happy.

Among United's technical contributions to transport flying are (1) a radio-actuated terrain-clearance indicator (developed by United's radio genius Pete Sandretto, in conjunction with Western Electric); this device determines the exact height of the plane over any object on the ground, from a mountain to a toothpick—making it virtually impossible for a pilot, blinded by fog, to be unaware of any Tower of Babel that might mushroom up while he is in flight. (2) A specialized type of radio beam, now being installed in a number of airports, which enables a pilot to bring his plane down to a microscopic dot on the field (completely blind), simply sliding down the pencil of waves the way, as a child, he slid down the old man's bannister.

Another United innovation (3) is a static suppressor, by which a 27c gadget, using a Dixie cup, discharges the accumulation of static charges on the plane, enabling the radio to function clearly despite the most vigorous opposition of the elements.

It is not practical to convert this into a Ph.D. thesis, but several of United's other operating innovations can be touched on in passing, most important of which

Continued on page 184

Extra Flexibility and Freedom

AUTUMN FUN

1763 Hand Stained Calfskin, extra heavy leather sole

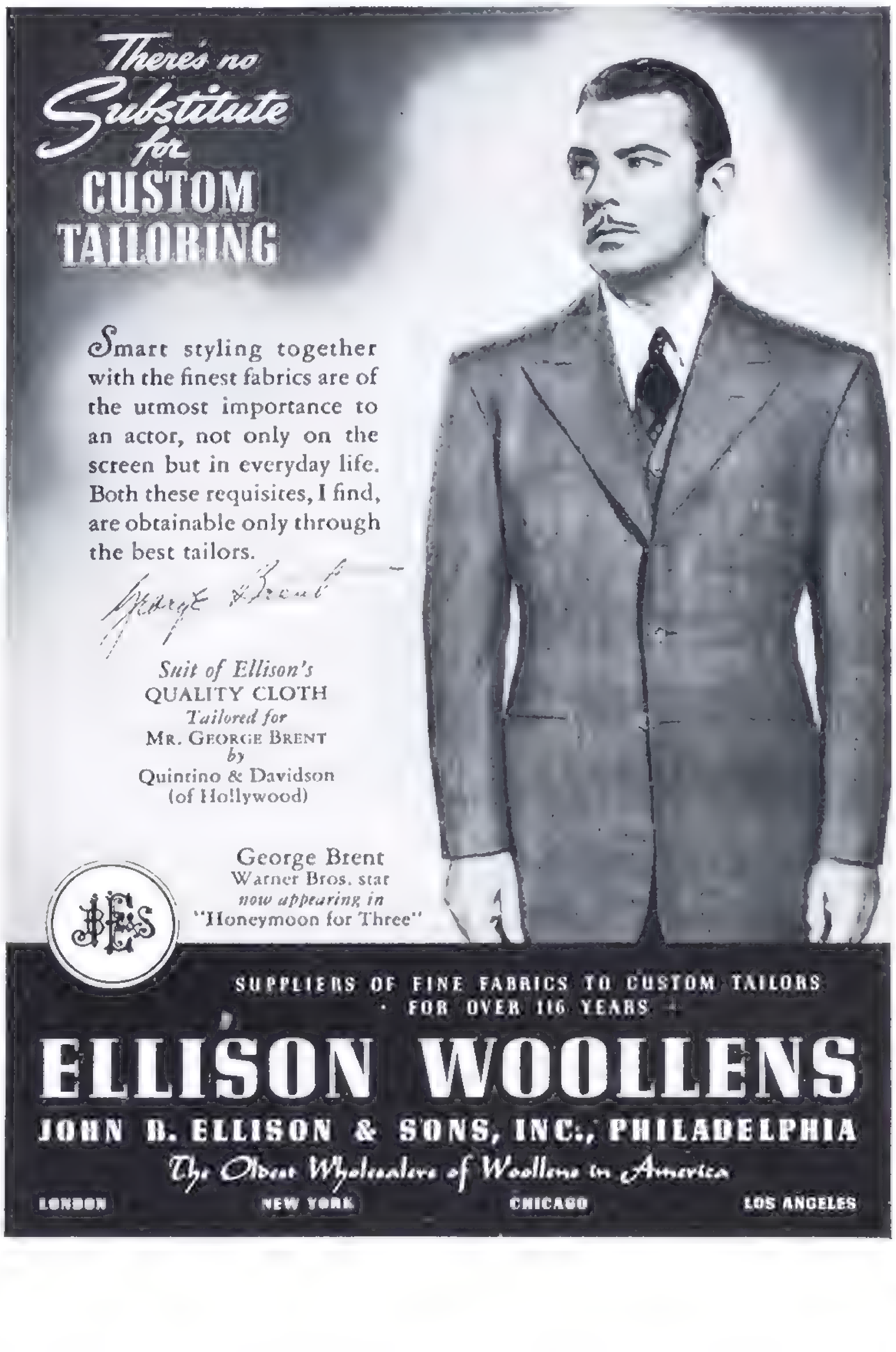
Uptown Freematic SHOES

NEW FLEXIBILITY FROM THE FIRST STEP . . . "no breaking in" actually means something in Uptown Freematics. Unusual flexibility is achieved by a special Goodyear Welt process . . . with no sacrifice of superior Uptown styling and all-leather quality.

Write for name of nearest Uptown dealer

Uptown SHOES "FOR THE MAN ABOUT TOWN" $5 TO $6.50 SOME HIGHER

ROBERTS, JOHNSON & RAND
Branch of International Shoe Company
ST. LOUIS, MO.



There's no Substitute for CUSTOM TAILORING

Smart styling together with the finest fabrics are of the utmost importance to an actor, not only on the screen but in everyday life. Both these requisites, I find, are obtainable only through the best tailors.

George Brent

Suit of Ellison's QUALITY CLOTH *Tailored for* MR. GEORGE BRENT *by* Quintino & Davidson (of Hollywood)

George Brent
Warner Bros. star
now appearing in
"Honeymoon for Three"

SUPPLIERS OF FINE FABRICS TO CUSTOM TAILORS · FOR OVER 116 YEARS ·

ELLISON WOOLLENS
JOHN B. ELLISON & SONS, INC., PHILADELPHIA
The Oldest Wholesalers of Woollens in America
LONDON NEW YORK CHICAGO LOS ANGELES

HOLE IN ONE!
Scotty Kote
100%
NAPHTHALATED WOOL

- Snappy in Style
- Smart in Color
- Snug in Fit
- Sturdy in Wear

Welcome as a hole in one is Scotty Kote, champion of champions, masterpiece of protection without bulk, snug yet yielding to every movement like an extra skin. So buy your suit size — always.

No Bind . . . No Bunch . . . No Sag

Made from soft, resilient 100% Arlingcrest worsted yarns made from Naphthalated wool — virgin fleece cleansed by naphtha, preserving life, strength, resiliency of wool fibers. Handsome Heather shades and rich, plain colors. Full front opening, Talon-fastened. Leading stores have Scotty Kote.

ROPER KNITTING COMPANY, INC., Canandaigua, N. Y.

FOR Greater SMOKING PLEASURE
EASTMAN SCIENTIFIC PIPE
$1.25
WITH TURN OF BOWL DRAFT CONTROL
ASSURES A DRY HEEL AT ALL TIMES!
$1.00
EASTMAN SCIENTIFIC CIGARETTE HOLDER
Combination Spiral FILTER AND EJECTOR

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Pie in the Sky

Continued from pages 92-183

is the two-way radio (an offspring of the old Boeing research). Back in 1928, they lost one of their pilots simply because he ran into bad weather—and although this weather was known to the ground crew some time after the pilot started, there was no way of telling the pilot to turn back.

Boeing said, "We've got to do something to lick this communications problem." He reached in his pocket and handed Thorpe Hiscock, an amateur radio enthusiast, $50,000. "Take this," he said, "and find some way of working out the radio system."

The result was a little black box which Boeing took to Western Electric. The new contraption was then produced for the whole air industry.

Many of these pioneering experiments were carried out in United's much-publicized "365 Flying Laboratory," in which such additional projects as the development of the direct injection carburetor (which virtually eliminates carburetor freezing—an old engine bogey; preliminary devices; constant speed propeller; the automatic pilot (in conjunction with Sperry); the radio teletype—and other epoch-making experiments were undertaken.

This is only a fraction of United's dynamic scientific and experimental history—a saga which must unfortunately be compressed in order to leave enough space in this issue for the cartoons.

* * *

Jack Frye, president of Transcontinental and Western Air, Inc.—otherwise TWA—is a veteran pilot. Born in Sweetwater, Oklahoma, he carries on the typical country-born tradition of American engineering big business. He did his first solo work in a wartime "Jenny" bought with savings from a $25 a week job.

He hopped from a cattle range into the army into the air. Forming the Aero Company of California, a pioneer transport line, he climbed into big business via mergers. It's not necessary to put all these two's and two's together here.

Frye has always been dynamic in his outlook, with one eye firmly fixed on the horizon of tomorrow. Under his direction, TWA is now flying the most modern of all transport liners—the new Boeing 307 Stratoliners. These planes have a possible top speed of 270 miles an hour, and a cruising speed of 246 miles an hour at 17,300 feet. The Stratoliners are the commercial counterpart of the army's four-engined B-17, otherwise known as the "Flying Fortress." They have been designed to fly at altitudes of 14,000 to 20,000 feet, a province long held to belong to the sugar plum fairy.

Always believing in providing the public with best of nature's provided, Frye has had these wonder buggies furnished with two hostesses, instead of the customary one. This means double enjoyment for those of us who find enough no substitute for a feast.

The first regularly scheduled flight of the Stratoliner, on July 9th, set a new transcontinental record. Taking off from Burbank, California, and ferrying the artful Miss Paulette Goddard, the plane landed at La Guardia Field exactly 12 hours and 19 minutes later. One would think that with such a rare bundle aboard the pilot would have been tempted to rest the ship, occasionally, on a passing cloudbank.

American, United and Eastern have on order the new Douglas DC-4s, which will give the Stratoliners a fly for their money—but these are not expected before next year.

A point worth mentioning on the Stratoliners is the decorative scheme, designed by Raymond Loewy—a scheme which even goes so far as to separate the sexes in appropriately distinctive washrooms.

Caesar of the Southern runs is Eastern's "war ace of aces" Rickenbacker. "The Captain" looks like a Roman centurion. He is tall, square-jowled, rugged, with a voice pitched around low G. He has applied drive, camaraderie, ingenuity, and organizational skill to such a degree that Eastern, spreading like an X across the Mason-Dixon line, has become, in spite of its limited size, one of the most energetic and enterprising lines in the country.

Time was when Eastern was a subsidiary of North American Aviation. Rickenbacker was then vice-president of North American and general manager of the Eastern Air Lines division. He climbed into this job when the books of the company showed a loss of more than $700,000 for the preceding year.

Instanter, he raised the salary of co-pilots, making them the highest paid in the industry. He set up the first medical department of a transport line, under the direction of "Doc" Ralph Green, sometimes called "the father of aeronautical medicine." He started the radical institution of a monthly staff meeting, at which every functionary in the service proceeds to tell Rickenbacker what he thinks of him, and what he thinks of the way the company operates. ("In fact," says Rickenbacker, "the only proof I have that a man is no damn good is that he isn't willing to stand up and stick his chin out.")

Out of this monthly pow-wow a unique *esprit de corps* has mushroomed—a feeling on the part of every man that he owns the company. The self-criticism palaver has also made for a very special type of service. It has made every pilot, co-pilot, dispatcher, and flight-steward feel that he is personally responsible for the company's public relations.

Such organizational pride is to be found to a large degree in all airlines—where the combined world view of Daniel Boone, the Pony Express, and His Majesty's Bengal Lancers still survives. But it is particularly true of Eastern.

The result of many astute policies, of which these are symbolic highlights, was that within two years (1937) Eastern Air Lines showed an earned surplus of more than $424,000.

In 1938, North American was restrained from operating both as a manufacturer of planes and a transport line. Eastern was up for sale.

The Captain got to work. He reached out, put his hands on a few million dollars, said "Here you are." Interviewed, he said, "I simply took over the line for the boys who made it."

* * *

Talking about the future, Rickenbacker predicts that all first class mail will be carried, in time, by planes; and he holds that this, among other things, will be a major step in the direction of national defense—since defense depends not on planes actually on hand and becoming obsolescent, but on productive resources; and productive resources can only be keyed in proportion to actual use and absorption.

Within the next ten years he expects flying tempo to be stepped up to three hundred and three hundred and fifty miles an hour, with giant planes flying from coast to coast every hour on the hour; and between cities every fifteen minutes.

The ships of the future, he feels, will be much more comfortable, will carry telephones for passenger-to-ground conversations, radios and television to bring passengers events on the ground as they are taking place. Further, tariff rates, he holds, will come down sharply as ships become more economical in operation, and proportionately lower in cost.

Metropolitan areas, he feels, will have landing fields on large buildings in the heart of the city, with helicopters as taxis, flicking passengers, mail and express from terminal to airport.

"To prophesy such things," said Rickenbacker, "may be considered rank insanity . . . and I'm not unmindful of losing my intimate friends and becoming a future subject for the insane asylum, in their opinion."

* * *

On the South and Central American run, Eastern and Pan-American have consecrated a marriage of convenience. They dovetail like Antony and Cleopatra. If you want to go to Havana, Barranquilla, Bogota, Quito, Rio, Buenos Aires, the Terra del Fuego, or points south—you first fly to Miami by Eastern. After that you knock off a few Bacardis on the terrace of Pan-American's pleasure kiosk on Biscayne Bay, and hop a clipper for the tropics.

The Pan-American network, today, covers every country in Latin America, thanks to the drive of Juan Terry Trippe, a white-haired boy from Yale. Unlike the rugged, ex-barnstorming men who pioneered America's other airways, Trippe was a carefully-nurtured product. A banker's son, a football player, an editor of the *Yale Graphic*, he dipped into industry as a serious-minded youth with a yen for flying.

For a year, after graduation, he plugged away in his father's banking firm, Trippe & Co. Sometime later, together with certain other gentlemen airmen, he started Long Island Airways, a company flying some seven planes. In this organization he functioned as president, chief pilot, and mechanic.

Time passed. Trippe corralled capital. Intermediate organizations and political strategy played sovereign parts, and the ambitious inter-continental program of Pan-American Airways was launched. At this point, Trippe was twenty-eight.

Friends said, "It was so nice that Juan had found something to do."

But when Juan got going, he did plenty. Fighting the competition of British Imperial Airways, Air France, and Deutsche Lufthansa, Trippe managed by February of last year to log for Pan-American some 4,402,000 ocean miles. The nearest competitor was Lufthansa with 783,000.

Working suavely, deftly and efficiently, Trippe navigated all the diplomatic tangles of South America, Central America, the Atlantic and Pacific Islands, and spread his tentacles across the globe from Hong Kong (with the Pacific Clippers) to Lisbon and Southampton (with the Atlantic).

This was a bonanza undertaking, if there ever was one. For flying service, today, doesn't mean simply pushing a plane through the clouds. It means setting up overhaul and service crews at strategic points, setting up radio and meteorological stations all along the route and keeping these in constant communication with one another and with planes in flight; and in this case, it means in addition, constant diplomatic palaver with governmental factions in a couple of dozen countries—many of which are in conditions of questionable stability.

Equipment has had to keep pace with the growing requirements of trans-oceanic travel. From 1927 to 1934, Pan-American flew Sikorsky amphibians and "Clippers," varying in cruising speed from 100 to 166 miles per hour, and carrying from eight to thirty-two passengers. In 1934, it launched Martin-built ships of the China Clipper class for trans-Pacific service. These could carry up to 48 passengers at 163 miles per hour. The most modern of the Clippers are the Boeings, built for the Atlantic flight. These can carry thirty-four passengers plus tons of cargo, 3,200 miles non-stop, at 165 miles per hour. Fully loaded, they weigh about 41 tons.

Starting this July, Pan-American put the new Boeing Stratoliners—of the same type TWA

Continued at top of page 186

With the Tang MEN LIKE..

EARLY AMERICAN
Old Spice
4-oz. Bottle . . $1.00
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AFTER-SHAVE LOTION

More than an after-shave lotion! It's a bracing refreshant that makes your skin tingle with well-being. Old Spice After-Shave Lotion is scientifically compounded—and packaged in a sturdy pottery container that boasts authentic reproductions of famous early American trading ships. *Old Spice After-Shave Lotion, Shave Soap (in pottery mug), Talcum, Bath Soap and Cologne, can be purchased singly or in combination sets, up to $5.00.*

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STANDING ON ITS RECORD!

DUNDEE 46′ x 12′ 6″ x 5′ 8″ . . . powered with a Chrysler Crown 3.46:1 Reduction Gear engine turning a 32″ x 28″ wheel 570 R. P. M. Top Speed 11 M. P. H.

THE owner of the DUNDEE repowered, first because of excessive repair bills on his old engine, and secondly because he could not get more than "six vibrating miles per hour," as he said.

Results of a 7500 mile charter trip show why the owner is pleased with his new Chrysler power plant. Cruising, with the engine turning 1550 R. P. M. (wheel, 450 R. P. M.) the fuel consumption was only 3 gals. per hour, and at trolling speed 1½ gals. per hour.

Considering the size of the boat, such performance is outstanding, and is the best possible recommendation of a Chrysler marine engine. If you have a power problem in your present boat, or to be sure you won't in your new boat, investigate Chrysler.

Chrysler MARINE ENGINES

See for yourself how much you get in a Chrysler. Do what many boat owners are doing... install a Chrysler power plant.

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Now You Can Be TALLER Than "SHE" Is!

YOU can become taller, look more impressive, by simply changing your shoes, whether it be for evening wear, or business, or sports! Yes, it's as easy as that . . . and the result is accomplished "confidentially"—for the *outward* appearance of "ELEVATORS" is just like that of other smart, fine quality shoes. It is the INNER CONSTRUCTION achievement that increases your height and encourages better posture. You *stand* better, *look* better, *feel* better! Try on a pair; see what they Do for you.

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In a selection of smart styles for sports, business or evening wear, at leading stores in most cities.

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STONE-TARLOW CO., INC.
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Pie in the Sky

Continued from pages 92-183-185

adopted—on the Caribbean run. Having less wind resistance and dead weight than the more cumbersome flying boats, these land planes have knocked days off many of the South American schedules.

* * *

Writing these lines with a fine lobster and an excellent piece of apple pie stretched out in front of me, 10,000 feet above the ground, it seems a silly thing to come down. For what, after all, is "downstairs?" This plane is zooming along at 190 miles an hour—and while it is quite true that I'm not heading any place in particular that I want to go, it is nevertheless quite a comfort that I'm getting there at 3.3 miles a minute.

Nothing can bother me; neither stress nor strain, hustle nor bustle. Everything has taken on the gull-like sweetness of the cumulus tufts, some half a mile below.

Whether or not article-writing high in the troposphere is to be recommended is for rhetoricians to say. It is to be recommended, however, as an experience in pleasantness, if not in literature. ⧻

Time Was a Thing It Scorned

Continued from page 71

why try to explain? They knew already that he was thinking along those lines. They knew it only too well.

He took another drink, and corked the bottle, and rose.

"I'll think it over," he promised. "Right now I want some sleep."

"Think it over mighty carefully," suggested Leach.

On his cot in the little *niau* shack they had built, Archer did think awhile about how good it would be to have money again. But he wasn't going to do it; and his companions would not be made happy by this decision. A couple of tough babies, Leach and Bightry. Well, perhaps not so much tough as desperate. He wished they drank more. He could understand them better if they drank, and talk to them better. He slid an arm over the side of the cot and fumbled in his pack until his hand closed upon the butt of his revolver. It was good to feel it.

Neither of the others had a gun of any sort here, and it was good to know that he had this one.

After a long while he went to sleep.

* * *

In the days of that lady known, God knows why, as Good Queen Anne, in seventeen-zero-something, during the War of the Spanish Succession, certain latter-day Drakes got themselves commissioned by the said Anne's tubby husband, Prince George of Denmark, Lord High Admiral of England; and a few even ventured into the Pacific, where the Dons usually had things to themselves and the pickings, provided you didn't overreach yourself, might be excellent. For this reason the Manila Galleon, quitting Acapulco for the return voyage of her annual round trip from the Philippines, one year made far to the south of her usual course. She would ordinarily have gone up the coast of California for a considerable distance before turning west, but her captain this year had heard that Dampier was in the Pacific. Dampier of course would wait off California. This was classic piratical practice. So the galleon went south—and had the bad luck to encounter a frigate commanded not by Dampier (who happened to be in England) but by one Captain Welt, who, if he lacked Dampier's literary style, was every bit as greedy and not a breath less bold. Welt had been taking on water and salting down turtles at the Galapagos, and he was as much amazed at seeing the Manila Galleon as the skipper of that galleon was to see him.

The frigate was smaller and should have been faster, but she had known nasty weeks beating around the Horn; the pickings in raided towns along the west coast of South America had not included fresh suits of sails; and she was in poor shape. Over-eager, Captain Welt cracked on too much canvas, some half-rotten, and lost a lot of it. At the end of the third day he was still far behind the galleon.

The Spaniard had by then raised a small island still invisible from the frigate. This later came to be known by the name the Polynesians to the south had given it, Tuturahonui, the Spider. At the time, the Spaniard didn't know what it was called and didn't care. He anchored in the lee of it, inside the lagoon, hoping to use it as a shield of concealment, hoping, that is, that his pursuer would sail right past him during the night. Still, he took no chances. There was abundant starshine, and he caused his treasure to be carried ashore and stowed in a cave part way up the mountain which was, in fact, the whole island. If he were sighted at dawn perhaps he could yet make a break for it.

Came the dawn—and the Englishman! The Spaniard did not have time to maneuver for the weather gage before the frigate was down upon him.

Well, they fought. The frigate was smaller than the galleon and though a man-of-war it was not so heavily cannoned. But it was commanded by a fire-eater, and its crew, scum of the Channel ports, comprised perhaps as ferocious a pack of rascals as ever the seas held. Outnumbered three to one, their own ship sinking, they came alongside, cut the nettings, and swarmed aboard the galleon with results messy but from their point of view successful. In short, they took it.

Just before this happened the Spanish captain remembered his

Sir Jack

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treasure and did something which puzzled the Englishmen at the time. He commanded a broadside to be fired, but not at the approaching frigate—it was so near now, and so low, that his guns could no longer be trained upon its hulk and he was using only *pedereros*—but in the opposite direction, back at Tuturahonui. It seemed to the English that he must have gone mad. He was shooting into the middle of a mountain. Twenty-two iron balls penetrated twenty-two different places in the side of little Tuturahonui, which had once been a volcano, and they created a miniature landslide. The Spaniard wasn't as mad as he seemed. There was now not the slightest evidence that a cave of any sort had ever existed.

If he couldn't keep the treasure, the Spaniard thought, then at least the English weren't going to have it.

The English learned the meaning of that curious broadside two days later when in a not gentle fashion they questioned prisoners. But what could they do? The hill had been totally changed, and even the men who had carried the gold up could not point out the spot. Months might be necessary to uncover the cave. Meanwhile the Spaniards were to be watched. The frigate was as good as sunk and they were all going to have to sail west in the galleon. The men were exhausted. Besides, they had already plucked a sizable treasure in small articles of jewelry filched from the Spaniards, and this, together with what they had removed from Ecuadorean coast towns, satisfied them.

Almost a century passed before the first real attempt to find the treasure was made. It failed. It raised many islands but not Tuturahonui. Half a century after *that*, inexplicably, expeditions began to rain upon Tuturahonui, now firmly located. There were some who said it was all a waste of time and that the Spaniards would certainly have long since removed that treasure, assuming that it ever existed in the first place. Nevertheless the seekers continued to seek. Somewhere around 1902 or 1903 the movement was given a sudden stimulus when somebody found, or said he found, a cannonball imbedded in the side of Tuturahonui. What digging there was then! But it resulted in nothing.

Still they came. They came from England and the States, from France, from Italy, from Australia and New Zealand. Harum-scarum kids and staid pseudo-scientists, students of history and men who had nothing in their heads but hope, they came in chartered schooners, in cutters, in ketches and yawls. They came and dug, and drilled, and dynamited. And all they found was, now and then, another cannonball.

Islands upon which treasure is supposed to be hidden have their ups and downs, though the popularity of a few like Cocos shows astonishing persistence. Tuturahonui had been virtually forgotten for some twenty-odd years when Emerson Fells heard of it.

He made a company out of Tuturahonui, being smart enough to know that it is almost impossible for men *not* to believe in treasure islands. He caused people who had never heard of the place to invest in it. He created a board of directors, chiefly himself. He issued reports. And how he sold stock! There was nothing sophistical about his methods. With bland assurance, cocking a snook at the Post Office inspectors who for years had been trying to get him behind bars, he called the company Galleon's Gold, Inc. Eventually he even looked the place up on a map, and sent an expedition there.

They knew what Emerson Fells wanted, these three has-beens, and like vaudeville dogs they performed. Some details they themselves supplied. For example, when they chartered the 35-foot ketch *Hina* in Papeete they caused their picture to be taken on it—with the camera so placed that you looked along the bows, which made the boat appear to be twice as long as it was. Mind you, nothing was *printed* in the prospectuses in which Fells later used this photograph, to the effect that the *Hina* was a 70-footer. But you don't have to tell a sucker everything, as the three has-beens obligingly understood.

Another thing they did when that picture was taken. They caused fourteen or fifteen grinning natives to stand along the deck. Again, it was not specifically asserted in the prospectus that these men constituted the crew. Emerson Fells was always careful not to tell, in print, a provable falsehood. But the suggestion was there; and no doubt it took.

In stern fact the glorious expedition consisted of three men, and only three. It made a fuss in Papeete, sent back a lot of involved reports, and at long last sailed to Tuturahonui, which it began listlessly to blow to pieces, taking a snapshot after each blast; while in the States, Emerson Fells sold stock.

* * *

In the morning they had had their coffee and Leach had lighted his pipe before anybody made mention of what was in the cave. Then Bightry suggested that they go up and look at it again.

"Afraid it'll evaporate?"

"That's not funny. Just the same, it mightn't be a bad idea to move it. It's right at the top of that tube and if anything ever happened to give it a shove it'd go sliding down into the middle of the mountain before you could say Jack Robinson."

"Some ant might bump into it and push it, for instance?"

Nevertheless they climbed up there. Say what you will about it, gold has its fascination.

The end of the lava tube, as originally exposed by a blast set off under the supervision of their literary explosives expert, had been

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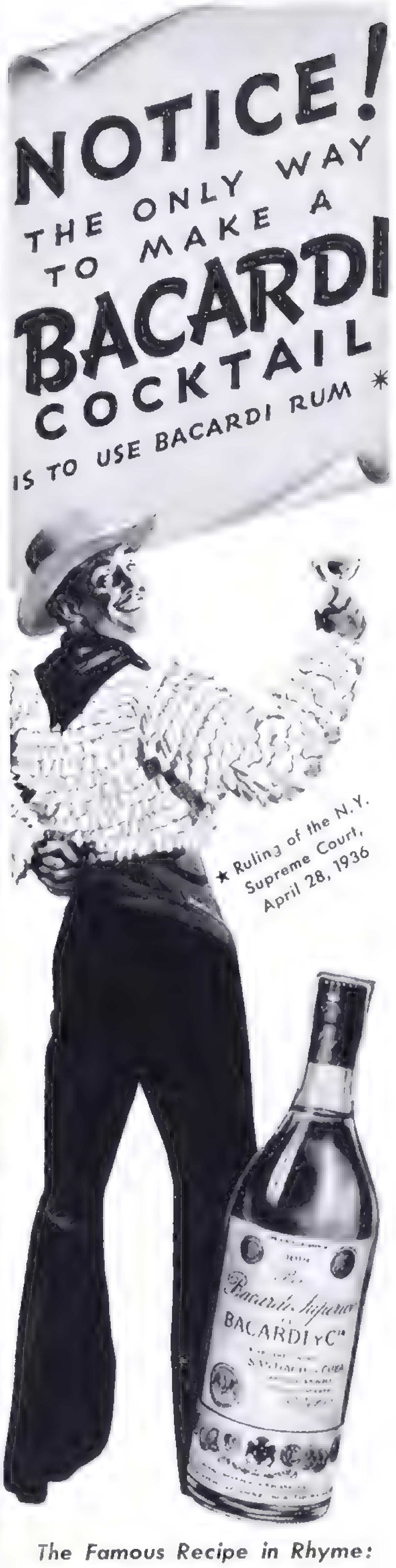

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Time Was a Thing It Scorned

Continued from pages 71-187

a hole scarcely eighteen inches square. Curious, they had hacked at this with picks and shovels—the expedition carried many picks and shovels for use when pictures were taken—and had gasped to see how abruptly it was enlarged. The finding of the treasure in fact was sudden like that: it was dramatic, suggesting the swift snatching aside of a curtain. None of the three had yet resumed normal breathing.

The batteries of their flashlights were worn out and they had neglected to bring spares, so that now, as they'd done yesterday, they lighted the gasoline pressure lamp. The tube end, once they had cleared away the rubble, was not utterly dark; but the light there was streaky and uncertain; and they wanted a good look at the gold.

It shone with a soft, self-confident luster, for time was a thing it scorned. There was a dirt film on top; but otherwise it might have been placed there an hour ago. It was primly stacked. The ingots were not marked. There were 170 of them, and each, the men had agreed, must have weighed almost 20 pounds avoirdupois. At the current world price this meant more than $1,000,000.

"Pretty, ain't it?" Leach's pipe stank in the thin air. The lamp stank too: it leaked. "We could have a lot of fun with that."

"Leach," Bightry said, "has remembered a place where we could land in California. And I know where I could get charts, in Tahiti, without any questions asked."

"Is that so?" said Archer.

They did not stand there long. They did not touch the gold, even so much as to run their fingers over it. Had it been a mass of nuggets doubtless they would have pounced upon it, stuffing their pockets. But this glowing pile awed them, so that they did not even get very close.

On the way down to the beach Bightry and Leach started arguing with him again. It was all very well, they pointed out, one taking it up from the other, to draw the line at downright thievery. They understood how he felt about that, and they respected him for it. But this was different. It wasn't a question of stealing anything: it was a matter of making off with something Emerson Fells had already stolen without having known of its existence. It wasn't as though the stockholders in Galleon's Gold, Inc., would get a penny of their investment back, no matter what Archer did or didn't do. Fells himself was the only one who would profit, and Fells, Archer couldn't deny, was a lousy crook.

Archer did not try to deny this. Instead he stopped in his tracks.

"Listen, I'm not going to do it. That's all. Are you two guys threatening me? Is that the idea?"

"Now listen, Archer—"

"Are you threatening me? I want to know."

"Don't be silly. Nobody said anything about threatening anybody."

"At the same time," this was Bightry "that's an easy little ketch to handle, and I *could* sail her alone, if I had to."

Archer's grin was quirked at the ends.

"But you'd rather not, eh?"

"I'd do a whole lot," Bightry said "for half a million dollars."

"For how much?"

"Well, I mean for my share."

"But don't get the idea that anybody's threatening anybody," Leach said.

"Oh, no, of course not."

The rest of that day there was only one further mention of the gold. This was when Leach, lunching with the others on canned corned beef hash, looked up to their particular scar in a much scarred hillside.

"Really ought to shore up that entrance," he muttered, as though to himself. "Wouldn't take much of a jolt to cover that over, and then we'd have to do a lot of work to get it clear again."

For the rest it was an ordinary day except that it was unmarked by explosions. Archer cleaned the hut, cooked, washed dishes, it being his week for this, but most of the time he sat on the beach smoking cigarettes and thinking about things. He did not drink much. Bightry fished. Edgar Leach counted his blasting caps, coiled his wire, tested his batteries, and carelessly, as though they were sticks of wood, stacked his sticks of dynamite.

There were times when Archer, who knew that they were watching him, felt like rushing them and starting a fight, or taking the bottle and running over to the other side of the island somewhere to hide. But he only sat on the beach.

He knew that they were going to try to kill him, and he wondered whether they would succeed, and whether, if they did, his spirit or ghost or what-have-you would sometime be avenged. This last was unlikely. If the crime was ever investigated it would be by some gawping half-caste gendarme. And between them, Bightry, who was no fool, and Leach, who could cause dynamite to do whatever he demanded of it, would make the thing look an accident. The *corpus delicti*, when Leach got through with it, would be clueless.

"Don't we get any dinner?"

He rose, brushing off sand.

"Sure you get dinner. It is a damn pretty sunset though, isn't it? Just about the color of nasturtiums." He rummaged for the can opener. "Seems like years since I've seen a nasturtium."

Bightry, who had a harmonica, started to play *Hearts and Flowers* but Leach told him to shut up, and he did.

Tuturahonui was a jagged, ravished lump splotched with pits and heaps of dirt and rock; nevertheless in the sunset it was lovely. It was still lovely when the moon

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took over. Archer, then, had just finished the dishes. He stood smoking a cigarette.

Bightry, not looking at him, said "Haven't changed your mind?"

"No, I haven't changed my mind."

He went back to the hut and left them talking on the beach. He kicked off his sandals, threw himself upon the cot. God! how he wished he could afford to get tight! He laid very still, wondering at himself. He had been a hero once but he had never thought of himself as such, and he didn't now. He could not really understand why he drew the line at robbing Emerson Fells. He had done little things that were dishonest, and some things not so little. Why stop? Maybe this balk was only because he did not have the guts to face a big proposition. Maybe. He didn't know. He only knew he wasn't going to do it.

He was afraid to go to sleep, they might come up and kill him. Fortunately he did not feel sleepy. What he felt like was a drink. And a bit of assurance.

He slid an arm over the side and opened his pack, and for a moment his fingers were busy. He sat up, frowning, and slipped off the cot and pulled the pack out. He went through it thoroughly. Not using any of the feeble flashlights, he searched the hut. Then he sat on the cot again.

He could both feel and hear his heart, and it seemed to him that he could also hear his nerves twanging like taut steel wire swiftly plucked.

He found and opened a bottle and allowed himself a small drink. He laid down again. There was sweat all over him and he trembled. He could hear them talking, down there on the beach, and he wondered which of them had stolen the revolver and when they would come up to kill him. They could not see him as long as he stayed in the hut here, but they would be sure to see him, couldn't miss him, if he stepped out of the door.

Just the same, a man had to stop some time. Even while he was scared, Archer wasn't sorry.

The moon rolled higher, splashing light on the lagoon. This was a mighty beautiful place, when you stopped to think of it. The air was mild, and not at all briny. He could smell wild jasmine. He could hear the reef's muffled impotent thunder.

When the idea came to him he rose quickly, almost jumping off the cot as though shocked by electricity. He looked through the doorway and saw Leach and Bightry sitting by the water's edge. He turned, went to his knees, found a knife. *Niau* is flimsy stuff, mere plaited coconut fronds, scarcely tougher than paper. When it is green, as this was, being new, it does not make much noise when you cut it.

Archer left the hut by an improvised back door, carrying one of the flashlights with him. He forgot to bring the knife along. There were three banana trees near-by, plopping a circle of shade upon the sand, and beyond them a mass of pandanus. Stooping, he ran to the bananas, where he paused. Leach and Bightry talked on. They had not seen him.

He stooped far over as he ran, and did not look back.

You think of caves as being dank, but this one was not. On the contrary it was singularly dry. The air was motionless in there, even when a breeze rattled the coconut trees outside; and it was thin, rare, so that breathing was difficult.

Even before he switched on the wan flash Archer saw, or thought he saw, the gleam of gold. In fact there was scarcely any illumination at all, a mere sheen of twice-reflected moonlight, for the entrance of the tube-end was not straight and sky was not visible; but this the gold seemed to seize and immeasurably to multiply, so that Archer blinked and gasped and once again stood stunned as he had on first sight of this mass.

Its size appalled him. It seemed to have grown since morning, and the two sticks he had picked up on the way, though the stoutest he could find, would be like splinters against it. He was dismayed. Gingerly with a foot he poked a stone until, several feet beyond the gold, it began to slide down the tube. Once started, it went rapidly, vanishing; and he could hear it clack-clacking until the sound was hair-thin and indeed he could not even be sure whether it was the sound of the stone itself he heard or only echoes—or echoes *of* echoes. He drew back. It would not be good to get too close to that slope.

He returned to the gold and tried to use his sticks as levers. Of course they snapped.

In spite of himself he started to laugh. Imagine it! Trying to budge more than a ton and a half of metal with a couple of wooden sticks! Straining and panting and getting hysterical, when as a matter of fact all he had to do

He sprang at the mass, placed the lighted flash on it, lugged off an ingot. Twenty pounds? It seemed to him much heavier.

He carried it a few yards, dropped it, pushed it with his foot. It went swiftly but with a certain dignity, making less noise than the vulgar stone.

He got another, and another. The sweat on him was hot now, not cold, and he coughed as he worked. The air was deathly close.

As he grasped the fourth ingot his elbow struck the flash and knocked it off the pile. It made a lot of noise. He dropped the ingot and sprang toward it, reaching out with both hands, but perversely the thing rolled back toward the slope and he did not dare to go too far for fear of sliding after it. That would be like falling into quicksand. The lava that lined the tube proper was like porcelain and showed nothing to cling to.

The torch clanged and crashed.

Continued on page 190

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Time Was a Thing It Scorned

Continued from pages 71-187-189

making a racket long after its light had gone. Eventually, like the other objects, it was still. He had never before heard one hit bottom.

Now he had to toil by feel. He went to hands and knees, pushing the ingots before him. Despite the darkness his eyes stung as though dazzled; his heart thumped; sweat was soggy under his armpits and between his legs. All of him shrieked for a drink.

It was strange that he smelled the gasoline before he heard them. On his knees, panting, he paused to watch the light come in the form of grayish screens, each more white and longer than the last, each overlapping and swallowing the last, until the pressure lamp itself appeared. He had thought for a wild instant of throwing himself down behind the gold. But this was nonsense. They'd find him easily. There were men in the world, he reflected grimly, who could hide behind a million dollars; but he was not one of them. Was that funny? He didn't know. Instead of trying to hide, he rose to his feet.

Leach said "Hello."

He was carrying the lamp, which certainly leaked worse than ever: the place was choky with its fumes, which might be dangerous, as Leach himself seemed to realize, for he leaned down and unfastened the pressure screw before he had said anything but that "Hello." There was a loud hiss, and the white light sighingly died. Leach at the same time switched on his flashlight. It was a feeble thing, after the lamp. He looked at the gold.

"Trying to steal your share in advance?"

"Don't be so dumb!" Archer said, sounding cross. "I was trying to get rid of the stuff entirely to save my own life."

Leach nodded.

"Bright boy," he muttered.

"Bright boy, hell! He's a lousy bastard that because he's afraid to do something himself doesn't want to let anybody else do it!"

Bightry held no flash, but he was wearing a coat, which was unusual here on Tuturahonui. Archer knew instantly, and would have known even if it hadn't been for the coat, that he was the one who had the revolver.

For a long time they stood there, Leach and Bightry looking across the gold at Archer, Archer looking only at Bightry.

After a while Archer cried "All right, go ahead and do it! I know what you came here for! *Go ahead and do it, for Christ' sake, and get it over with!*"

He felt quieter, and was amazed to hear himself shrieking like this. Leach, still the magazine illustration, looked embarrassed. Bightry stood with his skin hanging from his frame like a wet bedsheet thrown there. His fine blue eyes held flecks of silver. His loose lips moved a little. Archer actually envied him, because he knew that the man was tight—he had got himself tight in order to do what he was going to do.

"Go on, go on," said Archer in a much lower voice. "What's holding you up?"

Leach began "Now listen, Archer. If you'll just step outside and talk this thing over with us—"

"The hell with talking it over!" Bightry brought out the revolver, and Archer could not see anything else. "We decided what we were going to do, didn't we? All right. Here it goes."

Leach yelled something, probably something about not shooting here, something about the gasoline fumes; but whatever it was, nobody heard it, not even Leach himself.

It was not so much the sound of the shots, for these were gulped by the greater sound. The revolver was only a twenty-two anyway. Bightry held it at arm's length and kept pulling the trigger.

It felt to Archer as though he were pushed in the chest, as though somebody had reached out and given him a push hard enough to send him backward. Not a punch, but a fairly hard push. It didn't hurt. He knew what was happening. He could not possibly have stopped himself from staggering backward, though he knew what was there. He even knew what had brought about the explosion, the big explosion, the monstrous "*pom!*" Hot gases at the muzzle of a discharged pistol are virtually in themselves fire. Bightry might as well have struck a match. The sound was so great that it seemed no sound at all to Archer, deafened. What fascinated Archer, and he could not keep his eyes off them, were the ingots. They were following him as he went backward. They streamed after him like bright liquid, very slow at first but getting faster. That gold was the last thing he knew. He never saw the rocks tumble in from the entrance, where they'd been dislodged by the explosion. He never saw Leach spin around three times when a boulder struck his hip, or Bightry lurch forward, belly out, as though he'd been kicked in the small of the back. Bightry fell on the gold, and Leach too fell on the gold, and rocks pushed them and it to the edge after which pushing was no longer needed.

A large number of rocks, some of them big ones too, went hurtling down the lava tube, shoving everything before them into the very middle of Tuturahonui, before the landslide so easily caused on this often shattered hill had plugged again the entrance to the tube. You couldn't tell, afterward, where it had been.

The moon, fully risen now, sprayed sequins so profusely over the lagoon that they seemed to clitter and jump, and seemed to cause the *Hina*, at anchor, to rock back and forth. ♯

As the People Choose

Continued from page 36

the surrey had disappeared behind the clouds of rollin' dust.

"I'll beat him," I says. "I'll beat 'Suits the People' Jason Mennix. He's had the office six years. I'll have it the next six years, durned my hide if I don't. He's never been back amongst the Boones. He's just rid along the turnpikes and stopped at the houses. I'll go back among them."

I looked at Jason's picture. A big man with three chins and a big cigar in his mouth. Medals pinned all over the front of his coat. A half-dozen cigars and a fountain pen in the front pocket by his coat lapel. A row of matches behind the band of his big black hat. Down below the picture it said in big black letters: Vote for "Suits the People" Jason Mennix. I am for good roads, churches, schools and the farmers. I am a veteran of the American-Spanish War. If elected, I will faithfully fulfill the duties of my office, Subject to your approval, August 8th."

"He's got a good speel here," I thought. "I'll haf to go over to Uncle Tobias Boone's. I'll haf to see Cousin Subrinea Boone. I know that she's one of the Boones that loves a Reffitt—too bad but she loves Roosevelt Reffitt."

I rode Nell up to the Spruce Pine Gap. I turned to my left. I followed the little path under the dark fir trees that led me to the home of Uncle Tobias Boone. I was in the land of the Boones—a land of log shacks, terbacker patches, and cornfields. I saw Uncle Tobias hoein' taters on the bluff back of the barn.

"Howdy Uncle Tobias," I says. "Do you need an extra hand to help you with your taters?"

"Shore do, Dusty," says Uncle Tobias, looking up at the sun and stroking his long red beard with one hand, holding to his hoe handle with the other. "I need another Boone down here. Fetch that hoe from the fur end of the tater patch and come along."

I got the hoe and walked down the bluff. I started diggin' in a row right above Uncle Tobias. I hadn't been in the tater patch a minute until Uncle Tobias, says: "How's the election goin' Dusty? Gettin' purty warm, ain't she?"

"It all depends on you, Uncle Tobias," I says. "If the Boones stand by me, I'll have a chance."

"I planned to vote fer Jason Mennix," says Uncle Tobias, "if you didn't get around to see your kinfolks. We're akin, Dusty. The same blood flows in your veins flows in my veins. It's a way back yander where we branched off and I could explain it to you if I had time. I've got to get my taters out'n the weeds!"

"I'll help you with the taters," I says. "I know we are akin. The reason I ain't got to see you before now, I've had to canvass the whole county. I've come here last for I know how you stand. I know blood is thicker than water. Whatever you say Uncle Tobias, the Boones will do. If you fight for me, all of the Boones will fight for me. I just want to show you the picture Jason gave me over on the Tiger River Turnpike a few minutes ago." I took the picture from under my coat.

"Look, Uncle Tobias," I says. "See the medals on his coat! Says he's a brave man in the American-Spanish War. I'll show you what a brave man really is. Wait until I strip my coat and shirt off." I took them right off in the tater patch.

"Look at the scars on me," I says. "How do you think I got these?"

"I don't know," says Uncle Tobias—"fightin' I 'spect like the other Boones."

"You're right," I says. "I got them fightin' Reffitts."

"Lord hep me," says Uncle Tobias, "I'll let the weeds take the taters, I'll ride a mule among the Boones day and night until the election. I'll see you get every Boone of the name. Put your shirt and coat back on and go to work."

"Jason told me he'd carry the Reffitt vote," I says. "Said he'd carry the Boones vote too. I ast him how he expected to take my blood and kin vote. I thought if you all turned agin me, I wouldn't have a chance."

"We ain't turnin' agin you, son," says Uncle Tobias as he sticks his hoe in the ground. "I'm saddlin' my mule and ridin' and ridin' right now until I see every Boone of the name old enough to vote and a lot of 'em not old enough to vote. We'll show Jason who'll be the next Prosecutin' Attorney. He's had it six years nohow. Dad-durned if I don't beat that Jason! Goin' over there and cavortin' around with that bunch of Reffitts! Then he comes over here and talks wild honey to me. His words were sweeter than wild honey. You've got to be on one side or t'other. I'm standin' by a Boone first, last and always when he thinks enough of his kinsfolks to visit them."

"I'm trustin' you Uncle Tobias," I says. "I'm dependin' on you. I'll see Cousin Subrinea. Then I'll be on my way."

"I'll go to the barn lot and get my mule and I'll be on my way," says Uncle Tobias. He hopped over the tater ridges toward the barn lot like a sparrow bird. I put my shirt on and carried my coat under my arm. I took Jason's picture with me. I clim into the saddle, waves good-bye to Uncle Tobias as he clim on his mule and rode away—up a rocky path under the dark spruce pines.

The mule galloped away and his red beard was bent back by the wind against his body. I rode toward the log house by the pines.

"Howdy, Subrinea," I says. "Looks like you're puttin' out a pretty good-sized washin' there."

"Howdy, Cousin Dusty," says Cousin Subrinea.

Subrinea stood straight behind

Continued on page 192

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As the People Choose

Continued from pages 36-191

the wash tub she had placed on a stool under a spruce pine. I thought she was the purtiest woman I'd ever seen. She was tall and fair. Her hair was golden as the moonbeams when a harvest moon shines over a ripe wheat field. Her sleeves were rolled half-way up her lily-white arms and the soap suds clung to her long, slim fingers. Her teeth were two rows of agate-white marbles.

"You're the purtiest woman that ever wore the name of Boone, Subrinea," I says, "if you don't mind my tellin' you."

"Any woman loves to hear that," says Subrinea. Her lips curved in smile and her teeth beamed in the sunlight that filtered through the dark fingers on the spruce pine.

"If you weren't my sixth cousin," I says, "and I wasn't a married man, I could love you, Subrinea. And you love Roosevelt Reffitt! You love him, don't you Subrinea?"

"Shhhhh," says Subrinea. She flings the suds from her hands. She walks over to the fence. "I don't want Grandma to hear you. You know how they feel about the Reffitts. I'll tell you, Dusty, this fight has gone on long enough. It's dangerous fur a Boone to go beyond that Gap where you turned away from the turnpike. That's where the Boone territory ends and the Reffitt territory begins. We've been fightin' 'em for seventy-five years. They've killed us and we've killed them. I guess we'll keep on killin' one another if something doesn't happen to bring us together. The last time the Reffitts and the Boones met, two Reffitts were killed, and two Boones. Uncle Charlie and Fonse were killed. Grandpa will never git over it."

"But you love a Reffitt more than words can tell," I says. "I know you love a man when you hide out to see him."

"Yes," says Subrinea. "There's no use of this killin' goin' on forever and forever. A Reffitt is afraid to poke his head over on Boone territory. He's even afraid to squirrel hunt over here. He can't own land on this side of the turnpike. He can't fish on our side of the river. There's been gun battles across the river when we fished down there."

"Subrinea," I says. "I don't blame a Reffitt for lovin' a girl purty as you are. I don't blame you for lovin' a Reffitt handsome as Roosevelt Reffitt. If you'll git the wimmen vote out among the Boone wimmen for me, and I am elected Prosecutin' Attorney, I'll get the Reffitts and the Boones together. You'll never regret all you've done for me. You won't haf to meet Roosevelt Reffitt where neither Boone nor Reffitt eyes must see you. I'll fix everything. These murder trials never come to court, did they, while Jason Mennix was Prosecutin' Attorney?"

"No they didn't," says Subrinea—"but you know, Dusty, they can't come to court. They must never come to court. It would take thirty years to try all the trials betwixt our families. Our killings are even now on both sides. We just don't want any more. And I'll tell you Cousin Dusty, it would take all of Kentucky's National Guards stationed at the courthouse the thirty years it took to try the cases. Long as there is a Reffitt left and a Boone left, they'll fight at the trial. If you can do anything about it, I'll wear my shoes out over these hills to git the wimmen out to vote for you."

"Get 'em out, Subrinea," I says, "but don't let Uncle Tobias know what I am doin'. You love Roosevelt Reffitt and I'll see that you get him. I'll see that this killin' stops."

"It's an awful promise for you to make, Cousin Dusty," says Subrinea, "but I'm goin' to work for you soon as I finish my washin'! I'll go from house to house."

"I'll be ridin' on Subrinea," I says. "Just a few more days you know and I've got a lot of work to do. Good-bye, Cousin Subrinea."

"Good-bye, Cousin Dusty," she says. "You can depend on my gettin' the wimmen to the polls."

I reined Nell away from the palin' fence. I left the purtiest girl I'd ever seen standin' like an angel under the tall spruce pine with her sleeves rolled up, her golden hair frizzled by the wind. I rode out the path and down over the big mountain to the Spruce Pine Gap. "How can I win the Reffitt vote?" I thought, as Nell stepped over the big rocks layin' along the mountain path. I rocked from one side of my saddle to the other.

"The Reffitts are great moonshiners," I thought. "Last year was a dry season. The corn crop was light on the mountain slopes. The Reffitts need corn to feed their moonshine stills. I'll see Uncle Roosevelt Reffitt, the head of the Reffitt family. I'll send him a carload of cracked corn to feed his moonshine stills if he'll line up the votes just right."

I reined Nell to my right after I'd gone one mile from Spruce Pine Gap down the turnpike. I went up a rough mountain path under tough-butted white oaks, tall chestnut oaks, and black oaks. "Funny," I thought—"even the timber changes when a body rides across that valley. Over here are the Reffitts under the oaks—over there are the Boones under the Spruce pines. They are about as much alike as their timber is alike." And then I thought: "What if Uncle Tobias ever finds out I run into a barb-wire fence huntin' one night and got my scars where barb-wire cut me?" Another thought come to me as I rode along up the narrow path—over the big rocks, under the shade of the tall oaks.

I reached the top of the mountain, rode along and watched the

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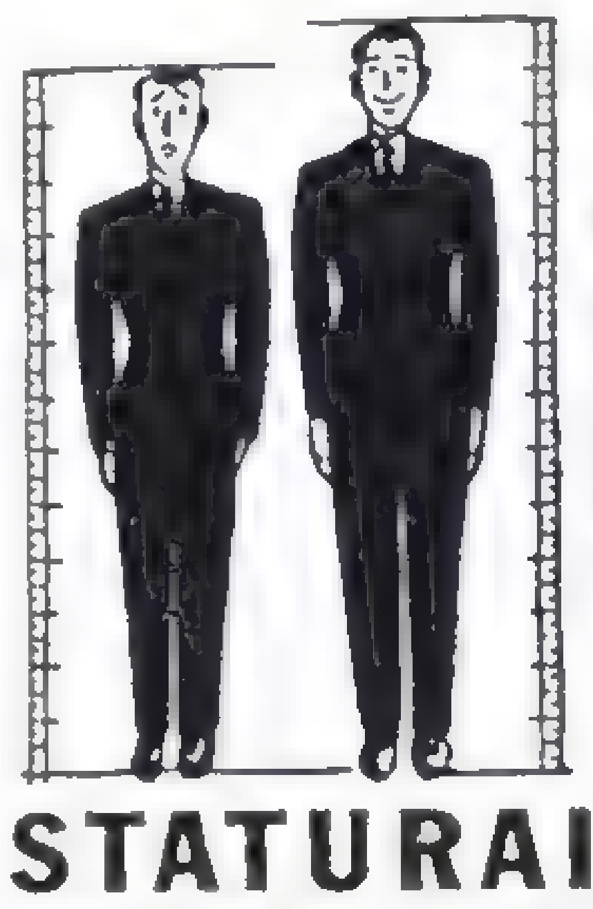

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squirrels jumpin' from oak to oak over my head. Soon I saw the log shack under the oaks where Roosevelt Reffitt lived. I rode down before the house. I hollered, "Hello! Anybody at home!"

"Yes, young man," says Roosevelt Reffitt. He walked in a dog-trot from the house with a Bible in his hand. "What might your name be and what do you want?" He stroked his long, white beard with his hand.

"I want a drink of cold water," I says. "I've been ridin' hard and I'm dry as a bone!"

"Get down off'n that nag," he says, "and go over to the well under that oak yander and hep yourself. There's a well-bucket there and gourd hangin' on the well-gum. What might your name be?"

"Dusty Boone," I says.

"Boone," he says—"you ain't welcome to drink of water here. You're on the wrong mountain! The quicker you can get off, the better it will be fer you, young man."

"I'm not akin to the Boones on yan side of the mountain," I says "I'm another Boone. I'm runnin' for Prosecutin' Attorney. I met Jason Mennix down yander on the turnpike and he told me he'd get every Boone vote of the name. He's got all the Boones lined up for him. If he gets the Boones I ought to get the Reffitts. Here's a picture, Uncle Roosevelt, I want you to see, then I want to show you something."

I got off the mule. I walked over to the dog-trot. Uncle Roosevelt took the picture of Jason Mennix's. "Here's the fellar," I says, "that told me he had the election in the bag. He said he had all the Boone vote. He's not a common man like I am. Look at the big cigars in his coat pocket! Look at the medals pinned on his coat! Read the words where he calls hisself 'Suits the People' Jason Mennix."

"Uhhuh," says Uncle Roosevelt Reffitt—"a betrayer. He may suit the Boones but he don't suit us Reffitts. Anybody that suits them can't suit us. There's as many Reffitts, young man, as there are Boones. If the vote ain't here we'll get it nohow, I'll call the Reffitts together and let them know what's goin' on. I'll get the Gullets, Rayburns, and Ratcliffs too. They've married into the Reffitts in so many places. We'll show the Boones."

"You see them medals, Uncle Roosevelt," I says—"Jason said he got them for bravery in the American-Spanish War. Let me show you something. I ain't never been out'n a war since I was a little shaver. Wait until I haul off my coat and shirt. I'll show you." I pulled my shirt and coat off. "See these scars!"

"Uhuh," says Uncle Roosevelt Reffitt, strokin' his long white beard with one hand and holdin' the Bible with the other. He walks up close and looks at the long white scars across my body. "How did you get 'em, young man?"

"Fightin' Boones," I says. "They knifed me there but I used a club. A club was all that saved me."

"Young man, put up your nag in my barn," he says, "and stay the night with us. You'll find a little feed out there. You air welcome to all the feed we got."

"Had a bad corn-crop last year?"

"Yes," says Uncle Roosevelt. "Everything purt-nigh burnt up on this mountain last year. This year has been a golly-whopper on poor people."

I took Nell to the barn, let her drink from the trough, put oats in her manger and corn in her box. I took the saddle off and hung it up by a stirrup to a spike nail on the barn-post. I walked back toward the house.

"I ain't got but one boy at home," says Uncle Roosevelt. "He bears my name. He's my baby boy and he tries to marry a Boone gal. He's plum wild about her. I ain't had a youngin to ever look at a Boone but him. He's wild about old Tobias Boone's granddaughter. I think her name's Subrinea."

"Too bad," I says. "Maybe I can help you a little. Let me talk to him tonight."

"It's a funny thing," he says, "out'n seventeen youngins my last one—and the one that bears his Pap's name wants to marry a Boone. Went hog-wild about her at a pie-supper. That was the night he lost two brothers. Her Uncles kilt 'em. I can't understand it fer the life o' me. Th' only good Boones I know air dead Boones sleepin' on that mountain over yander under the spruce pines. Roosevelt's comin' now. He's comin' dog-tired from th' terbacker patch."

"Roosevelt," says Uncle Roosevelt Reffitt, "this is a Boone—the first one that will ever sleep in this house. I want you to meet 'im. He ain't no kin to the Boones on yan side of the mountain."

"Glad to meet you," he says reachin' me his hard brown hand. His eagle eyes looked straight at me. His black wavy hair was mangled by the wind on the mountain. "It's funny to see a Boone in this house. I guess you're the first one in seventy-five years."

"Let me have that Jason Mennix's picture again," says Uncle Roosevelt. I handed him the picture. He held it before him. "A Boone betrayer," he says. He spit a bright sluice of ambear in one eye. He waddled his cud behind his jaw. He spit a bright sluice of ambear into the other eye. He tore the picture in two, threw the pieces on the dog-trot floor and stomped them. "Boone betrayer that's old 'Suits the People' Jason Mennix. That pot-bellied Hellion! He'll never get a Reffitt vote if I can hep it. I'll show 'im who the people's choice is. You fellars dabble in the pan and git ready to eat. It's on the table now."

I never set down to better grub.

"My Spouse Manda, Dusty Boone," says Uncle Roosevelt Reffitt. "Mother of seventeen and gettin' younger every day."

"I'm glad to know you," I says.

"Glad to know you," she says,

Continued on page 194

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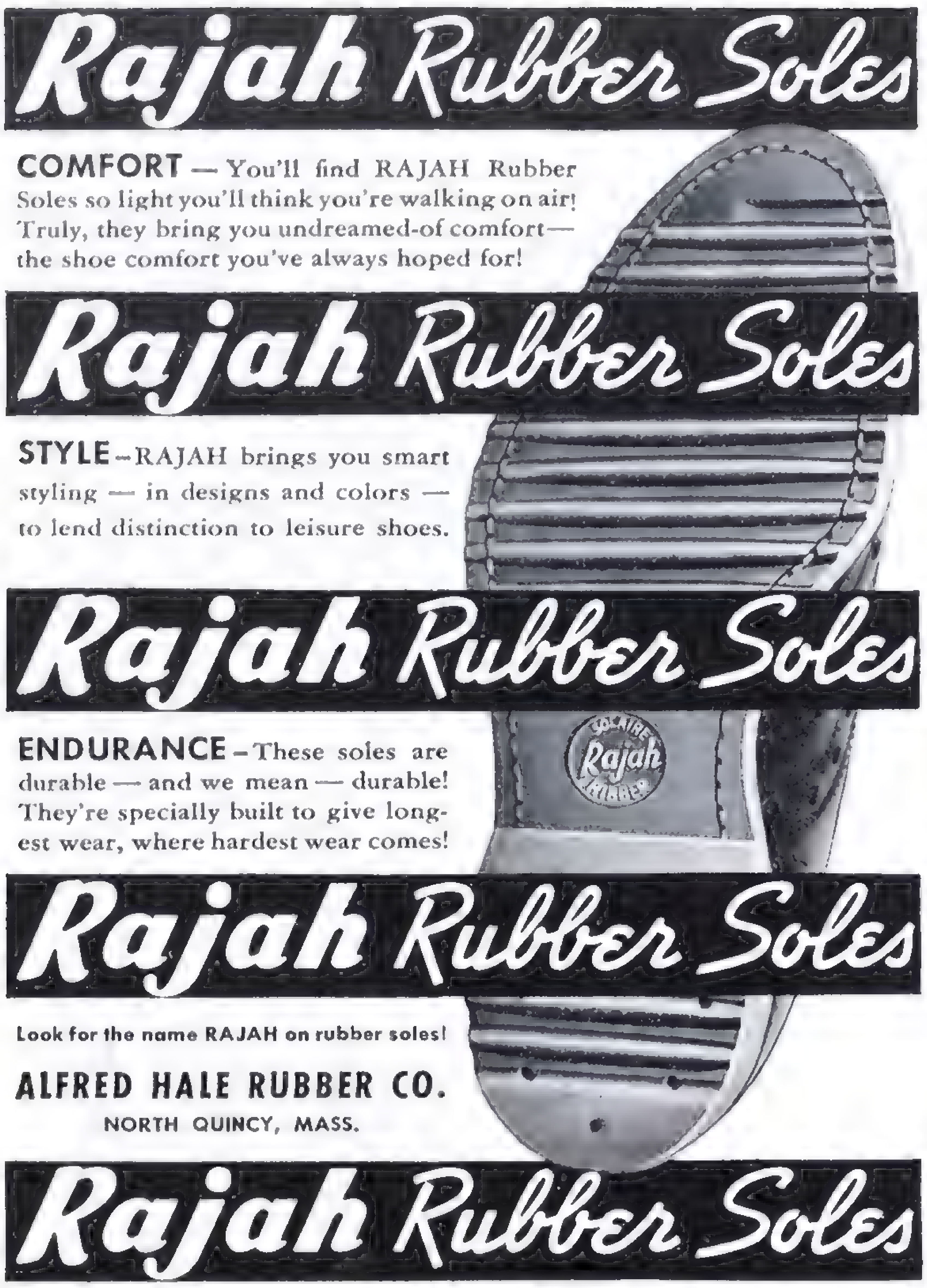

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As the People Choose

Continued from pages 36-191-193

"but I don't like your name."

"Forget about the Boones, Ma," says young Roosevelt.

"You would say that," she says. "Young man, don't ever bring one in under the Reffitt roof." Her black eyes danced when she said these words.

"I can see her," says young Roosevelt Reffitt. "I can see her golden hair and her blue eyes. I can remember how tall she was. I can remember the dress she wore. I couldn't believe she was a woman. She looked like an angel to me. I wanted to see her again—and again."

"If I thought you meant that, young man," says Uncle Roosevelt, "I'd take a five-year-old club to you. You ain't too big fer me to whip. You might be six feet and four inches tall—but I can limb you yet. Git to eatin' the grub before you—"

"Moonshine, milk, 'r water to drink, Mr. Boone?" says Mrs. Reffitt.

"Moonshine if you please, mam," I says. "I'm a man of mountain ways and I can't git high-kaflutin' and go back on what I was raised on like Jason Mennix. He used sicha big words today I couldn't understand what he was talkin' about."

Then I reached for my glass. It looked clear as water but there were beads in it clear as crystals. I put it to my lips. I couldn't take it away until I drained it dry. "Lord this is the best I have ever tasted," I says. "Another glass, Mam, if you please."

"Go a little light, son," says Uncle Roosevelt—"it will lift your heels on an empty stummick. I've got a little heady in my time but never once has it lifted my heels. I never let it defile the temple of clay!"

I don't know how much grub I put away. It was before me. I know I helped myself. I remember leavin' the table. I remember takin' Uncle Roosevelt Reffitt by the arm. I remember sayin' "We are brothers, ain't we Uncle Roosevelt?"

"Yes, we are brothers," he says. "We Reffitts will stand by you. We will give you every vote there is in our family and then some."

"And you need corn," I says—"you need cracked-corn. You need what we call 'chop.' You need a carload of it and I will send it to the foot of the mountain. I will put it in that rock cliff for you. You will have chop to make good corn licker. You have had a bad season and you'll have corn for your stills. It is because of that good drink I had for my supper."

"And young man, you need not fear," he says. "You will git your votes. You must go upstairs to bed now. You don't mind sleepin' with young Roosevelt, do you?"

"Of course not," I says—"I want to talk to him. I want to have a talk with him. I'll tell him about the Boones. I'll tell him about the girl he thinks he loves. The boy is tired out but I'll wake him and I'll tell him."

Uncle Roosevelt took me to the door. He lit the lamp and showed me to the bed. He left the lamp on the dresser—I undressed, blew out the lamp and crawled in beside of young Roosevelt Reffitt. The moonlight fell across the bed.

"Young Roosevelt, wake up," I says—"don't be a sleepy head. I've got a message for you—"

"Huh," he says.

"Wake up," I says, "I've got a message of love from Subrinea for you."

"Oh, what is it," he asks—"When did you see her?"

"Today."

"What did she say?"

"That she loved you. Said all this trouble betwixt your families was all foolishness. Said she loved you and always would. That is why I am here. If you'll git all the young vote out and help put me over—I'll help you get her. Maybe we can stop all this fightin' between your people and her people. Her grandpa—Uncle Tobias hates your Pap as much as your Pap hates him."

"That's a shame. We ought to let bygones be bygones. We ought to lay our rifles down and put our knives away. Jist because they live under the spruce pines on yan mountain and we live under the oaks on this mountain—ain't no sign we should go on and hate each other eternally."

"That's the way I feel. Honest, I think Subrinea is the purtiest woman I ever saw. She was washin' clothes under a spruce pine. She looked like an angel to me. I could love her."

"Don't talk like that. If I knowed you loved her you'd never get out'n this bed. I'd slit your throat from ear to ear."

"I'm her cousin. I couldn't marry her. Don't tell your Pa I'm her cousin. She is workin' in the election for me. She said for you to. She sent me to you. I am a married man. I don't want to leave my wife nohow. I want to be your next Prosecutin' Attorney. If I am elected, I'll surprise you. I'll get all of you people back together, that is if you'll help me."

"I'll work my toenails off for you."

"Thank you, young Roosevelt Reffitt."

We went to sleep. I heard young Roosevelt say "Subrinea" throughout the night. He talked in his sleep. "I love you," he said. He flung his arms out and tried to grab me. He would hug his pillow. I could see him in the moonlight that fell across my bed.

"This election is mine," I thought. "I'll run neck and neck all over the county with Jason. I'll carry the Reffitts and the Boones—something no man has done for seventy-five years. I'll beat Jason two to one when all the votes are counted."

We got up at five o'clock. Breakfast was waitin' for us. I et my

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see page 158

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breakfast with young Roosevelt. He had a big grin on his face. He would look at me and he would eat. When breakfast was over Uncle Roosevelt Reffitt stroked his long white beard and says: "I've fed your horse. I don't want to run you off but I'm takin' young Roosevelt and we're goin' on mules amongst all of our people. You won't need to go with us. You go amongst others. We'll take care of this mountain. We'll soon be startin'."

"I'm ready, Pap," says young Roosevelt, "I want to help Dusty. He's a good man. I listened to him last night. He told me a lot I didn't know."

"I thought he could," says Uncle Roosevelt—"I thought he could give you a little light on the boogers on t'other side of the mountain."

"He give me a lot," says young Roosevelt. "I'm a new man this mornin'. I feel like one of the flock that has strayed away and just come home."

I thanked Manda Reffitt for the good grub. I ask her for a vial of drink to take along. She fixed it for me. I put it in my pocket, went to the barn and saddled Nell. I climbed in the saddle and waved good-bye. I saw Uncle Roosevelt and young Roosevelt ridin' their mules out the ridge road—both waved good-bye to me. "No need for me to do anymore but send the carload of chop to Roosevelt Reffitt," I thought—"just lay low and wait a few days." I rode over the mountain and down the river turnpike to town.

On August 4th the carload of chop was set off on the switch. I started four trucks haulin' it to the foot of Reffitt Mountain. "Ast me no questions, fellars," I says, "you just deliver the chop and stack it under the rock cliff on the right-hand side of the road that goes over the mountain. You'll have a little totin' to do. Just get the chop safe from the rain."

August 8th, I saddled Nell and rode to Spruce Pine Gap. I rode up a little drain where the bright water dashed over the rocks. I hitched Nell to a saplin' where people couldn't see her when they passed the road. I had my precinct workers all lined up. I was ready for the election—the biggest Primary election ever held in these parts. I wanted to watch the wagons loaded with voters goin' down the turnpike. I wanted to watch them comin' off'n the mountain.

I laid in the shade and smoked my pipe. I saw wagons loaded with Reffitts goin' down the road. I saw wagons loaded with Boones goin' down the road. I never heard the people speak to each other or as much as wave a hand. They looked at each other hard. They were goin' to the polls in great multitudes. Sometimes I saw boys among the Reffitts that didn't look sixteen years old. They were all goin' to vote. It was fun to lay in the shade and think about old Jason.

I wondered where he was goin' and if he was smokin' his big black cigars. I wondered if young Roosevelt saw Subrinea at the polls. I wondered if he thought she was as purty as I thought she was. I wondered what Old Roosevelt Reffitt would do when he saw Jason. I wondered if Uncle Tobias Boone and Uncle Roosevelt Reffitt got into a fight on the election grounds if they would pull each other's beards. I just laid in the shade and had a lot of wild thoughts.

At five o'clock I clim into the saddle. Nell was a-prancin' and rearin' to go. I let her have full rein toward town. By the time I got there the votes would all be in from the precincts and we'd start countin' them. The Reffitts and the Boones would be there. They'd be there to see if their man winned. I was their man. Nell took me home in a hurry. There weren't any dead this time to count. The vote count started.

It was the Primary in our party and we counted the vote fast. Just a gun pulled now and then but Sheriff Holliday took the guns. We were runnin' neck to neck. Jason stood over in the corner. He laughed and puffed a big cigar.

"Just wait until the big vote come in," he says. Then he laughed a big horse laugh and looked at me. I smoked my pipe and waited. I saw Subrinea among the Boones. The Boones were on one side of the courthouse and the Reffitts on the other. I saw young Roosevelt Reffitt among the Reffitts. He looked at Subrinea and she looked at him.

She couldn't go to him and he couldn't go to her.

"Ready for Boone Mountain Precinct," says the Sheriff. "Count 'em boys. Let's git through with this election sometime tonight."

"It's one way," says the tally-men. "Ain't but one man gettin' any votes here."

Jason puffed his cigar and laughed and laughed. He handed out boxes of cigars to the men. He thought the vote was goin' his way. He thought he had it in the bag. I saw Subrinea laugh like an angel out among the crowd of Boones.

"Ready for the Reffitt Mountain Precinct," says Sheriff Holliday—"the last precinct. This one will decide who your Prosecutin' Attorney will be."

The men started to tally the precinct when the Sheriff brought the box out and unlocked it. The tally-men counted the vote. They looked at the Boones on one side the courthouse and the Reffitts on the other side. Their eyes got big as they counted the vote. There weren't much talkin' amongst the people. They squirmed and twisted in their seats and waited. Jason smoked his big cigars and laughed. His gold teeth shined brighter than gold dollars under the big lamp in the courthouse.

"The count is over," says Sheriff Holliday. "Gentlemen, Dusty Boone is your next Prosecutin' Attorney. He winned by a big vote

Continued at top of page 196

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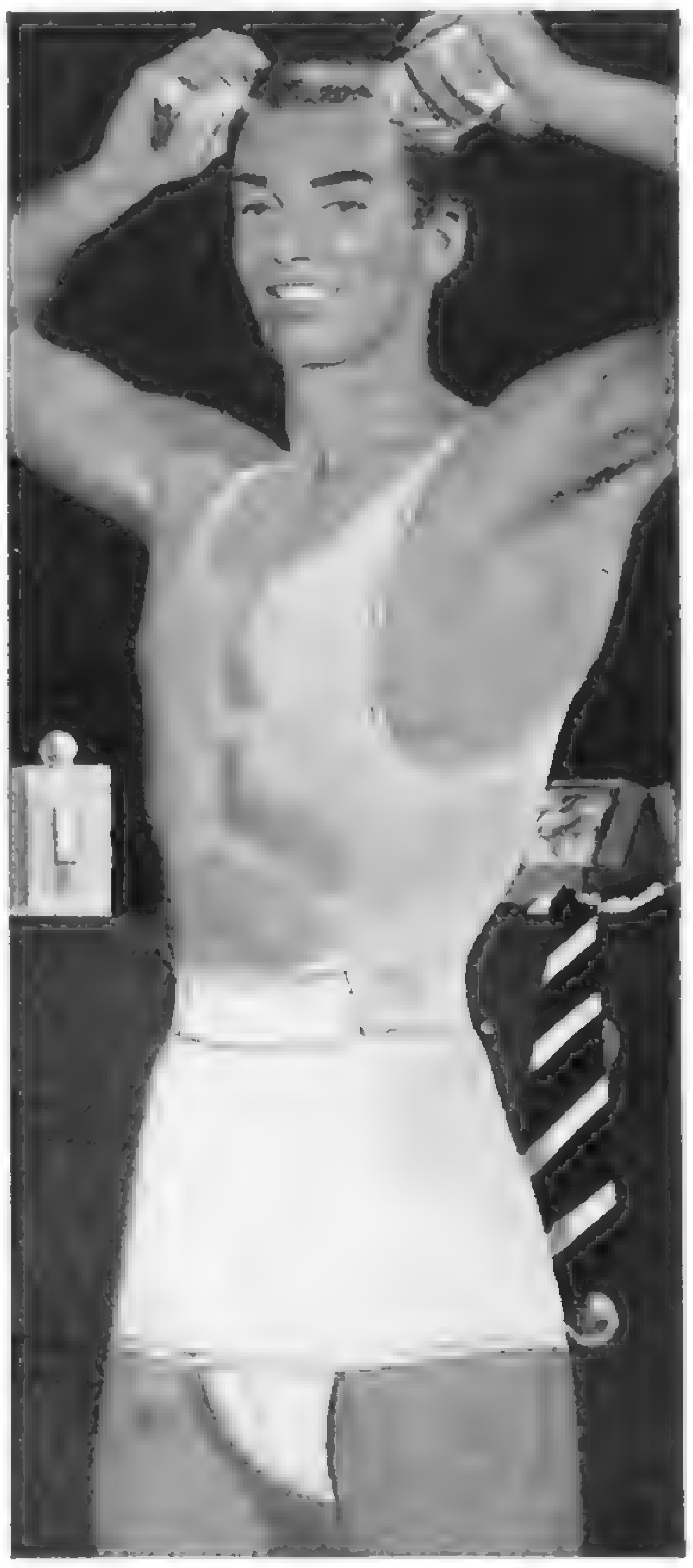

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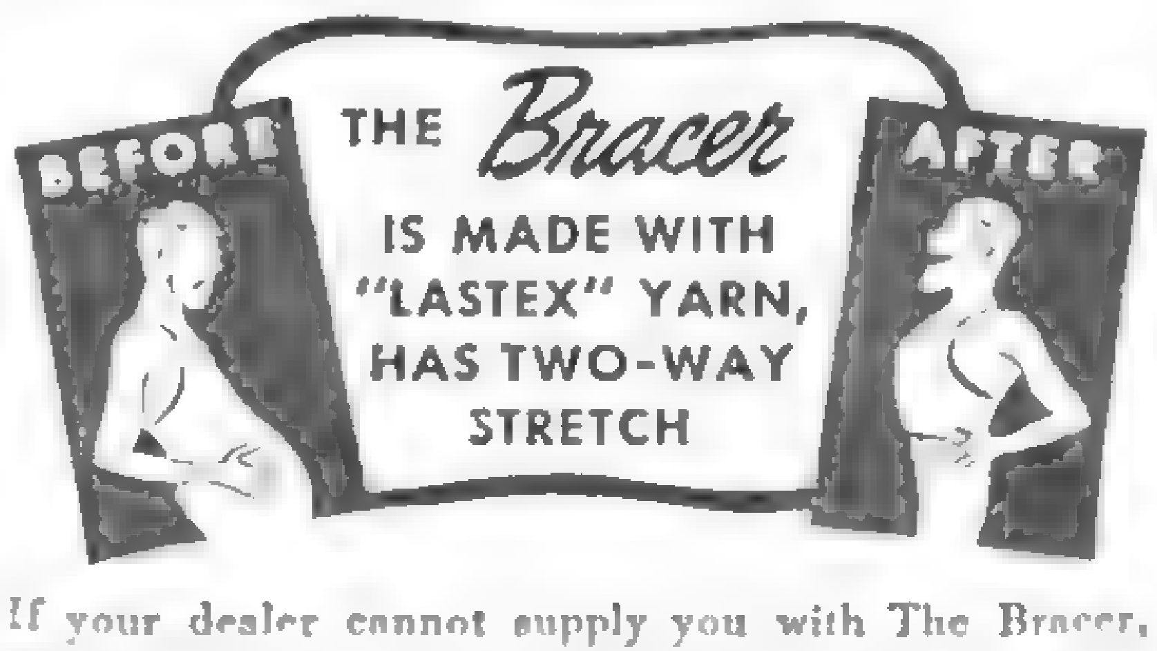
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As the People Choose

Continued from pages 36-191-193-195

Jason Mennix 1,755 votes. Dusty Boone 3,456 votes."

A big cheer went up from the Boones. A big cheer went up from the Reffitts. They looked at each other. Uncle Roosevelt Reffitt stroked his long white beard. Uncle Tobias Boone stroked his long red beard. Subrinea Boone walked among the Boones to the middle aisle in the courthouse. Young Roosevelt Reffitt walked amid the Reffitts to the middle aisle and stood beside of Subrinea. The Boones started talkin' among themselves—the Reffitts started talkin' among themselves.

"Just a minute Gentlemen and Ladies," I says. "I've got something I want you men to witness. I made an agreement with Jason Mennix if he winned this race he could roll me from the top of Town Hill in a barrel. If I winned this race, I got to roll him off'n Town Hill in a barrel. Uncle Tobias Boone and Uncle Roosevelt Reffitt will roll Jason Mennix in a few minutes from the top of Town Hill in the barrel." The crowd roared. Uncle Tobias looked at Uncle Roosevelt Reffitt. Uncle Roosevelt Reffitt looked at Uncle Tobias.

"Gentlemen and Ladies," I says, "I have something else to witness." I hope you will excuse me for it but this is the greatest minute of my life. For nearly one century the Boones and the Reffitts have shot at each other across the river and the mountain valley. Tonight, these people have ceased to fight. I, as Prosecutin' Attorney, dismiss all old indictments. They stop with the same number dead on both sides. There has been a draw. Tonight, they shake hands and renew friendship. The young couple you see standin' in the courthouse aisle will be the first union of the Reffitts and the Boones. I must be on my way with them." ‡‡

The Path of the Host

Continued from page 57

elevator and they had to climb up to the cheap little room in which there was no other ornament than a *groschen*-worth of violets stuck in a glass of water which stood in the center of the table.

The officer took for granted everything that was happening. He took off his coat and unbuckled his revolver holster. Then he turned off the light.

In the dark the boy and the girl found out a lot about each other. Brigitta found that her lover's name was Reggy, and the boy discovered, frightened, that the girl was just as innocent as a lamb.

When it was time to part, Brigitta accompanied her guest down the stairway. There was no electricity and she had to light matches so that the boy might not stumble in the dark. The light of the waning matches fell upon a different, tragic plane of the girl's face at every turn of the stairs. On her forehead, on her nose, on her mouth, on her eyes, which were happy and humble.

In the heart of the young Englishman there was confusion and deep thrusts of remorse for the terribly filthy thing that he had done that night.

As a farewell they kissed at the gate. The girl's mouth was salty. "This little fool is crying," the boy thought nervously; even in the theatre he disliked sentimental plays.

Early the next morning the red-headed Reggy received an unexpected order to leave within an hour on official business for some bedbug-ridden hole in the east.

Orders were orders. He could not do otherwise. He packed his bags and began to think how to say good-bye to the girl. He discovered that it was impossible. He didn't know her name and he didn't know where she lived—in which little side-street of the strange city. During the forenoon the bar was closed, and it would not have been fitting to inquire.

Should he write a note? He was no poet. He couldn't compose a farewell message under the circumstances. To punish himself he put all his money in an envelope. On it he wrote: "For the girl who works in the bar," and left the packet at the desk, asking the clerk to pass it on to the girl when he had a chance.

And he left Vienna with the haunting feeling that he was leaving something unclean behind in the city.

* * *

At five o'clock in the afternoon Brigitta appeared in the bar. She wore a fresh white apron, and she was as terribly in love as the most stereotyped society girl who after seven years of engagement walks down the aisle to the strains of the wedding march wearing a halo of orange blossoms.

She was watching the door; waiting for her lover to enter. She trembled. How would they look at each other?

It was six o'clock; Reggy had not come.

Towards seven, from the conversation of the officers she realized that he was not coming at all. That he had left town.

Her hands began to tremble and she dropped the glass in which she was mixing a cocktail.

Just after that the bellhop came in from the lobby with the envelope. The girl threw the money into the champagne cooler with the ice and the next day it all went into the garbage. She was overcome. Was this the way these things were done? Was this the way it always worked out? She didn't dare cry before the boys; so she began to laugh so hysterically that she was gasping .One of the officers slapped her on the back in a friendly way and forced a

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glass of cognac into her mouth. Up to this time Brigitta had never tasted alcohol. Now she accepted it. And within a half-hour she got so dead drunk that she was all but unconscious.

There are girls who when in sorrow take poison or jump in the river. Brigitta would have done one of these things if there had been the means. But there was nothing else around her but the thick, honey-scented tobacco smoke and the flattering officers.

It is terrible to say this and it is very sad . . . A little befreckled Frenchman who wore his *képi* just as rakishly as a cock wears his comb, that very night saw the girl's room with the little bouquet of wilted violets in the glass of water.

This second boy was not as amazed as Reggy had been. The third one was less so. And as for the fourth, he had no reason to be surprised at anything. Then came the fifth, the sixth, and the fifteenth. How could these boys know that the chestnut-haired, sweet-smelling girl was stark crazy with the scar of a terribly bungled operation on her soul?

* * *

Several months passed. Brigitta's feminine pride had been totally destroyed. If one of the officers took a fancy to her, she did not dare oppose him. But her essential honor she kept. She accepted no money or expensive gifts. She worked all day long, and her nights, the hours of her rest, she gave as a gift to the boys, the more indiscreet of whom exchanged accounts of their experiences. They laughed. They shrugged their shoulders. They were lucky. They had found a girl who was in love with love.

Brigitta's beauty acquired a rough glaze. Her honest chestnut hair she dyed golden blonde, as if her new status demanded it.

One night an American captain who just then would have liked to be next on her list and for hours had not left the bar, noticed that the girl was nervous. That her eyes were confused. That she got the glasses mixed up. He asked her:

"What's the trouble, honey?"

"I'm going to have a baby," the girl whispered to him hoarsely. One couldn't have held a match to her breath.

At first the American was scared; men don't like such confessions before a rendezvous. Then he tried to kid his way out of it:

"You don't say so! Anyway, it's impossible. We haven't even got acquainted with each other."

"Don't be afraid. I'm not going to pin it on you," said Brigitta bitterly.

The American leaned across the bar, and because men too like gossip, asked her curiously:

"If not I, then who?"

The girl made a sweeping motion with her arm toward the officers who were lounging, shooting craps, and drinking, in the thick cigarette smoke. Her voice was resigned:

"I don't know. One of you. Maybe he isn't here any more. Maybe he left a long time ago."

The American listened to her, flabbergasted. And mentally he gave up the rendezvous he had planned for that night.

For a while Brigitta went on working. She sliced a lemon, pulled the cork out of a bottle of whiskey; then all of a sudden she began to sob convulsively and fell with her face on the marble top of the counter among the scattered straws, the dice, and the spilt liquor.

The men made her sit up. They stroked her, tried to calm her, and gave her water. Her teeth knocked against the glass as she drank. And then sobbing and screaming, accusing and begging desperately and brokenly she told them what they had done to her. She told them about Reggy and all those who came after him. The cruel young beasts who left their warm breath in her face and then, grinning, moved on.

There was great silence in the little bar. The boys listened with humility and shame. They surrounded the girl, whom the confession had exhausted. They put cold compresses on her head and spoke kindly to her. Then when closing time arrived they all accompanied her home, as if each one of them wanted to keep an eye on the other.

The concièrge was amazed when he opened the gate. What did this mangy little cat know that a whole army saw her home? These resplendent officers who saluted her tightly out on the street as she disappeared behind the gate.

* * *

At noon on the next day the officers gathered in the lobby of the hotel. They sat around a large round table, the ribbons of their decorations on their chests, very seriously. Anyone seeing them would have thought that they were holding a council of war.

Whereas, they were talking about something quite different.

A nervous Frenchman from the *Midi* started to explain passionately:

"It is loathsome. Did I sit in subterranean holes for four years, did I get rheumatism, lice and a bullet in my knee for this? That I should look on as we *en masse* destroy such a sweet little goldfish?"

"Shut up," the Englishman interrupted him. "We have to do something about this girl."

"For the honor of our flags," an American added, naïvely. He was a middle-western boy. He dared to pronounce great truths.

They put their heads together and discussed the problem, and as a result of the conclave, on the following afternoon a British major went down to Kärntnerstrasse and in an elegant shop selected and ordered a complete layette.

A Frenchman paid in advance the expenses of the *accouchement* in a sanitarium. An American established a modest capital in storm-proof currency in a bank so

Continued on page 198

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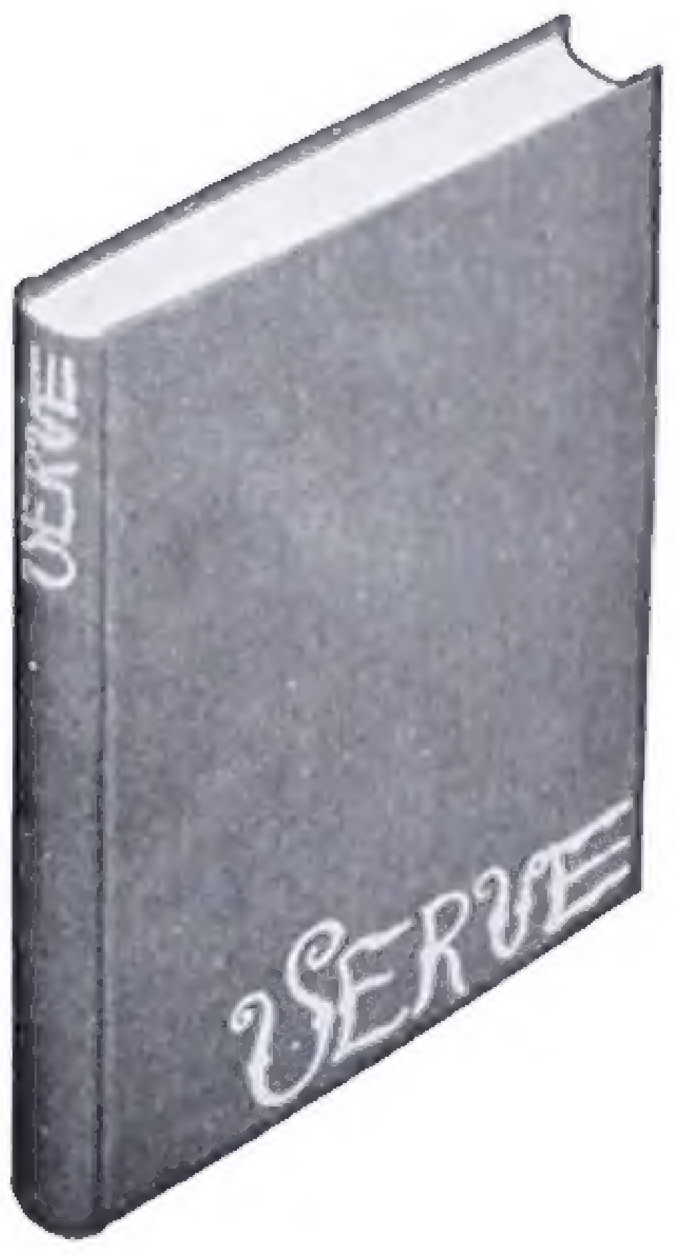

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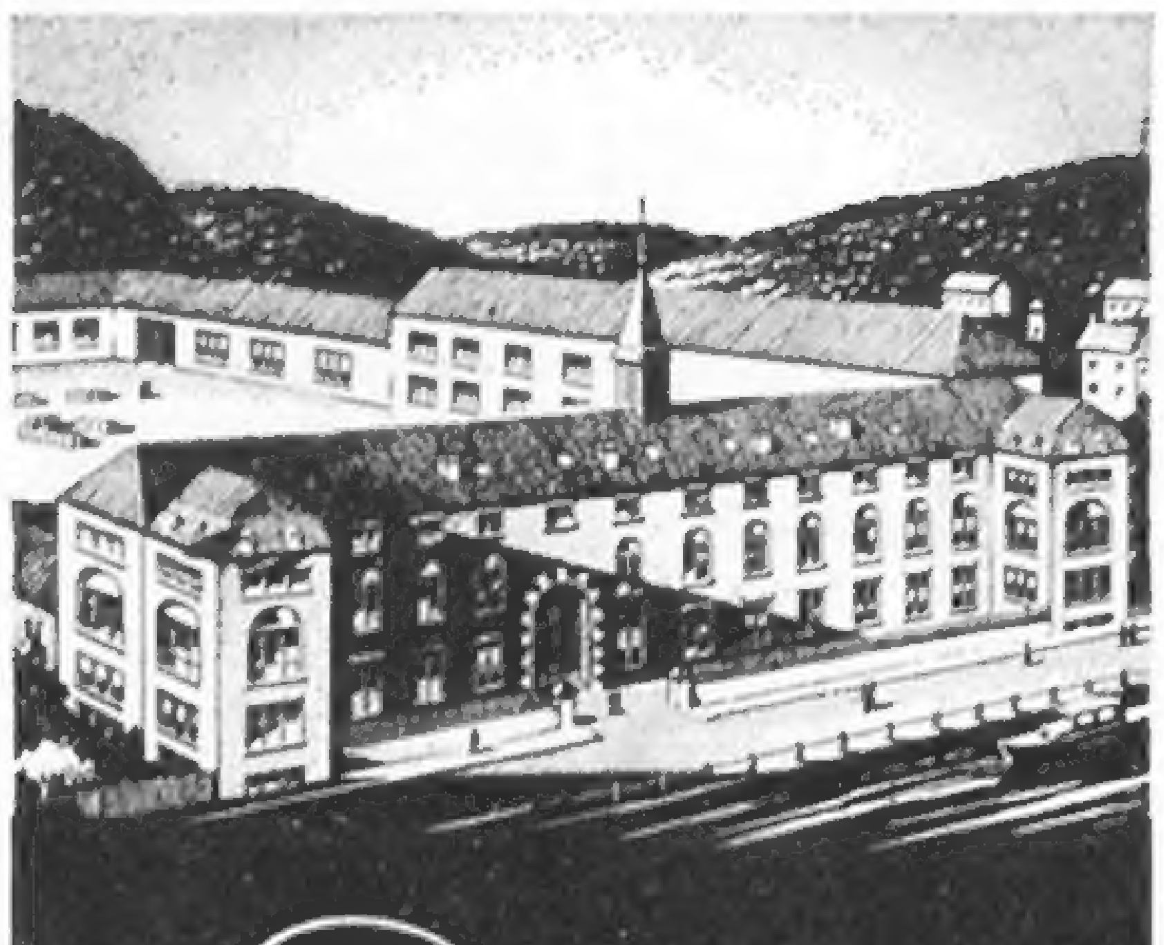

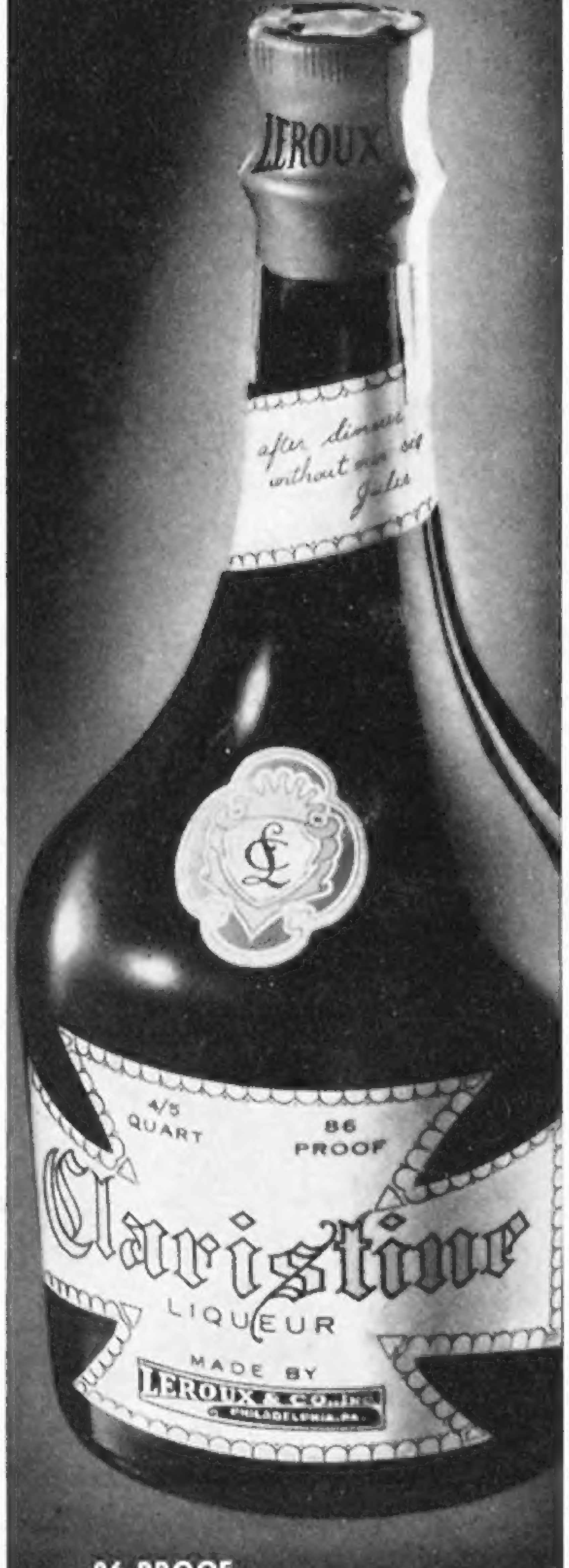

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The Path of the Host

Continued from pages 57-197

that the girl should have a little money when she began life anew.

Brigitta noticed that the attentiveness of the boys had changed. They still kept on flattering her and making love to her but with a difference. She felt as if a huge hand had tenderly held her up in its palm. Her heart was filled with peace and it began to mend quickly.

She found that they had taken care of everything, and she tried to thank them. The officers protested laughingly. Thank them? By God no!

They all wrote their names on a wine list so that when the child was born Brigitta might send each one of them a photograph, because heaven only knew where they would be by the time the baby made its entry into the world.

* * *

The baby was born. It was a very successful baby. One couldn't tell by looking at it in what an irregular way its little flame had been lighted.

Brigitta got a new job. She learned to type and got work in an office. She worked all day, wore a pencil behind her ear; and her fingers were blue from the carbon paper. She lived the lonely and introspect life of those girls who have children and still are very honorable.

After two years she got acquainted with the proprietor of a delicatessen shop who dictated business letters to her in the office.

The man took a violent liking to Brigitta. She had a child? Well, it wasn't an asset, but it was all right. Here was a good model, a little damaged, at half price. A good bargain. The shopkeeper knew his own value and had figured out that he could never get such a first-class woman in perfect condition. So he quickly proposed to her.

Brigitta nodded her yes and took the pencil out from behind her ear so that her betrothed could kiss her forehead.

She did not love the man, who was neither handsome nor young, nor even entertaining, but she respected him and considered him dependable. The baby needed him. The girl would have married anybody for the sake of her little boy.

The marriage was a success. Brigitta had spent the great golden coin of innocence but she still had treasures. Goodness, tenderness, modesty, and the deep humility of experience-wise souls.

As the child was growing up, a retrospective kind of jealousy began more and more to take hold of the husband.

He quizzed his wife.

"Who was the father?"

"Come, dear, you have promised not to bring this up again," the woman would defend herself.

One man she could have confessed somehow, but how could she have confessed three Allied armies? There is no feminine sincerity which could rise to such exigency.

The man was stubborn.

"I want to know!" he said.

"But you have sworn that you would not torture me with this."

"Have I? Then I take it back. I can't live in this uncertainty! Some day somebody's going to ring the doorbell and take you away with the child!"

"I assure you that that couldn't possibly happen," the woman calmed him.

"You say not but I feel that it will happen! I want to know who it was! I am going to have a showdown with him! I am going to crush him!"

The woman put her arms around her husband's neck. She flattered and kissed him. This method usually helped, but not now.

"I am going to kill the dirty coward!" the man raged. "Why do you tremble? Are you afraid for him?"

"I'm afraid for you, my dear," Brigitta answered quietly. And she hid her face from her husband because she was smiling. The picture had an irresistible kind of humor. Whom, or rather what, was her good, old, stocky, bespectacled, asthmatic Hermann going to crush? As she had seen it in the movies, she saw before her mental eye the French tanks, the Scottish regiments with their bagpipes, and the American dreadnaughts, which leveled their formidable guns against Hermann.

However, after two decades all this belonged to the past. The boy knew nothing of the secret of his birth; and as for the husband, he had long accepted, even believed, that the child was his flesh and blood. He was proud of him.

There stood the little family on the smoky platform in the sorrow of farewell. The boy stood in the middle. His uniform was German, but his eyes French, his teeth English, his shoulders American.

Brigitta in the exertion of the last glance began to see these characteristics more clearly than ever, and as she collapsed she felt great confusion. She was afraid for her son; but she was afraid for "those" too, on the other side. How much can be compressed into a second! In the shudder of the well kept, plump little Austrian woman there was love too. In the recesses of her mind she was still in love with that sweet, honey-scented, whistling, devil-may-care, drinking, slender, evil, magnificent, ash-blue, burberry, khaki, and grey something which they now called "enemy." ╫

The Varga girl, whom you met for the first time opposite page 41 of this issue, will be back with the November issue, on sale October 15th.

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